Outdoor America

N.S.E.

NOVEMBER 1929

Price 25 Cents

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

First Part. Cruising with the Sealers of Newfoundland

By SHARAT K. ROY

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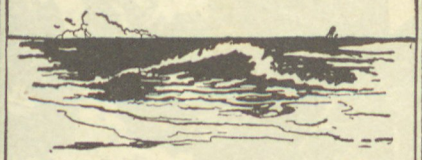
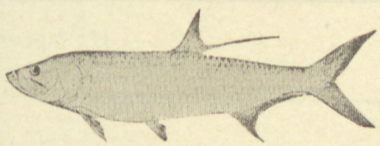


Some day you'll meet the sporty gentlemen below—*know* them before you hook them!



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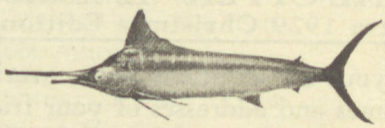

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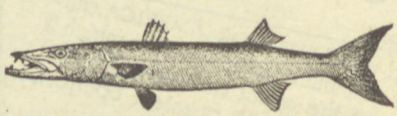

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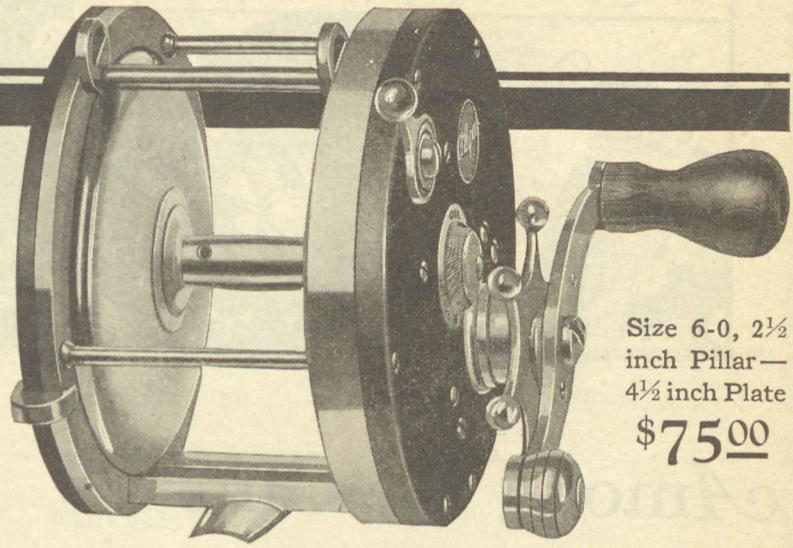

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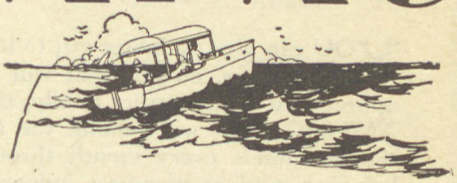

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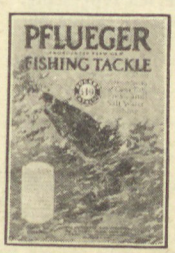

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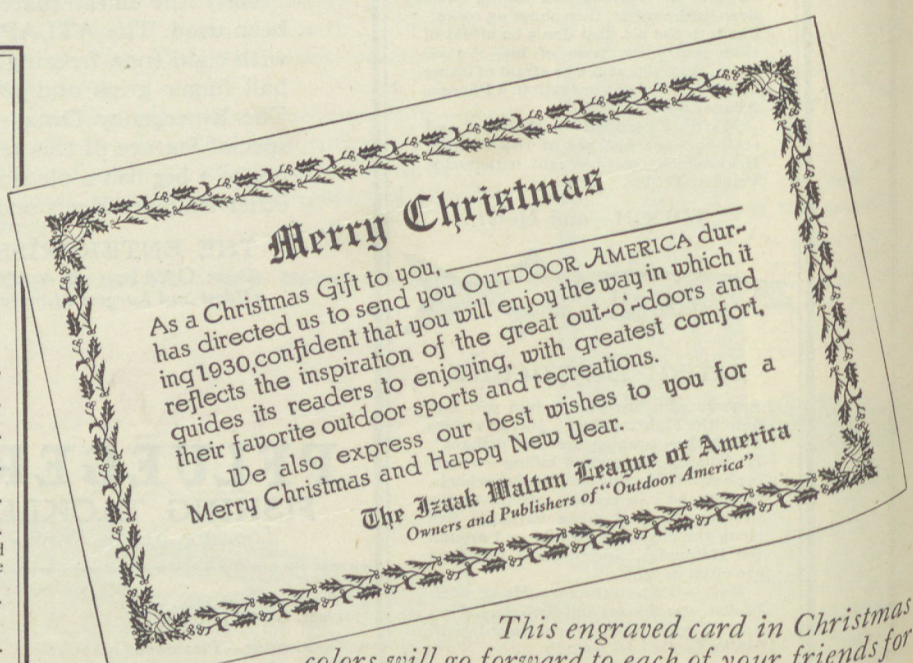
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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
Founded by WILL H. DILG
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Tel. Central 5550

CHAS. P. CATLIN, *Business Manager*
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago
A. J. STOCKER, *Eastern Manager*,
342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Issued Monthly. Single Copy 25c Subscription rate $3.00 per year in the U. S. Canada, Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Volume VIII | November, 1929 | Number 4

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IN THE NORTHLAND

OUTDOOR AMERICA boasts of many friends and supporters in the world of art. The above drawing is from the pen of one of America's foremost poster artists, Mr. Frederick F. Crouse of Cleveland, Ohio. This design was contributed as a poster for the Toledo Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, announcing their Annual Sportsman's Show. It was originally reproduced by the water color process in five flat printings, and the above reproduction has lost much in charm by the elimination of color.

Mr. Crouse has long been a friend of the Izaak Walton League, and has designed the new national emblem of the League, which is shown on page 29 of this issue. For the conception, development, extreme simplicity, yet distinction of this emblem, the League is permanently indebted to the talent and generosity of Mr. Crouse.

Cruising with the Sealers of Newfoundland

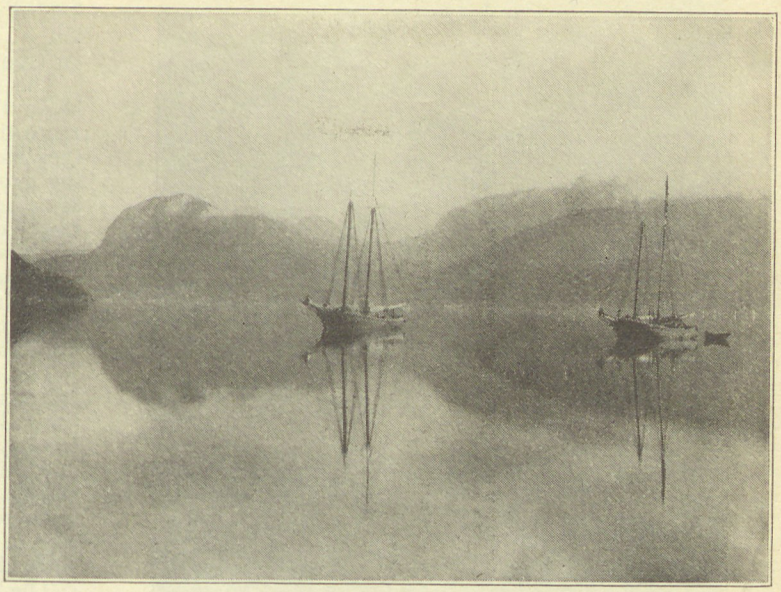
By

SHARAT KUMAR ROY

(Fellow Royal Geographic Society)

Geologist, Rawson-MacMillan Arctic Expedition for Field Museum. Leader of the Captain Marshall Field Geological Expedition to Newfoundland 1927—28.

Photographs by the Author



"Bonne Bay," one of the most picturesque bays of Newfoundland.

DURING my stay in Newfoundland my duties often necessitated hiring fishermen from whom I heard many thrilling stories of "swile hunting"—stories of fearful gales, of narrow escapes from being crushed in the ice, of men getting caught in blizzards and freezing to death, of icy dips through the snowed-in rifters and "bobbing holes," of bloody battles with the old dog hoods and such tales that only stimulated in me a desire to go out with the sealers. But willingness to go and getting permission proved to be two different stories. No visitors, writers, photographers, in fact, no one who could not take part in the annual carnival of bloodshed were wanted. In retrospect, I may say that if it were not for the intervention of one of the directors of the sealing fleet, my trip to the icefield would never have materialized.

Though more than five centuries have elapsed since the discovery of Newfoundland, most of her soil still remains untrodden. The Island with an area of forty-two thousand square miles barely harbors a quarter of a million people. The historic city of St. John's, the only city of the Colony, shelters forty thousand. The remainder of the population is scattered along the shores of various bays in small fishing villages called "outports." These outports, especially the northern ones, are the homes of the sealers, or "greasy jackets" as they are commonly called. They are a simple fisher folk of old Devonshire stock. Circumstances have deprived them of education and poverty has forced them to live an insanitary life. However, in the aristocracy of courage, strength and hardiness these descendants of the sea dog sires of Elizabethan days have no equals. No one country in the world nurses so many sons of the ice, so many men of blood and iron. Nor is there a country under the sun where people can be more hospitable, more friendly.

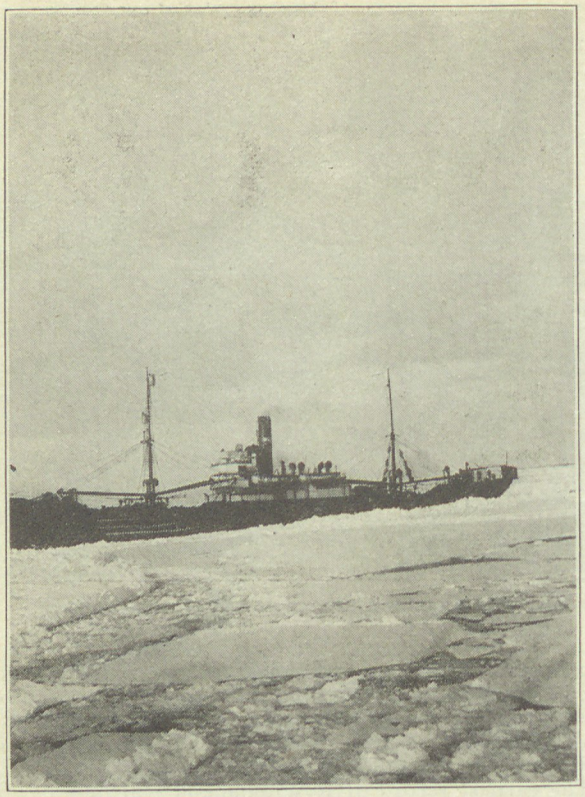
The sealers have a unique dialect which, although not very difficult to understand, contains strange, unfamiliar words. It is badly mutilated English in which grammar takes little part. The story of seal hunting cannot be adequately told without using the sealers' dialect. I have, therefore, dipped into it occasionally.

The earliest record of Newfoundland seal hunting dates back to 1534. Seal hunting, however, was not prosecuted on a commercial basis until the year 1742. In those days, only adult seals were caught by means of nets or shot from open boats and shallops. Such methods, however, provided no protection to the sealers from the rigors of the climate. Many lives were lost fighting bitter cold and fearful blizzards. Soon, small schooners, ranging from thirty to fifty tons, were outfitted for the seal hunting, and earlier sailings were made to enable the hunters to reach the seal herds before the young seals had left the ice.

Year by year, the number of vessels increased and bigger and stronger boats were built. The climax came in 1857 when four hundred vessels with a total crew of thirteen thousand men sailed for the seal hunting and returned with a catch of 530,733 seals. Seven years later the first steamboat was introduced and this completely revolutionized the sealing industry. Thereafter, the number of steamers increased, while the sailing vessels in use gradually dwindled. Today the sealing fleet of Newfoundland consists of steamers only. The romance of sailing under canvas, with flags of all colors of the rainbow fluttering against a northeast gale, is forever lost to the hardy mariners of Newfoundland.

The seals involved in this hunt belong to two species only, the harps and the hoods. They, unlike their fur-bearing Pacific congeners, are hair seals. Their pelts or sculps (skins with adhering fat), save in the case of "cats" (stillborn seals), are valueless as fur. They are hunted for the excellent oil made of the fat and for the leather from the skin.

Huge bergs of fantastic shapes are often seen on the way to the icefields.



The Beothic, *a steel sealing steamer, crushing ice with her own weight.*

The harps are by far the more numerous. They are ice-boring seals and gregarious in habit. A "patch" of harp seals often exceeds 50,000 in number.

They have one pup a year, twins are extremely rare. When born the young are covered with a thick white woolly coat and are called "whitecoats." This protective covering, however, is retained only about a month. Then they are shed or "rolled off" and the pups turn pearly gray with brown spots—"when dey rolls de white off, dey gets spottedy." This is also their time to "dip," that is, plunge into the sea. It seldom takes them more than two days to learn to swim and once they have learnt they go on their own and are forsaken by their mothers. It is during their nursing stage—their "ride on the ice"—that they are helpless as kittens, and this is their undoing, as we shall presently see.

The whitecoats put on fat at an amazing rate. They are known to gain two to three pounds a day. Their blubber yields the finest grade of seal oil and they are, therefore, the most sought for objects of the sealers. Last year 183,000 whitecoats alone were killed, which is about the usual yearly average of the present time.

The hoods or the hooded seals are usually found about thirty miles northeast of the harps. They derive their name from the piece of loose skin over the head of the male seal, which is inflated when the animal is menaced. They are not ice-boring seals nor gregarious in habit. They live in families, each family consisting of the dog, the bitch and the pup.

The hoods, like the harps, also have one pup a year. The young have a slate blue back fading into white on the belly and are called "bluebacks." They are not so helpless as the young harps, and can take to water within a few hours after birth and fend for themselves. But they usually remain on the ice for about three weeks.

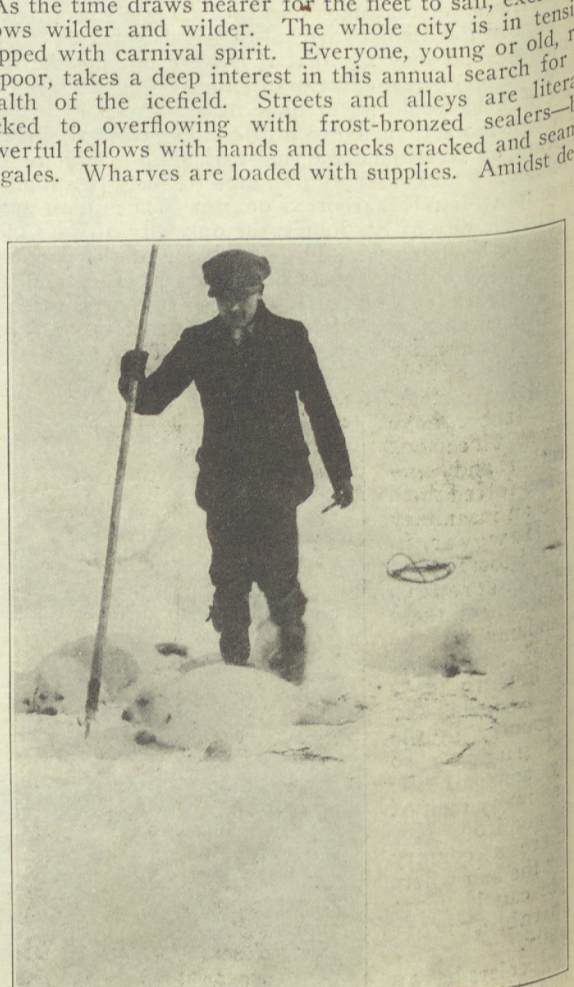
The home of the seals is within the Arctic circle, but they remain there only about three months of the year. The hoods live on the west side of Greenland, and the harps on the east side of Baffinland. Ice begins to form in Baffin Bay about the middle of September and this appears to be the signal for both harps and hoods to begin their annual southern journey to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. It takes them about four months to complete the journey. On reaching Grand Banks they indulge themselves in a prolonged feast, the daily menu, as a sealer would say, is "ahl kin' of fish—cod, herrin', capelin, squid; an' dem swiles can go troo de water to de bottom an' get mushels."

The feast lasts about a month. Early in February they begin their return journey and usually follow the same route they had taken on their way south. Working north they meet the Arctic ice, which soon becomes their whelping ground. The whelping ground, however, is never the same in any two years. It is constantly moving at the mercy of the wind and current. Seals have been known to whelp as far north as the Spotted Islands, Labrador, and as far south as Bacalieu Island, Newfoundland—a range of over three hundred miles in a straight line. This is the main reason why the captains of the sealing fleet find it so difficult to locate seal herds.

The official date of the sailing of the sealing fleet from the harbor of St. John's is March 5th. For days before the sailing of the fleet thousands of sealers from the northern bays keep pouring into St. John's and "sign on." The hardships these men suffer before reaching St. John's would cripple an average city man. Some walk forty to sixty miles to catch the "sealers special"—and if you have ever seen a "sealers special" you would sooner walk. Others walk all the way, facing blizzards that scourge and flay.

The sealing captains "give out tickets" entitling sealers to berths which are sought by them so eagerly that one would think some coveted prize were being distributed instead of merely the chance of weeks of untold hardship, misery and peril, with only a few dollars reward or practically nothing at all in the end. A sealer's remuneration depends on the number of seals his boat brings in. The proceeds are divided into three parts, of which two-thirds goes to the owners and one-third is divided among the sealers and officers except the Captain, who receives four cents a seal. Last year the sealers of the boat I was on received the munificent sum of $23 each for six weeks of incredible toil!

As the time draws nearer for the fleet to sail, excitement grows wilder and wilder. The whole city is in tension, gripped with carnival spirit. Everyone, young or old, rich or poor, takes a deep interest in this annual search for the wealth of the icefield. Streets and alleys are literally packed to overflowing with frost-bronzed sealers—big, powerful fellows with hands and necks cracked and seamed by gales. Wharves are loaded with supplies. Amidst deaf-



The young harps or the "whitecoats," the most sought for objects of the sealers.

ening clattering of winches, ungodly shouts and confused orders, barrels of hard-tack, molasses, salt pork, dried cod, bags of potatoes, tea and coffee, boxes of cartridges, gun powder and rifles, are going aboard, completely flooding the filthy, coal-dusty decks. Nobody seems to know where anything should be stored, nobody cares.

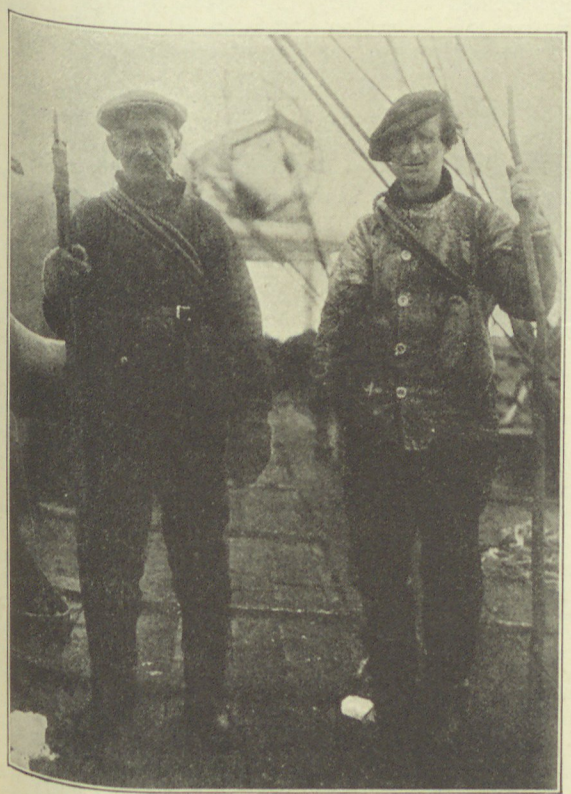
I was assigned to the sealer *Silvia*. She is not an ice-breaker, and rumors concerning her safety ran wild. "Goin' to de ice, me b'y? If y'r luck's in, ye'll take no harm in dat boat." She, however, passed through the ordeal and returned with 16,000 seals, her bow badly battered and sides deeply corrugated.

Everything moves slowly and leisurely in Newfoundland. The *Silvia* was to sail at eight o'clock in the morning, but it was not until four that the whistle shrieked, gangplanks were shoved off, the telegraph spun and rang "Ahead, Astern," the propeller thrashed and hawsers were cast off. Thus on a gray afternoon, in drab loneliness, against a cold and strong northeast wind we slowly heaved under way. Amid wild waving of hands, hats and caps, whooping of sirens and yells of "Good luck and safe return," the *Silvia* turned, pointed her bow toward the "Narrows" and we were off.

A heavy sea was running. Our boat tossed, rolled and pitched. Up on the snow-sheeted deck a hilarious party in true bacchanalian style was in full swing. Bacchus himself might have envied such an orgy. Bottles clattered, raw laughter echoed, discordant notes of "It a'n't goin' to rain n' more," "Where is my wanderin' b'y tonight," "Carry me back to ole Virginny" filled the frozen air. Every available space swarmed with half-slopped greasy men. From stem to stern, along the rails, up the ratlines, in the rigging, atop the overturned dories, they crowded, gulping the last few precious drops, singing unheard-of songs, mumbling jumbled phrases, spitting pungent tobacco juice in all directions. Suddenly the party became uproarious. Excited men ran helter-skelter and gathered around a scantily clad, anemic little fellow. The poor, shivering man could not have been more frightened were he a prisoner on a convict ship. "Hem's a stowaway," I was told. Imagine anyone wishing to steal a trip like this! Later I knew this man well and whenever I asked him how he was getting along he would invariably say, "It won't be lon' now." Evidently he regretted letting his romantic imagination of the icefield run away with him.

The dinner gong rang and everybody, tipsy or sober, rushed for the galley door. The deck was cleared off in an astonishingly short time. I was to eat with the officers but my optimism received a sudden jolt. My hallucination of brass buttons, smart caps and braided uniforms vanished almost before it took hold of me. The officers on a sealing vessel, for the most part, are erstwhile sealers—"veterans," if you are pleased to call them so. As such, they cannot be distinguished from the "common hands." It is a trifle surprising but by no means disappointing. The more one knows these men, the more he is reminded of "Rank is but the guinea's stamp. The man's the gowd for a' that." Under the ragged canvas jackets smeared with filth, blood and grease, there are hidden splendid specimens of humanity. They are men, through and through, well bodied, unsophisticated, unspoiled. If they lack in social and mental refinement, it is because they are the victims of a chain of unfortunate but inevitable circumstances. So are most of us, one way or the other.

A general view of the "whelping ice," or the ice where seals most often pup.



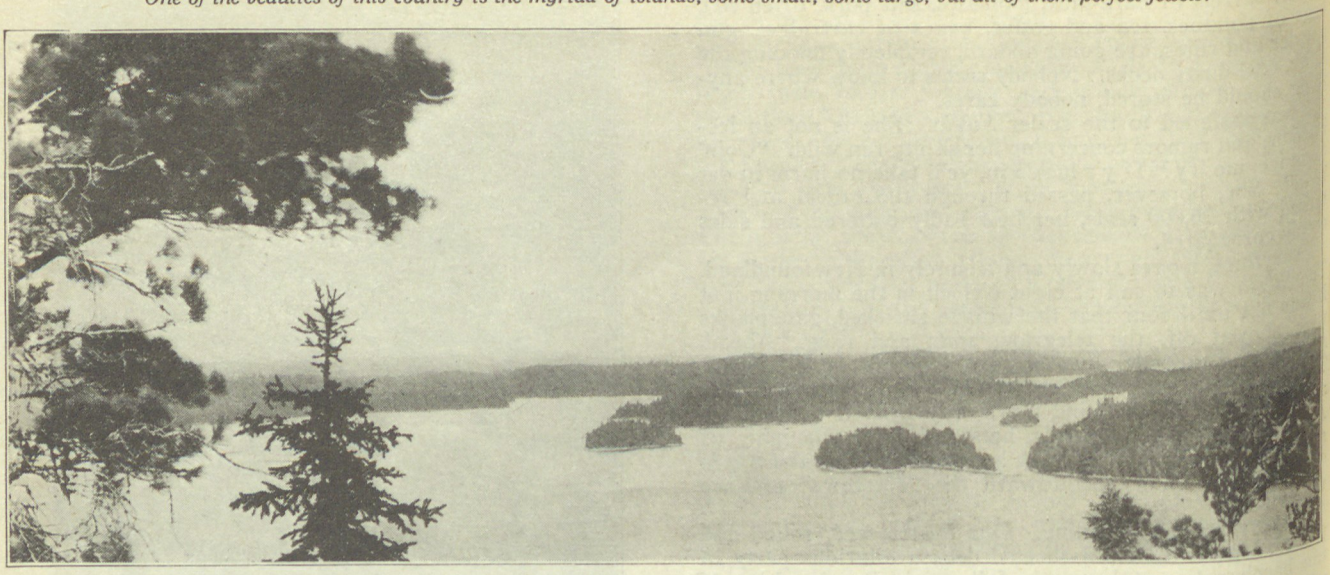
Two typical sealers in sealing rig.

We were seated with the Captain at the head of the table. No introduction was in order but conversation was. It was not exactly a free-for-all scramble affair, but occasional stretching of arms, drinking tea from the saucer, or sucking knuckles of seal flippers were not regarded as social blunders. By way of luxury we had a tablecloth which by frequent turnings lasted six weeks. On its last days it had a color and odor of its own—inimitable and indescribable! But it was of no consequence. The food was good—"fish an' brewis" (a unique combination of salt cod, hard-tack soaked overnight in water, bits of cracklings in a sea of pork grease) for "braffas"; salt pork and potatoes for lunch; and frozen beef, which was soon replaced by seal "f'ippers," for tea.

Oddly enough, water in sealing vessels more often excites thirst than quenches it. It is called "pinnacle water" and is made by melting "pinnacle ice" (raised ice formed by heavy snowfall). However, before the ice is melted, for reasons unknown, it lies on the deck for hours, sometimes a whole day, during which time men with dirty boots are walking over it, spitting, emptying their pipes, and not infrequently dragging bags of coal and scores of raw pelts over it. The melted product, therefore, of necessity, is coffee colored, "brachey," salty and horribly greasy.

I had met the captain and the navigator before at St. John's. Both are master mariners, well read, cultured and excellent seamen. The other *(Continued on page 57)*

One of the beauties of this country is the myriad of islands, some small, some large, but all of them perfect jewels.



Angling in the Arrowhead

A Romance of the Wilderness—Ten Days in the Woods With Three Waltonian Fathers and Their Sons

By
FRED C. FLETCHER

IN the Arrowhead Region of Minnesota, one hundred and fifty miles north of the blue waters of Lake Superior, lies a wilderness wonderland, the world's only International Park—three million acres of woods and waters, one of the rarest lake regions on the American continent. Nowhere else in our land is there to be found so precious and picturesque a combination of water, rock and forest, all linked together in a single maze of bewildering beauty. For those who love the woods and waters, there is no finer spot in our central states for a vacation than this wonderful Rainy River basin. There is a splendid automobile road running north from Duluth via Two Harbors. Canoes and complete camping equipment can either be purchased or rented at Ely or Winton.

Like most of our splendid waterways where stored energy is in evidence, there is a tendency to sacrifice the scenic beauty for the sake of Mammon. Under the necromantic name of development, great American electric power interests are surely and not at all slowly acquiring, by one means or another, the control of every scenic bit of white-water in the land. Only quick and hard work by a militant minority to educate the public as to the value of its scenic assets will save our water courses—one of the priceless heritages we must strive to leave in their natural settings for future generations. Whenever a scenery-marring project is contemplated, skilled propaganda is brought into play upon an unsophisticated community, the first step being to delude the natives of the region that is to be vandalized. Spell-binders and orators of the jury—fascinating type are used as advance agents.

The author à la camp at 6:00 a. m.

It had been my privilege to read the prospectus and plan for converting the boundary lakes from International Falls on Rainy River to North Lake (near Lake Superior) into great storage basins, the avowed purpose being to augment power possibilities at points on Rainy River and especially Winnipeg River. I understood that this plan contemplated the drainage of certain lakes that lie to the north of Hunters Island, converting these waters, through various channels, into the lower chain, resulting in the raising of water levels from twelve to thirty feet, thus ruining both these splendid lake regions forever.

During the past generation, tourists and summer dwellers from all parts of the Union and Canada have learned to love these International Waters, and thousands of people today treasure them as the one place near enough to the big mid-western cities to furnish a real retreat for the outdoors man. The knowledge that these were now threatened by commercial interests was sufficient to arouse the animosity of every Waltonian in our party.

Donald Hough, more than a year ago in OUTDOOR AMERICA, made the statement, "The time is here when there is too much money and not enough out-of-doors." To forget that is to reverse the value of life and to ignore the fundamentals of America's greatness. No one today would think of abandoning the Yellowstone National Park or the Grand Canyon of the Colorado or the best of the Canadian Rockies to commercialism. Then why should any lover of the out-of-doors think of abandoning the cause of these border lakes to a commercialism that threatens their veritable destruction? If you could see them as it was my privilege to see them only a few brief months ago, you would not imagine that any man or group of men would be so vain, so grasping, so mercenary as to wish to wring from this wonderland a few paltry dollars, the wringing of which would cause the utter desolation of the most remarkable recreational tract on the American continent.

Surely, such a garden spot should not be taken away from those Americans of today and those Americans of tomorrow who love nature and who derive untold benefits from their close contact with her.

With a party of friends, my son and myself were returning to the Arrowhead Region after an absence of some three years, to enjoy a two weeks' canoe trip that would take us far back into the wilderness where, in 1926, three of our party had for the first time seen the outer fringe of lakes in this wonderful Superior National Park. Since that time we had all dreamed and planned of the day when we could return to see and fish those inland lakes, those less accessible waters where bass were said to abound. We also desired to travel the lakes in that famous Quetico Provincial Park reservation that stretches for one hundred miles or more along our northern border.

Starting from Chicago on the Northwestern and reaching Duluth at 8:15 in the morning, we left almost immediately on the Duluth and Iron Range road. The end of our railroad journey was Winton, and there we were met by Mr. George Wegen, owner and operator of a splendid camp on Newton Lake by the name of "Wilderness Club." His crew transported our duffel bags and motors over to their dock on Falls Lake, and from there we resumed our journey into the wilderness.

Our first trip by water was about seven miles in a splendid motor boat which, in spite of the fact that it was towing three heavily laden flat bottomed skiffs behind it, made fairly good time. At the northeastern corner of Falls Lake we made our first portage, but this was very trivial indeed as compared with some of those ahead, for at that point Wegen maintains a Ford car and all we had to do was to take care of our tackle boxes and rods.

The portage was not long and through a very beautiful neck of land over into Newton Lake; at the other end of Newton Lake, about seven miles away, is located Wegen's wilderness camp. Here is an ideal spot for anyone to visit and make their headquarters, but we had come into the woods for a different purpose. We wanted to roam far from the habitats of our fellow men, so after a brief stay of only one evening and one complete day, we got our equipment together and decided to start north accompanied by only one guide, John Kaasslilencl, commonly known as John the Finn.

Before leaving Wegen's camp at Pipestone Falls, we decided we could go out and get a few fish to ship back to Chicago. We started out and I served as guide in one of the boats, and John, the Finn, in the other. We used our canoes and ran about six miles up into a little corner of Jackfish Bay, and there we had our first evidence of what was in store for us as far as fishing was concerned. In an hour and forty minutes of casting we caught 37 wall-eyed pike varying in size from 1¾ to 3½ and 4 pounds. Satisfied with our first day's effort, and having had the glorious experience of being caught in a rain and wind storm and getting fairly well soaked with spray from the waves, we returned to camp and voted that fishing in the wilderness of Lake Superior Forest was merely a side issue.

From Pipestone Falls our destination was Prairie Portage, thirty-four miles north and east, up through Jackfish Bay, skirting the lower end of North Bay, down through the Narrows and past the American point, where we entered international water. On one side of the Narrows is the tall, uncut timber of Quetico Provincial Park and here there are many beautiful wooded islands; on the other side, Superior National Forest, shorn of all semblance of her virginal beauty. It really is too bad to see the wreck that man has already created here—stumps of former forest monarchs, burned over slashings, sickly undergrowth. Poplar and laurel fringe these rocky shores where once the lordly pines cast their shade over the rocky shoals and made ideal homes for the finny inhabitants of these international waters.

After gazing at this man-made wreckage on the shores,

Here is the last remnant of that far-flung forest that once embraced most of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

it was just unthinkable to believe that other groups of men were contemplating a further desecration of their wilderness park. All the lakes in this region are bound together. You cannot harm one without harming others. If you ruin Basswood, you also ruin innumerable lesser lakes and eliminate those glorious falls and rapids that are later to be described. Flood those wonderful shore lines and you kill those towering trees that are still standing as God made them on the northern or Canadian side of this splendid waterway.

Fortunately for the Americans of today, a very fine understanding exists between the Canadian Government and our own and so visitors into this region can, by stopping at one of several ranger's cabins, procure Canadian fishing licenses prepared exclusively for use in the waters of this Quetico Park country. And a marvelous country it is, a veritable broad expanse of virgin water with natural shores and imposing timber.

"Moose Island," our permanent base camp on the beautiful blue waters of Bailey Bay.

Had it not been for the avarice of the lumber kings and their unprincipled operations in this northern wilderness, the Americans of today and the Americans of one hundred and two hundred years from today would be able to boast of similar forest wonders on our side of this marvelous wilderness country which we hope will soon, by treaty, be turned into the world's only International Park.

Stopping at one of the ranger's cabins, for our license, we inquired for a suitable camping spot. He suggested that we go direct to Prairie Portage, as he said we would have difficulty in finding a suitable place to pitch our tents excepting at that point. This portage was about seven miles beyond his cabin, so once more we were on our way, but found the going pretty slow as we were facing a strong head wind and did not care to skirt the lee-shore. As we passed the northern end of a heavily wooded island at the lower end of Bailey Bay, I had a glimpse through the trees of what appeared to be a little glade or grassy spot apparently about forty feet square, and I nudged the elbow of my friend, Arthur Wiggins, and said: "That looks like a likely spot, but the shore is rough," and it was rough,—boulders as big as a wheelbarrow, although the water seemed to be fairly deep right up to them, and lodged right along the edge of the shore was the trunk of a giant of the forest which apparently had been dead for many years. Shorn of its bark, its thirty-inch bole stretched fifty to sixty feet along the shore. The fact that it had been stripped of all its branches immediately brought to my mind that it might have been used as a dock or landing place in former years.

With the memory of this place vividly in mind, we traveled onward to Prairie Portage, about two miles beyond. Once there, our minds were made up instantly. Whereas there were open spaces and grass in abundance, there was also evidence that this was a thoroughfare for canoe parties paddling and motoring through these international waters, and while the little island which we had just passed was near their thoroughfare, it at least was isolated enough so that possible voyageurs would be merely passing by and not be occasional visitors to our camp excepting by invitation.

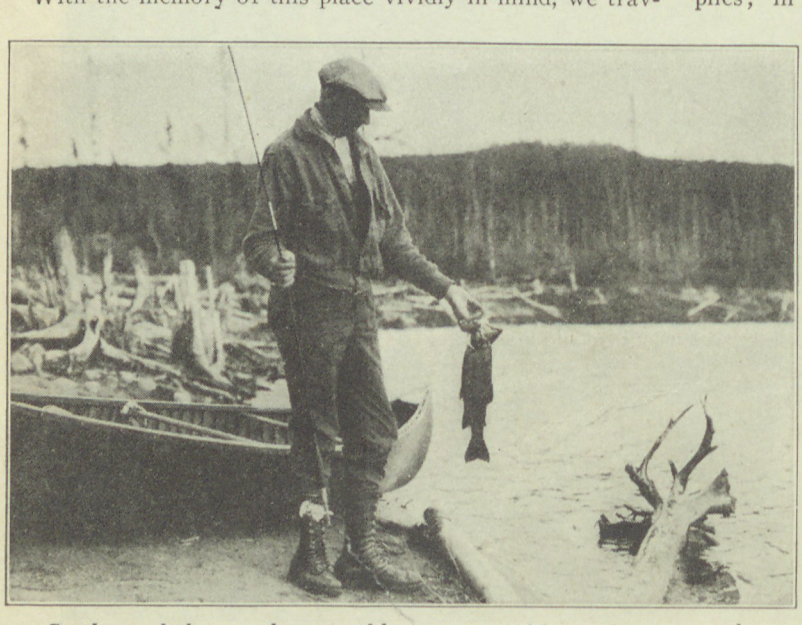
We did not land at the Portage, but made a wide sweeping turn and started back with the determination to at least investigate the island glade. As we made the turn we were rewarded by a beautiful sight directly astern, the picture being composed of white tumbling water that was only visible from a certain point. This was the over-flow from a chain of lakes that lie directly south of Basswood Lake. These rapids are known as Birch Falls. The name, I understand, comes from the old lumber company that formerly had a camp at this place. It is the outlet or overflow of Birch Lake and Birch Lake drains a chain of lakes to the south, because you must remember that we are over the northern divide and all the waters here flow north.

Once back at "Moose Island" (as we later named our camp site), we had no hesitancy in making a landing of our great natural dock, and parting the thick growth of under bush and going through a bed of wild roses and wild honeysuckle, to say nothing of strawberries and other forms of plant life, we found exactly what we had been dreaming of ever since we left Chicago—a little clearing in a virgin forest, just big enough to accommodate our tents and supplies; in other words, a sufficiently level, grassy spot no larger than would hold our two 9x12 water proof tents. The decision was unanimous that here we were to abide, and so with many willing hands we began to establish our camp.

At our base camp on "Moose Island," we found that nature had taken care of many of our requirements. We found two big Norway pines about eight feet apart that constituted the upright posts of our dining table, and having been presented with one or two pieces of lumber by our good friend, George Wegen, it did not take a great while to erect a table with seats built on either side, on which our future meals were to be served. We had six in our party, because outside of the three fathers and two sons there was our guide, John.

It took us about five hours to make camp. Arriving at our camp at 12 o'clock, we were satisfied with a cold snack of lunch and started the work of erecting the tents and pumping up the air mattresses and getting everything snug for our first night in the woods. We were fortunate in finding that the former campers in this ideal spot had left behind several things which fitted right into our requirements, one of them a big round grate about 30 inches in

(Continued on page 39)



See the wreck that man has created here—stumps of former forest monarchs, burned over slashings, sickly undergrowth.

Standing Pat

By

DUSTY WATERS

I WAS sitting in the front seat of a Ford and the Ford was bouncing over roads that were frozen as hard as rocks, and my feet were cold.

On either side of the car shrub pine timber filed monotonously past, and each time we came to the top of a hill we could see more scrub pine timber ahead.

"For the last time let me ask you," I said to my companion, who was driving industriously with his tongue thrust into his cheek, "why does the deer go past the standers when the drivers walk through the woods? Why doesn't the deer turn around and run in another direction? Why does the deer always go straight ahead? Why does the deer—?"

Sidney kept on driving until he had negotiated a bit of drifted snow. Then he took his tongue out of his cheek.

"Why does the deer? Why does the deer? Why does the deer!" he barked. "How do I know why the deer does? For gosh' sakes wait until we get there and you'll see how it works out. You got to take my word for it."

That was reasonable. Of course I had to take his word for it. There was no reason why Sidney should know what makes a deer run straight ahead.

So we kept on plowing through the northern Minnesota snow, bumping over the northern Minnesota roads, and getting deeper and deeper into the northern Minnesota woods. We were in northern Minnesota.

My feet kept getting colder and colder, and finally I had to ask Sidney to stop until I could run around in the snow a bit. "Why don't you turn on the heater?" he asked, and he showed it to me right under my feet. Here we had come more than ninety miles, had about fifteen to go, and I had just now learned about the heater! So I told Sidney a few things about his people back home, and we went on, and that night, my feet hot, we got out of the car at a house on the shore of a frozen lake, greeted others who had arrived ahead of us, drank deeply of coffee, counted the deer we would shoot on the morrow, and went to bed.

The object of our journey was to shoot deer, and to do it, as Sidney had explained to me, by the simple expedient of "standing and driving." As it was explained to me, half of the party stands some place, and the other half goes into the woods and walks toward them, and any deer that are in the neighborhood come out of the woods within gunshot of the standers. Then after the standers have got through shooting deer, they do the driving for the others. And then both parties pitch in and carry the deer back to camp.

Speaking of carrying the deer back to camp reminds me of a story told by a fellow I know whose name is Adolf Kuecken. It seems there was a mighty hunter sitting in a Pullman dressing room telling of a trip he had taken, and he said something like this:

"The moose was a big fellow, but I cracked him in the heart and down he went. So I threw him in my packsack and went on. The next game I saw was an elk. I hit him in the shoulder at my second shot and he fell to the snow.

"I put him in my packsack and went on, and the next day we came into the sheep country. It took us three days to get a good ram. I got mine high up on a ledge after a lot of trouble and it was nearly dark when I got him into my packsack and started back for camp. On the way back I saw a herd of antelope—"

At this point he was interrupted by a man who was shaving. The man leaned over and waved his razor in front of the hunter and said, "Look here, mister. I don't even know your name, but if you put that herd of antelope into your packsack I'm going to give you this razor right across the windpipe!"

Well, that's the story. I guess I shouldn't get off the subject like this, but the story just occurred to me and I thought you'd like to hear it. If you'd heard it before, you didn't have to read it.

The next morning we started out on our first hunt. I took a packsack along, and the rifle that Sidney had borrowed for me. Before we had left the house we had drawn lots to see who was going to stand and who was going to drive, and I had drawn lots as a stander. I thought this was swell at the time, being of what is known as a lazy disposition, but as we walked through the big pine woods and the snow creaked under our rubber pacs and the icy wind drove chills down our spines, I began to have my doubts.

I was given a swell place to stand, right out in the open where I could see clear across a big swamp in case I was interested in the view. The trouble with the view was that the wind got a clean sweep across

it, and by the time the wind got to me it was so cold I had to duck my head inside my coat.

That was a tough stand, take it from an old stander. At first I was much on the alert, watching the brush between me and the timber, as they told me to, and imagining a deer every few moments. But soon the icy blast that came from the view across the swamps got the best of me and in plain language I didn't give a damn about a deer.

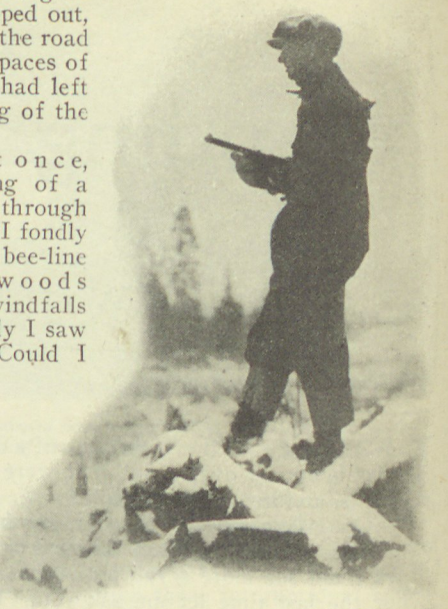
I drew my head down into the wool of my coat and it stayed there. When Ivor Sohlberg, a doughty driver, came panting out of the woods, fortunately stepping on a twig in time to warn me of impending discovery, he asked me if anything had come along. Under cover of pretending to shake my head, I gave a hasty glance around at the snow to be sure there were no deer tracks showing, and then I said nothing had come past. And I was right. If something had come past, there would have been tracks. It occurred to me to ask Ivor why I should stand there all that time to see if anything came through, when he could always tell by the presence of tracks, but I was too cold to speak.

Now we moved up into the big timber, and came upon a fine place to stand. It was a clearing right through the heart of the forest, preparatory to construction of a road. This was an ideal location, and we held a council of war. It was decided that Ivor and I should go around about two miles until we came to another road, paralleling this one, and drive back through the woods.

Not until now, and then only in case he reads this, will Elmer know the true history of that famous drive. As I entered the woods I found the fresh tracks of a big buck. I set out to follow it, hoping that he would make fairly straight for the highway clearing on which Elmer was standing. I followed his casual wanderings for nearly half an hour, and although I knew from the general lay of the land that I had not gone very far toward the end of the drive, I felt that I was at least halfway there.

But halfway there wasn't far enough, and I decided to abandon the tracks to hurry through the woods. So I set off in a straight line in the direction of the clearing. It was with something of a start that I stepped out, a minute later, on the road within a hundred paces of the spot where I had left it at the beginning of the drive.

I turned tail at once, and in something of a panic I hastened through the forest in what I fondly imagined was a bee-line for Elmer. The woods were dense, the windfalls many, and suddenly I saw daylight ahead. Could I have reached the clearing so soon? I stepped out on a road. It was the wrong one. It ran at right angles to the road Elmer was so faithfully guarding. I ducked back into the forest quickly, fearful lest somebody observe my *faux pas,* and again started for Elmer.



It seemed to me that I must be getting near the clearing, so after I had thrashed around for another half hour I was relieved to suddenly come on a road. I stepped out, prepared to hail my patient stander, but with a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach I saw that I was on the same old road.

In desperation I plunged back into the woods. And it was another half hour before I emerged at the right place. There stood Elmer. Or, I should say, there danced Elmer. He had given up long ago, and was taking desperate measures against the cold.

"Where in the name of all that's good have you been?" he demanded.

I rose to the occasion. "After I've driven for you a few times," I pointed out carefully, "you'll realize that when I drive I *drive.* I go back and forth, back and forth, covering the woods as they must be covered if I'm to get a deer out of this thicket."

The funny part of it was that Ivor came out soon after I did. "It was rather thick in there," he said, "but I tried to make a good drive. I went back and forth, back and forth, covering the woods in detail, beating every—"

But he began to blush. He had caught a beam from my wicked and knowing eye.

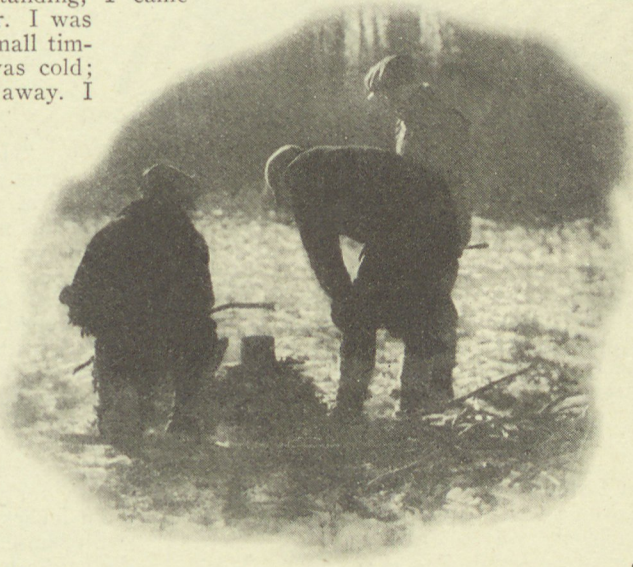
The stander has a cold job. More than once I watched for the appearance of the drivers, which would be a signal for me to dance and wave my arms and stamp my feet, with much more eagerness than I watched for the flash of the oncoming deer. And I believe that I hold the world's record for standing—or rather for sitting. One day Sidney and Ivor and I went into the woods on a wandering expedi-

tion, just to see what we could see. We had not gone far when we came on the perfectly fresh tracks of a medium sized buck. The council of war resulted in my going into a swamp nearby, to stand, and Sidney and Ivor giving chase, with the hope of turning the buck through the swamp.

I sat on a windfall. The others were to return, they said, in half to three-quarters of an hour, and pick me up. I sat there for exactly two hours and ten minutes. And during that time I never moved once. I didn't even cross my legs. I decided to make a perfect stand, and I made it. At the end of the first hour I heard four shots, but that was all that broke the silence of my watch.

When the two hours and ten minutes had passed, I went home. And when Ivor and Sidney returned, they told a story of a heart breaking chase of the buck, of firing four times as a warning to me that he was coming, and—worst of all—of following his tracks to within a hundred yards of where I had been sitting. He had made for me in a straight line, had turned at the last moment and passed south of me.

The following day, while standing, I came closest to getting myself a deer. I was posted on a road, with dense small timber on either side. The day was cold; darkness was about two hours away. I stood like a statue for half an hour. Then I took a few moments off to dance a little, then stood for another half hour. This was a long stand. A fellow can't stand still for much more than an hour in such weather. Besides, there weren't any deer around—anybody could tell that. I could tell it easy.



So I decided to come out into the open and walk down the road a hundred yards or so and return, just to get the blood in circulation. I set off down the road and had taken full ten steps before the deer jumped out of the woods behind me. I heard his four sharp hoofs strike the frozen surface of the road, and I turned as fast as I could and swung my rifle, but by that time the deer was in the timber and a single flash of white in the gathering dusk was all I ever saw of him.

It was nearly time for the drivers to show up, and I knew I was sunk if they had been tracking the deer, but it occurred to me that if they hadn't seen the fresh tracks in the woods they would see them across the road. So I hurriedly tramped on the tracks and mussed them all up. Then I gathered up some dry wood and piled it up ready to make a fire about fifty yards up the road from the scene of the incident. As soon as my faithful drivers appeared I hurriedly lighted the fire, thus drawing them away from the tracks.

This place was not far from the house, and I awakened three times that night and looked out to see if it was snowing. Luck was mine, for it snowed three inches during the night, and the tracks were forever hushed.

But if that was wasting the work of the drivers, I'd like to know what you'd call it a day or so later when Sidney and Ivor forgot all about Elmer and me on a cold, miserable stand.

We took up position on a meadow in a spruce forest, and they were to drive toward us. We parted, each to our allotted tasks, and that was early in the morning and we next saw our faithless friends late that afternoon when they came into camp painfully dragging a fine big buck after them.

It seems they had jumped the buck, the buck had circled them, they had trailed it, and one thing led to another until finally, early in the afternoon, they jumped a second buck while trailing the first, and Ivor cracked down on him. Elmer and I had stood for an hour, then had gone still-hunting.

During the hunt there scarcely was a time that the drivers weren't indignant when they came out of the woods because the standers said no deer had put in an appearance. "You must be blind," they'd say, and then they'd spend a half hour looking for tracks across the opening, in order to prove their case. "He was a big buck," they'd say, "and he was headed right this way!"

I understand this, because I felt the same way after I'd made one of my magnificent drives. The woods always were full of tracks, and it seemed impossible that I hadn't driven a whole covey of deer across the opening. At first, when no shots greeted my ears, I had a hunch the standers had been trampled to death, but later I learned that deer are funny people and have little tricks all their own.

There never is much love lost between standers and drivers when they meet. Unless the day is cracking cold, and the drivers a welcome sight, the standers always blame the drivers for the scarcity of deer.

Stander: "Well for blankety blank, you been trying to see how quietly you could sneak through the woods? Whatcha been doin', trailing rabbits and jays?"

Driver: "Why don't you keep awake? If I drove one buck across this opening, I drove twenty! My gosh, if I've got to go work as hard as that, and then find you standing here on one foot with your head down in your collar, I'm going to quit. Blankety blank!"

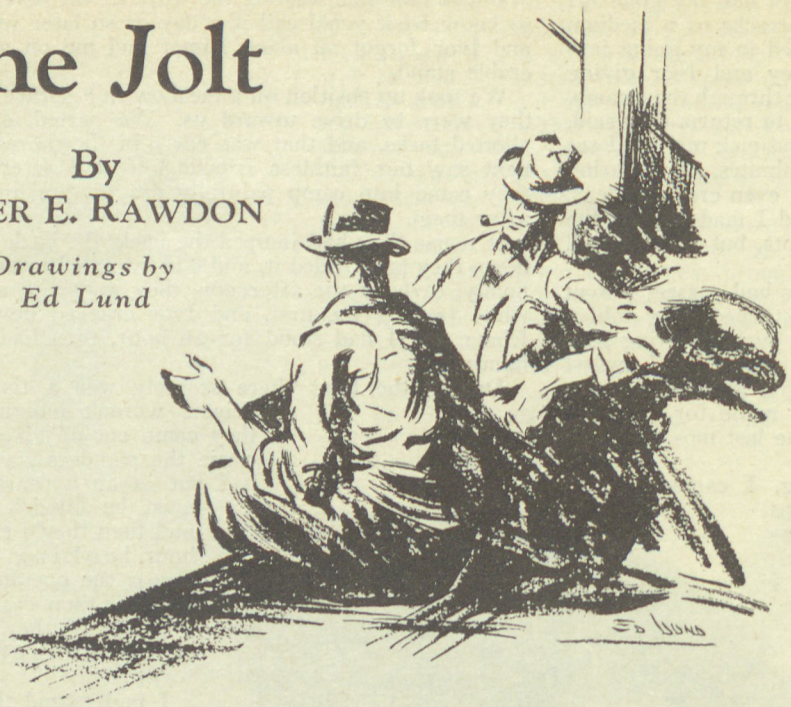
And so on, far into the night.

Everybody got a deer but me. I couldn't kick, because I'd had my chance (though that was my own secret), so the party ended up in merry vein. Ivor and Elmer went home in their car, and Sidney and I got into his wreck and again we hit the icy roads.

The Jolt

By
ELMER E. RAWDON

Drawings by
Ed Lund



WE arrived at our hotel too late in the afternoon to do any fishing that day, but we were about two hours ahead of supper time. It was our first trip into that section, and I possessed the usual amount of indirect, confusing information concerning the local streams. I felt that a little native enlightenment would be of real value, so leaving the arrangement of rooms and other business of getting settled to my less-talkative, but much-more-efficient brother, I started out.

There was no one about when I stepped into the street. I did notice, however, that there was a well-worn bench in front of a store window about a block away. I reasoned, of course, that this must be some sort of gathering place, and that it would not be long before I should have company. As I neared my destination I discovered that the bench was in front of the office of a Justice of the Peace, and that there was quite an assemblage inside. I was on the point of entering when I heard a deep voice say, "One hundred dollars and costs." There were a few weak protests from some one, but they were immediately drowned by the general conversation that sprang up as soon as the case was finished. Slowly the spectators filed out and disappeared, leaving only a few scattered groups here and there, and these, too, departed in a short time.

One man, however, remained, and through him I hoped to satisfy my curiosity. He seated himself on the bench. From his pocket he drew forth a plug of dark tobacco, bit deeply into it, and settled back to gaze at the evening sun just disappearing behind a far-off mountain crest. He was perhaps fifty-five years old. Time had placed deep furrows about the corners of his eyes, and the cords of his sun-blackened neck stood out like leather thongs. He was long and angular, but awkwardness did not seem a part of him. He was dressed in the garb of one who follows the mountain trails. A woolen shirt was open at the throat. High-topped shoes extended well up over his heavy outing trousers, and a soft, brown hat was pulled down over his eyes.

"Splendid evening, isn't it?" I queried as I dropped beside him.

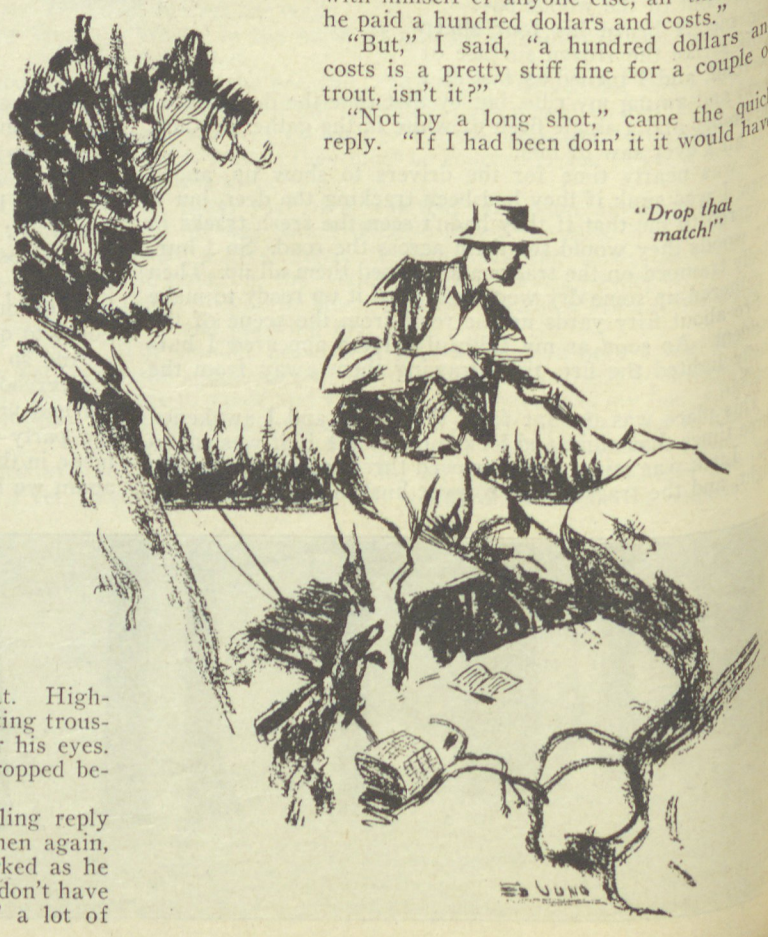
After what seemed several minutes the drawling reply came. "Well, now, stranger, maybe it is; an' then again, maybe it ain't. It jest sorta depends," he remarked as he turned a pair of keen, blue eyes upon me. "If ye don't have a lot of troubles; if ye ain't doin' an' thinkin' a lot of meanness; if yer treatin' yer feller man like ye'd like t' be treated; if yer honest with yerself; an' if ye really like sunsets; well, I guess ye could say it is a pleasant evenin'. But, if ye have a lot of troubles; if yer mind is all cluttered up with schemes against yer neighbor; if ye ain't honest with yerself; an' if ye ain't right fond of sunsets; why, then, the evenin' wouldn't be so splendid. It all depends on the feller and not the evenin'."

Not a bromide, I thought, but a real mountain philosopher. What luck! "Of course," I ventured aloud, "environment has a great deal to do with it. Anyone who lives in this atmosphere is not so apt to have a lot of troubles. He isn't so likely to be hatching destructive schemes. He has a much better chance to have a clear conscience. There isn't the necessity, the desire, nor the opportunity to be anything but fair with your fellow man. The temptations are not nearly so great, and there isn't . . . ."

"Hold on, there, young feller," interrupted the mountaineer gently, "that's jest where yer wrong. It's the man, and not where he is that matters. I've seen men do the lowest-down tricks in the world, right here in these mountains. Why, that feller that the Squire jest fined couldn't be honest if he was alone on the earth. He'd lie to himself. He was caught today with a couple of little four-inch trout in his blouse. He had a half-dozen nice ones in his creel, but he jest couldn't resist the temptation of stealin' a few little fellers. He was afraid he wouldn't have enough. If he'd caught a few more big ones, the minnies would have been dumped in the grass someplace, an' then he'd have told the same story he's been tellin' fer years, 'I only keep the big ones. Anything under ten inches I put back.' He wasn't honest with himself er anyone else, an' that's why he paid a hundred dollars and costs."

"But," I said, "a hundred dollars and costs is a pretty stiff fine for a couple of trout, isn't it?"

"Not by a long shot," came the quick reply. "If I had been doin' it it would have



"Drop that match!"

been two hundred. If a man obeys the law he don't need to worry about no fines at all, an' if he doesn't, he'd ought t' be fined. 'Course there are fellows that don't do things intentionally, an' then again there's some that don't realize, but a good jolt will do 'em some good. It sort of wakes 'em up, an' yer doin' 'em a favor when ye give it to 'em."

"Don't you think, though, that the jolt, in such cases, could come in a more gentle manner? Couldn't you show a man where he is wrong by some sort of argument? You know very often that by dealing with a man as a criminal, when he really isn't one, makes a criminal out of him."

"No, sir, my friend, yer still wrong," came the reply, "fer again it all depends on the man. If he's all right inside, the jolt won't hurt 'im none. It'll set 'im t' thinkin', an' when he checks up he'll find that he's been on the wrong track. He'll back right up an' start over again. If he's a potential criminal, it won't make any difference in the end anyway, fer anything ye do ain't likely to help a bit. Maybe ye don't jest get my idea. Let me give ye a little example; it might clear it up.

"There was a certain mayor in this section once that had political notions—big ones, too. He knew the Guv'nor of the State, an' through him he thought his chances fer somethin' high up was pretty good. Now then, this Guv'nor was quite an outdoor feller. He was a great pistol shot, an' a real angler, an' whenever he had any spare time he spent it in the woods. He'd heard about the trout streams up in this country, an' he figured he'd give 'em a little try. One fine morning the mayor received a telegram statin' that the Guv'nor would be here the followin' Thursday to spend the week end fishin'. Naturally the mayor was all excited, fer he figured that his big chance had come. Now, as a fisherman, the mayor didn't know a fly rod from a landin' net, but he didn't intend to be outdone none on that score. He immediately called in a feller whose reputation as a sportsman wasn't so good, but he knew how to get real HE trout, an' between the two of 'em they laid some mighty clever plans.

"The day before the Guv'nor was to arrive it was decided that the hired fisherman should go out an' bring in some big ones. The mayor would then bandage his ankle, get a cane, an' pretend that he had got a bad sprain the day before while he was out after the trout. He would have the fish to prove that he was a real angler. He would scatter a little fishin' equipment around his office. The effect would be complete, an' ought to go down pretty good with the Guv'nor. The fish would be presented to the official party for their Thursday dinner an' everything would be lovely. The Guv'nor could go on an' fish the rest of the week. The mayor, of course, would be sorry that he couldn't be one of the angling party, but naturally he wouldn't be expected to go with a sprained ankle.

"He knew the game warden, a lazy lout, in the other end of the county, an' since this wasn't he, the dynamiter paid no attention."

"As per schedule, the hired angler went out the day before the Guv'nor's arrival. He knew the pools where the big ones lay, an' he knew how to make sure that he got them. He slipped through the grass to a deep, smooth-surfaced spot, took his tackle from a burlap sack an' prepared to fish. First he carefully unwrapped a bit of dynamite, attached a fuse, placed it in a container, an' slipped it slowly into the water. He was just about to strike a match when a voice hailed him from the other side of the stream.

"'Drop that match!'

"The dynamiter looked up startled. He had thought that he was alone. He was surprised, to be sure, but not so scared as you might think. He had been doin' this same thing fer years, an' he knew that the most of the people in the community suspected him even if they had never actually seen it. He knew the game warden, a lazy lout, in the other end of the county, an' since this wasn't he, he didn't pay much attention to the command.

"'Drop that match!' came the voice again, as the fish getter started on with his business.

"'How'd you like t' go t' Hell!' was the reply. The dynamiter was thinkin' of the shinin', silver dollars that was waitin' fer 'im, an' he didn't intend to let no outsider interfere.

"'I'm going to tell you just once more,' came the voice again. 'Drop that match!'

"'An' I'm goin' t' tell you jest once more t' go t' Hell!' yelled the man with the match, an' he set fire t' the fuse.

"There was a sharp crack from across the creek. The dynamiter jumped up with a yell an' grabbed his bleedin' wrist. The other made his way across the stream, stamped out the sputterin' fuse, an' made himself known. Yes, sir, it was the Guv'nor himself.

"In his younger days the Guv'nor was a lawyer, an' with the help of a few cross-examinin' tricks he soon had the whole story. Well, right then he did a little plannin' of his own. He had some mighty nice trout that he hooked that afternoon, an' he gave them to the dynamiter with the instructions to turn 'em over to the mayor in accordance with the mayor's previous plans. Nothin' was to be said about meetin' anyone on the creek, about the shootin' er anything. He was to deliver the fish, get his money, an' then make himself scarce until he was called for.

"That evenin' the mayor proudly displayed the trout to the Guv'nor an' his party, an' then turned 'em over to the cook at the hotel. Naturally the Guv'nor invited the mayor to the banquet—sprained ankle an' all. They say there was never a finer dinner served at that hotel than that one. Well, after they had all finished eating, the Guv'nor was called on to make a speech. The mayor got a little sick before it was over with, an' the next day he resigned his office. The followin' evenin' there was a little trial, an' the Guv'nor acted as judge. As a part of the punishment he made the mayor take a job as a Justice of the Peace, an' he appointed the dynamiter game warden. He gave 'em their instructions, an' they were real instructions, too. There's a jail sentence still hangin' over 'em if they fall down on the job. The fine was a thousand dollars each. The fine's all paid now, an' the suspended sentence is jest about run out. They both turned out to be real, all-round sportsmen, an' even though their time is about up, I think they're both goin' t' stick to their jobs, fer they get an awful kick out of makin' good anglers out of bad ones, an' better ones out of good ones. So you see, my friend, a good jolt does a lot of good sometimes—dependin', of course, on the man. In fact, everything depends on him, even splendid evenin's."

Before I could comment further, the mountaineer had risen and extended his hand. "Well," he said with a smile, "I expect I'd better be gettin' on; supper'll be ready an' waitin'."

I shook his hand vigorously. There was sincerity in his grasp, and I glanced down at the brown hand. It was my turn to receive a jolt. There was a long white scar across the wrist.

"About It and About"—

By

DAD LAMMON

Drawings by Uldene Trippe

IT so happens that fate has made my front yard the paving on Main Street. Now this is a heck of a condition for a man with a new rod who wishes to practice at casting the fly; for barbaric, unsympathic people in our kind of a town will heckle and make unkind remarks. People in our kind of a town have too much time on their hands for their own good. A characteristic remark of theirs is:

"Hey, what are you catching?" What a fool question that is!

I always reply respectfully, sincerely and honestly, "Suckers." There is in that reply my own little subtle sense of humor which is too deep for them to understand.

Fishing is adventure, sentiment, incident and reminiscence. When I make this statement don't think that I am trying to pull something new. It has been handed down to me by real philosophers of the ages. Ever since Simple Simon fished in his water pail, fishing incidents have not been confined entirely to streams and lakes. Catching suckers has always been a time-honored pastime.

It is just as natural for me to fish as any duck to swim. When I was three years old I ran away to go fishing, and I was playing with bent pins in the rain barrel long before that. The first hook that I ever owned I bartered from old George Foster, who ran the little country store at Ward's Corners, giving him an egg in exchange. George was a friend of boys! I can still remember the little creek bullhead which I caught with that hook. It must have been true that bullheads in those days were just as good as brook trout, for that was what everybody said, and what everybody said, of course, must have been true.

In a recent issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA Judge Wood speaks of that entrancing park in Iowa, known in my day as the "Devils Backbone." This is one of the beauty spots of the beautiful Maquoketa River, which some day poets will immortalize. Nowhere has nature so much charm, and if you have not visited it already, do so; mark it on your next itinerary should you pass through northeastern Iowa. The "Backbone" was five miles from Lamont, my boyhood home. Here the beautiful Maquoketa winds over white beds of sand between limestone bluffs like a silver ribbon streaming in the sunshine. Just above the park lies Richmond's spring, from which issues a beautiful brook, which is also a part of the park and where the state has constructed a hatchery.

When a boy, I used to dream of going out into the world, making my colossal fortune, and returning to buy this beauty spot and make it my own. I never made the fortune, perhaps because I allowed my fishing to interfere too much with my business, but the state has done better than I could have done; and I rejoice!

It was on this spring branch where I first broke a game law, being caught ignominiously. Much water has passed under the bridge since then.

I was fishing with Bill, and we were unsuccessfully trying to catch a few trout; and this reminds me, that although that little stream was teeming with trout, I was never able to catch with hook and line one of its elusive habitants, and this occasion was no exception. I had trained myself to catch bullheads, not char.

Bill had never seen a trout and he was anxious to have one in hand. I knew a way to get one, but it was dangerous, as I heard that Old Man Evans from Strawberry Point was watching for poachers.

Bill teased. "Just get one," said he.

A council of war was held. I took his cane pole and a snare such as we used for suckers and got into action. Down the current drifted the snare over a trout's head and out came the trout. Then Bill, the tempter said, "Let's get a mess." I always was a coward, which has saved me lots of trouble in life. I hesitated because of the warden, but yielded. It was arranged that if we saw anyone I was to meet that party halfway, while Bill was to scurry into the timber with our illegal catch. The devil always has a scheme for evil minds.

I took three nice trout out of the pool. The little branch was just full of fat brook trout. The water was clear as a crystal. The trout might stick their heads under a leaf, but there were no places where they could hide.

The next pool was a little more difficult. It was deeper and in one corner was a pile of drift to which the trout could retreat, and to

"That simple old man went straight to the heart of things—I have never since broken any game laws."—

which Bill frightened them. They were big trout, larger than in the smaller pool to which we returned in order that they might come out again. We soon went back; but lying down behind the bank, drowning a worm in the pool, was Evans.

I gave Bill the high sign to take to the woods. The snare I wrenched from the end of the line, and approached Evans with a request for a spare hook. The old man had no extra trout hooks, but he gave me a Cincinnati bass hook said to have been of silver alloy. It was not tempered, and, hooked into a snag, would straighten. I have never seen another like it.

There is always a menace in having an accomplice. Bill placed me in a very embarrassing position by reappearing, and more so, when Evans said, "Say, lad, let's see your fish." Around each trout was an indelible red and blue mark that told the shameful story of the snare without words. No use of lengthy explanation or denial.

"As I meandered home there was a song in my heart."

I was old enough not to be in such a predicament, but thank goodness I looked like a kid, and Bill was as young as he looked. The old man gave us a sensible talk, which if I could repeat word for word, I would have engraved and framed, for that simple old man went right into the heart of things. He made us feel ashamed of ourselves, and also very appreciative that he did not arrest us. I have never since broken any game laws.

I have never been a lucky fisherman, but I do not believe anyone has gotten more out of fishing than myself, and while I have not caught the large fish or the big strings, I have met with more than my share of the unusual—call it adventure, that spice of life, if you wish.

A couple of years ago I was duck shooting on Little Winnie, near Lake Winnebigoshish, in Minnesota, which is locally famous for its pike-perch and an occasional tiger muskellunge. The ducks were not flying and we turned our attention to fishing. We had for bait overgrown, hook-caught shiners, and we fished and fished with no results. I was with a Bill again, so I said, "Bill, I'm going to show you how to catch a fish. I want a musky now." I hooked a minnow fully eight inches long behind the dorsal fin and let him swim bravely away. It was deep water and the minnow took out about fifty yards of line when, as a climax to the horse play, I had a strike. After setting the hook I reeled in and the fish retrieved as though it were greased. Imagine my astonishment on bringing to the boat an enormous pike-perch. However, it was not hooked at all. At the surface it twisted itself along the side of the boat and Bill reached over with one hand and threw it in. That was rare good luck!

The worst luck I ever witnessed was at a little bass lake near my home in Itasca County, Minnesota. There was an old raft on the lake which I appropriated. The day was windy and bass were not biting. Out in the lake was an old snag which I tied to. Soon two other fishermen showed up in a boat with its stern shot out. It was not what you would call a safe craft, particularly as neither of the two could swim, with a wind blowing straight across the lake. But fishermen are naturally brave! Seeing their predicament I invited them to tie up to my snag.

One of the two adventurers knew his stuff. He had a big spinner and hooked on an overgrown frog. Action began almost immediately. He played and landed his fish skillfully. I have never seen any other bass like it. It looked like a huge sea bass. My brother Ike did not realize how big his prize was. He had a new piece of tackle, one of those springs which you stick in a pickerel's mouth when disgorging a hook, and naturally he had to use it, and it was then he realized the immensity of the fish.

"Look at that bass, will you?" said he, holding his prize up for our inspection. Just then Mr. Bass made a flop into the lake, spring and all.

"What would you do?" he asked me, looking both sick and aghast.

There was a rock in the bow of the boat, with a rope tied around it, once used as an anchor, but now of use to keep the stern of his craft out of water.

"Fellow," I replied, "I'd take that rock, tie that rope around my neck, and dive."

I am still sore about that bass. For over forty years I have been trying to catch one of Dixie Caroll's old he-wops, and that guy, through my courtesy, came there to my favorite spot, took that walloper right out from under my nose, and let him get away in such an unethical manner.

While I am persistent, I am no expert fisherman, this being particularly true of trout. I was down at the brook at four o'clock one morning that I might beat my stream friends to my favorite pools—but the trout were not biting. At mid-day I ate sand perch, for, when you are hungry, they are better than nothing. At two o'clock I caught a small trout; at three I caught a second and he was miserably small. While landing him I overturned my worm can in soft mud and was fortunate enough to save one lone worm.

At this unfortunate time along came a Duluth trout fisherman. Now in our country we particularly detest Duluth

(Continued on page 51)

Outdoor Americans

George E. Scott

PEOPLE like George Scott and George Scott likes people. Few men possess and enjoy as many sincere, frank friendships. The best way to make a friend is to be a friend, and in this true, unselfish attribute George Scott has been frequently called a genius.

His Presidency of the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation forms a continuous practice of friendship, in the preservation of the natural treasures that man requires for a healthful, happy, prosperous existence; in an untiring devotion of self to the cause of creative conservation, the restoration and rebuilding of those precious resources that for hundreds of years have been heedlessly wasted. Especially in these efforts, outdoor life and all concerned in outdoor life have found his a most helpful, loyal, enthusiastic kind of friendship.

George Scott's hobbies are numbered in many forms of sports, including hunting, fishing and golf. In the past, he has served as chairman of the Executive Board of the Izaak Walton League, and it seems particularly fitting that he has the distinction of being the League's first Life Member.

Dr. P. A. Wolfe

FROM earliest boyhood, Dr. Wolfe, President of the Cadillac, Michigan, Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, has been a whole-hearted conservationist, both by instinct and inclination.

The thoughts of youth never pass, and Dr. Wolfe recalls the mighty pine and hardwood timber surrounding Howard City, Michigan, his birthplace. He has seen the glory of the forests and the glutting—huge logs piled high, floating downstream often the height of a two-story building.

In the early teens, Dr. Wolfe served as guide to hunters from South and East seeking game in a land of plenty. When their bags were full, he would lead them to places of scarcity, in appreciation of conservation and in realization of the individual's responsibility for preservation.

Dr. Wolfe believes that new life must give way for old, and in this the development and protection of animal and natural resources share an intimate relationship, and should be considered as one. To him, clean streams and untouched trees have become gifts undying, and commemorate man's stewardship far better than bronze tablets or monuments of stone.

Biographies

By ARTHUR B. WILSON

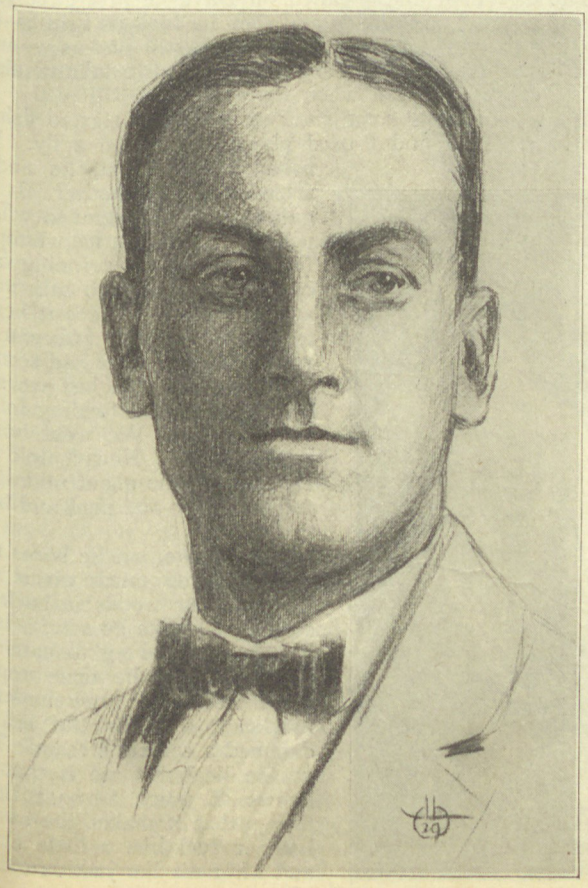
Max Fleischer

CONSERVATION knows its geography. Max Fleischer was born in Connecticut in the blizzard of '88. Boyhood days were spent in Pennsylvania. Now he's settled down in Gordonsville, Virginia, where tobacco is plentiful and where fresh and salt water fishing may be readily enjoyed. To him it's the place where one naturally wears the biggest, broadest kind of smile.

With his military sojourn in France ended in 1919, Mr. Fleischer became General Superintendent and Secretary of Inglewood Farms, twelve hundred acres of southern outdoor beauty, situated amid a heavily wooded countryside.

His club and organization participations are widespread and many. Among others—he's a member in good standing of the Gordonsville Volunteer Fire Department, and we must take his word that it's an active membership.

The Association of Virginia Chapters of the Izaak Walton League have made him their President, and Governor Byrd accorded him a noteworthy honor in appointing him delegate to the League's Seventh Annual Convention, representing Virginia and paying tribute to Waltonian President Hoover.



Drawings

By JULIUS L. OLSON

Charles W. Folds

CHARLIE FOLDS never stopped. A general, in capacity. A private, in action. Carrying on, by directing and by doing. It seemed his was a fellowship with everyone and everything worthy.

The moving force and the force that moved—in the United Charities of Chicago, the Home for Destitute and Crippled Children, the Union League Foundation for Boys' Clubs, the American Red Cross, the Near East Relief, Chicago's Liberty Bond Sales, and others almost without end.

Few men have held an equal number of high positions in honor and trust. Fewer still, have done so many things well. One may win respect, but remain unloved.

Men and women everywhere respected Charlie Folds—as Director, Treasurer and President of the Izaak Walton League. Far and above all, they loved him. For he was big enough to have things done, but not too big to do them himself. The love itself has come to be much like Charlie Folds—it hasn't stopped. To this day as the cause of conservation realizes new accomplishments—somehow or other we feel that Charlie Folds' heart and hand are still doing their part.

He Knows His Stuff

By

DONALD HOUGH

ONE day I sat in the front seat of an automobile and bumped and turned and twisted through a forest of big pine trees in the center of Florida until a low, rambling log house loomed between the trunks and the car came to a stop in front of it.

Paul Burress was driving the car, and having missed most of the pine trees he heaved a sigh of relief and prepared to dismount. Before we could get away from the still panting car, however, a tall and unfairly handsome chap came out of the house and grinned at us with utmost friendliness.

He stuck his hands into his pockets and held a cigarette in the center of his mouth and grinned without dropping it.

That was Dave Newell. I had never met him before, but I had written to him and had heard about him and had read some of his stuff and had looked at some of his pictures. I liked him right from the start, and I'll tell you why. I have met many an outdoor writer who looked and acted as if his only contact with the outdoors was in the park on Sunday afternoons. I have been disillusioned many a time and oft on this score, and had about decided that there were no outdoor writers other than the synthetic kind, including myself, who can write, alas, better than they can fish. Now take me: I can't tell any of the hardwood trees apart, excepting oaks and birches, they being black and white respectively, and save for the crow and the loon I don't know any of the birds' calls, and I'm still shaky on the loon. Tracks in the snow are the only tracks I can follow and I usually end up by finding a house cat at the end of them. I never mention what kind of fish I have hooked until he's either in the boat or gets away. Of course all this doesn't mean I'm not a good—

Now let's see, who was I talking about? I guess it was Dave Newell. As I started out to say, what impressed me about Dave was his entire and complete knowledge of the outdoors and all the things he writes about and draws pictures of. When we went into his house we found ourselves surrounded by mounted fish and things, and scientific books, and drawings of hind legs and skulls and ribs and what-not of all kinds of animals, and there were plaster casts of parts of dogs and mountain lions.

Now this was all heresy, and it placed Dave in the embarrassing position of knowing what he was writing about or drawing, which is a violation of the outdoor writer's rules and something, incidentally, I mean to take up at the next convention.

It is said of Dave Newell that his drawings of animals, besides being distinctive in style and treatment, pass muster with the most exacting naturalists and biologists. This is a genuine distinction,—and I had always thought it was more or less of an accident. But I got that out of my head quickly when I saw what Dave has done to make it true. He has a laboratory in his house in the pine forest where he spends half of his time, and the other half he spends right smack out in the middle of the forest. That's his combination, and it's a winner. He has recently published a book of most attractive verses about animals for kids and it has received the highest praise of those who not only look at it from the human interest and artistic standpoint, but of those who can see right through the animals and figure out the bone structure and the proper number of hairs per eyebrow.

Dave loves to hunt and fish. He loves to run with his dogs. He loves to track deer. He loves to be in the woods,—in swamps that I give you my word I wouldn't enter for half a bushel of pieces-of-eight. So far as I'm concerned, the Florida woods are full of snakes, scorpions, and other spiders, all sorts of gigantic bugs and other terrors too numerous to mention. To Dave there are no such things. That's because he knows and understands them, and I don't. You will recall that in the old days when men drew maps they always inserted "terrors" in any unknown region. That was fear. Fear is nothing but ignorance. Dave Newell has neither.

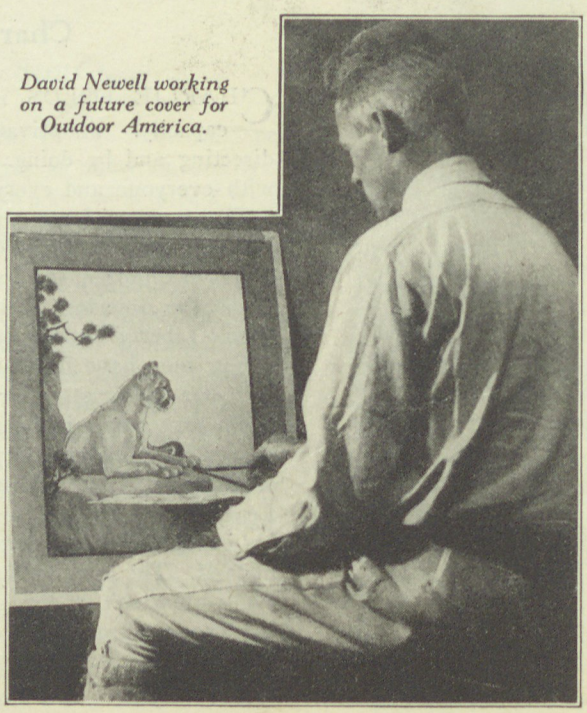
FROM time to time Outdoor America is publishing personality sketches of interesting outdoorsmen. This one of David Newell is of exceptional interest, written as it is by an outdoorsman of equal caliber.

Dave is one of those people that you always call on when you want to go fishing or shooting and nobody else will go. Dave will always go, regardless of weather, hour, or previous engagements. He is known to every angler I met in Florida, and to every hunter, and to every guide. He is easily Florida's leading outdoorsman,—which, as I have indicated, is unusual in a leading outdoor writer.

The day Paul and I called on Dave he first gave us a lesson in drawing animals and then he took us fishing—we trotting along at his heels and keeping still just as we used to follow the village Walton who deigned to take us along to the creek with him when we were boys.

We went over to some river or other and started fishing for bass. Paul and I used plugs, Dave used a fly. We fished in one boat, he and a friend fished in another. It began to rain. I began to whimper. Paul began to whimper. Dave kept on grinning and casting. It began to rain more and more, and besides it began to get dark, and I began to wonder what I ever had seen in bass fishing. The last we saw of Dave he was standing in his boat casting. We went home. I think Mrs. Newell told us Dave got home about midnight, full of water and mud and bass scales.

I like Dave, but he bores me. He talks too much about the things in the woods: a buck he stalked, a snake he saw, a bass he's been trying to catch, a mountain lion he once roped, some trees that grew under a handicap, or how the beaver dammed a certain stream. The reason he bores me is that he knows so much about these things that it makes the casual listener feel like a little child, and after all I'm just as old as



David Newell working on a future cover for Outdoor America.

WHEN interviewed for this story Dave Newell said:

"I am prouder of a small newspaper clipping than of anything that has ever been said or written about me."

The clipping was from the Phoenix, Ariz., Republican, and follows:

"David M. Newell, eastern magazine and newspaper writer, who last winter entered the employ of the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, has made good as a hunter of wild animals.

"He has made an extremely good record, according to the officials, for this season of the year."

This little newspaper clipping tells a story that is typical of the man. In order to learn more about wild life, Dave took a job as Government hunter and lived in a tepee tent 100 miles from a railroad. During his stay among the Apaches he roped and tied a mountain lion without assistance, and also captured several bear cubs alive. It is, therefore, easy to understand why his stories and drawings of animals carry a "been there" atmosphere and why his backwoods characters ring true.

DAVID NEWELL

Dave is. If he would talk about himself, I could meet him on equal ground and perhaps make him sound like an amateur, but he talks about the things he sees because of their interest, and not because he saw them. In my young life, when I tell about stalking a moose, for instance (which I swear I have done) I'm the hero of the occasion. Not so Dave. He tells what the moose did. I tell what I did. Do you get my point?

Dave is married and how his wife puts up with him I don't profess to know. Every time he comes home he's full of mud, water, stickers, burrs, scales, deer hide, scratches, cuts, bruises, bumps, and general information. When he leaves he leaves at any hour of the day or night, without stopping to put up a lunch, roll up a blanket, or (stop me if this isn't polite) kiss anybody. There are many reasons I'm glad I'm not a woman, and one of them is that I might be married to Dave.

Now Dave's in the movies. Some movie people came down to Florida to take some underwater pictures of big bass, and they drafted Dave to do the catching. Watch for him at your local theater. I don't know the name of the thing, but you'll know Dave as soon as you see him. He'll be having all the fun and doing all the work and getting his clothes mussed up the worst. He'll also be the handsomest person in sight. If I were Dave I never would hide myself in the woods. I would take to the beaches where the air is just as clear, the water just as wet, the outdoors just as big, but the chairs and their occupants more numerous. They say that since he started handling the annual tarpon tournament at Venice, Florida, the female entries have outnumbered the male, and they have come from all corners of the earth.

I wonder if I've told all I can about Dave? I don't think so. I'm afraid I haven't succeeded in getting across the idea of just what place this chap fills in the outdoors and, especially, just what he typifies in the world of outdoor people. It's no passing matter to come across a naturalist in a world of nature faking, a realist in a world of bombast and bunk, an honest man in a world of mountebanks, and a straight shooter in a world of pop-gun artists.

Dave is a chap whose biggest following is still ahead of him, and that following will be his reward for being right, for taking the time and the pains to know before he writes or draws.

The Humours of River Defilement in Britain and Its Lesson

By
JOHN C. BICKERDYKE

John C. Bickerdyke is the pen name of Mr. C. H. Cook, President of the Pure Rivers Society of England and one of Great Britain's leading conservationists and outdoor writers. His views of England's pollution problems will be of interest and value to those working out the same problems in America. —*Editor.*

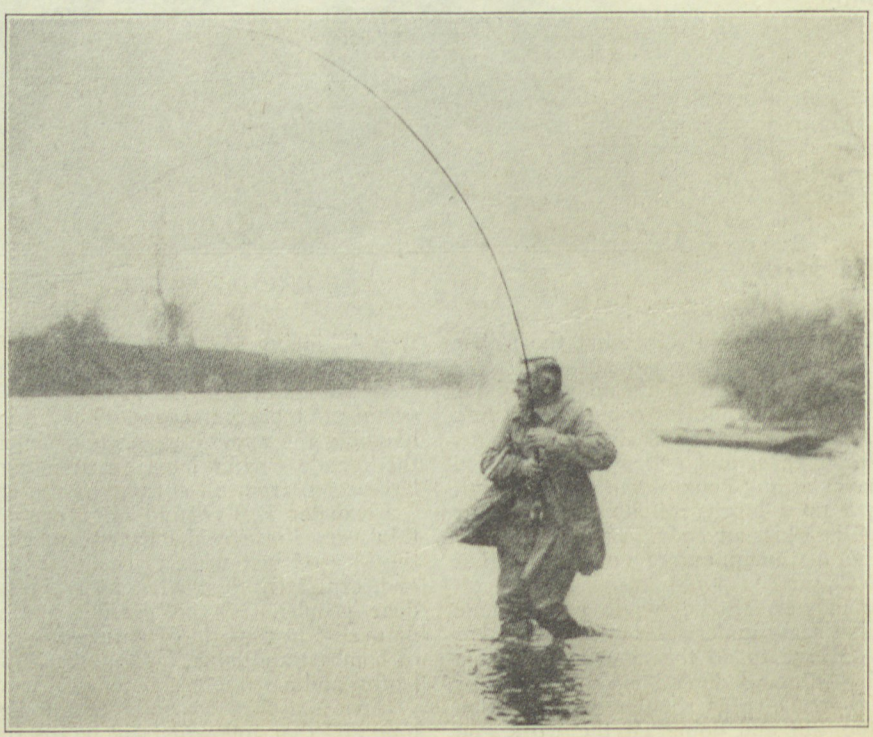
"THE Cosmopolite" in one of the immortal O'Henry's glorious stories, mentions among curiosities which he had observed, "funny Englishmen." It must be confessed that humour can hardly be termed a national characteristic, though humour of a kind has achieved remarkable development among varieties of that particular species of Londoners known as *cocknei vulgaris*. Since, however, horse bus-drivers and hansome cabmen have practically ceased to exist, national representatives of quaint dry English humour have sadly diminished in number. The steering of gasoline-propelled machines leaves barely time for vituperations and none for brilliant repartee.

On the other hand, anyone who studies what may be termed the history of river pollution prevention in England and Scotland, might describe the British as an uproariously funny nation, and imagine that their legislators and others concerned, were and are first cousins of one of the greatest English humorists and satirists that country can boast—the ever-to-be-lamented W. S. Gilbert.

One may ask incidentally why the descendants of Englishmen, perhaps a trifle dour originally, should acquire in even the third, fourth and later generations those brilliantly witty characteristics, for which the American nation is renowned. Maybe the leaven of Erin and Gaul provides the answer. After all, what difference is there between the British and the Americans? Both are fond of fishing and outdoor life, and both mean to preserve their fishing rivers and defend them from the attacks of the money grabbers who seek to decrease expenses and increase their profits, by making pure crystal streams do the work of sewer pipes and in that way pile up money at the expense of their more innocent neighbours. To defile a river is an offence against God and man, and if it were not for the fact that the polluting creatures have enormous political power, condign punishment would be meted out to them.

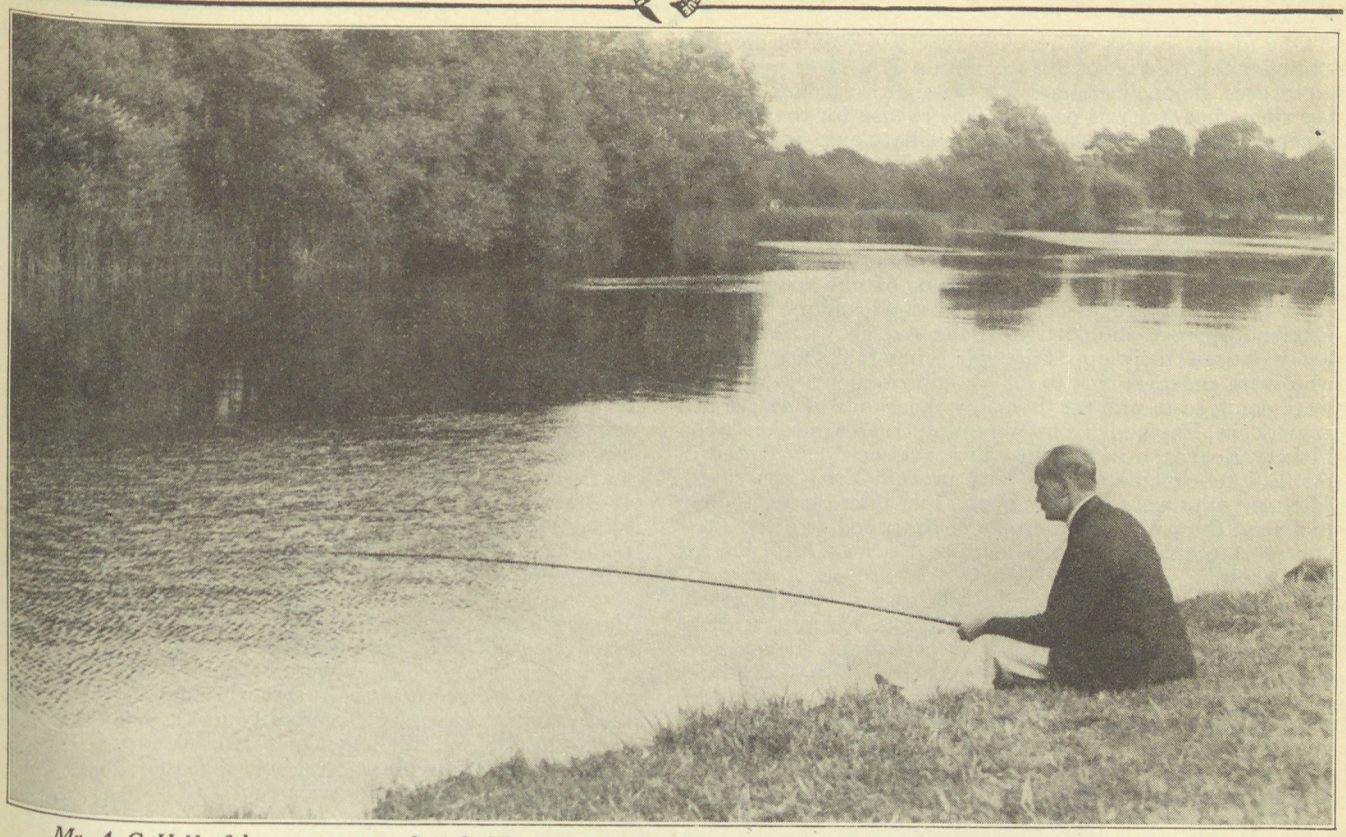
As a matter of fact the supposed unhumourous British people began rather well. One of their earliest attempts was to prevent the ruin of the salmon rivers. This was soon after the commencement of the industrial era in the good year 1861, when it had become apparent that no stream was safe. It was then made a criminal offence in Britain to put anything in a stream which would kill or poison fish of any kind. The police, indeed anyone, could enforce the law by taking proceedings before a Magistrate. The process was cheap, speedy and effectual. The only serious limitation to the new regulation was that it applied solely to rivers frequented in any part by salmon or sea trout, and the tributaries of such rivers. Thus there were sundry waters to which the law did not apply. It should be noted that the measure was one solely in the interests of fishery preservation, and was one of a series of general regulations intended to protect salmon and trout.

But British factories increased rapidly as did the population. Small towns which used to discharge raw sewage into the nearest stream became large ones, with horrible results to the rivers. Salmon fisheries, more valuable than all those of the rest of Europe, suffered very seriously. Great commercial fisheries were being ruined. People contracted disease by eating shell fish grown in estuaries and by drinking dilute sewage. The value of riverside property fell. Farmers, particularly dairymen, found that the health of their milk cows was so affected that the milk supply suffered. In a good many cases horses and farm stock were poisoned, and after a big flood, the poisonous matter would flow over the valley pastures, ruin valuable hay crops, and detract from the value of the land in every way. Such also are the conditions today.



Mr. Robert Pashley, the greatest of Wye fishermen, playing a 28 lb. salmon on the Goodrich water of the river.

Soon a justifiable outcry arose that the public health was in danger and a few years after the protection given to salmon rivers the government of the day took shelter under the very large, capable and convenient umbrella of a Royal Commission. This Commission's report, however, seems to have been taken as a joke only worthy of a pigeon hole. The public getting still more indignant, another Commis-



Mr. A. C. Hobbs fishing an open reach of the Thames, near Aston Ferry. Mr. Hobbs is one of the most successful anglers in England for Thames trout. The Thames which serves London with much of its splendid water supply is one of the least polluted rivers in England.

sional shelter for the Government was set up in 1868. It issued six reports and, wonderful to relate, after a laughably brief *delay of eight years* an Act of Parliament was passed. It is still in force, has no references to fish in it, declares pollution to be an offence and empowers local health authorities to enforce the Act.

But the British Government is nothing if not funny—*page* O'Henry's "Cosmopolite"—and very cleverly inserted so many humorous difficulties in the way of enforcing the law, that except in two or three districts where there is a special pollution prevention board, the Act has been almost a dead letter. One huge joke over which I assure readers of "Outdoor America" the English (I am not so sure of the sober Scottish people) laugh immoderately, is that the so-called health authorities who are mainly responsible for enforcing this law are themselves among the worst offenders. They naturally sit tight.

I may be accused of ridiculous farcical fiction in the next potted chapter: one brief paragraph. Once more a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire and report. *It sat for seventeen long years, issued nine reports and (I know you won't believe it) the Government did nothing.* It is known as the "Royal Commission on Sewage Disposal of 1898." (Final Report, 1915.) It cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, is the most exhaustive and admirable enquiry that has ever been made in any country and included highly scientific research work. It pointed to the absolute necessity for special local pollution prevention authorities, each covering a watershed, and a Central Authority *to create and supervise them.* It gave a list of nineteen industries the waste matter of which is capable of purification. I would strongly recommend a perusal of the Final Report (1915, A Summary) to my American friends interested in this subject. It can be had for about a quarter dollar from the Government Stationery office, Adastral House, Kingsway, London W. C. At the same time I would recommend a Scottish publication, "The Pollution and Purification of Rivers, with special reference to Domestic Sewage," reprinted from the Ninth Annual Report of the Scottish Board of Health, 1927. The price is twelve cents plus postage. The booklet is obtainable at the same address. The title is not fascinating and suggests dry reading, but it is splendidly written in the right spirit and is full of information of great value in any civilised country.

In these modern times when rings, trusts and combines are the rule and enormously wealthy industrial combinations give monetary support to the political party which serves them best, it is becoming dangerous to press for legislation which is likely to put industrialists to expense. A Government may yield to a strong popular appeal and produce, even carry a measure presumably interested, to bring about river reform, but if industry is affected, the law-makers are prone to get humorous and introduce well hidden legal snags and pitfalls to laugh over afterwards. Here is quite a tragic-comic instance of the kind. During that abominable war no attention was paid to river purification, manufacturers did what they pleased and the defilement of rivers was terrible. A great outcry arose from the angling fraternity and once more the Government sought shelter behind a committee on which a few anglers were placed to lull the outcry and give confidence. That is some time ago. The Committee still exists and a member of it has published his opinion that they devote their time to "academic discussions." As a matter of fact it has through an eminent chemical adviser influenced a few local health authorities to manage their sewage works more carefully.

In the meantime (1923-4) all English fresh water fishery Acts were codified and under the pretence of meeting anglers' wishes, a humorously plausible and fair seeming clause on the subject of pollution was inserted, which wiped out the valuable power of prosecution by the police and public under the old Act of 1861. Without going into elaborate and dry details the new measure, though it has certain good features, contains alterations of the law, which put much the same difficulties in the way of prosecution as are to be found in the almost dead-letter Act of 1876. It was drafted in consultation with the representatives of the industrial combines and very largely safeguarded the polluters who had started work in war time. Our greatest authority on fishery laws and conservancy work, the late John Willis Bund, for many years chairman of the Severn Conservancy Board, publicly declared that this measure was a death blow to our rivers.

One of our judges in a recent case had pointed out that as under the old Act of 1876 pollution of a river was made an offence, no one could acquire the right to pollute by long use since that Act was passed. The excuse for the extraordinary change in the law made by the clause in the new fishery Act was that this judge's decision was new law and the industrialists consequently required greater protection. As a matter of fact this statement was untrue. It had long been settled law that since 1876 a polluter could no more acquire the right to do anything made an offence by the Act, than a pick-pocket could to deprive us of our watches.

At first the large associated bodies of angling clubs in England opposed the portion of the Act above referred to but withdrew their opposition on being told that the men who were endeavouring to obtain improvements in the Act, were doing so to prevent the many thousands of coarse fish anglers in England from obtaining representation upon Fishery Boards, a new right which was no doubt placed in the Bill to conciliate them, and prevent their opposition. The men who were fighting in the best interests of anglers to amend the pollution clause were described as being their "bitterest enemies" as to which see Ibsen's "A Friend of the People."

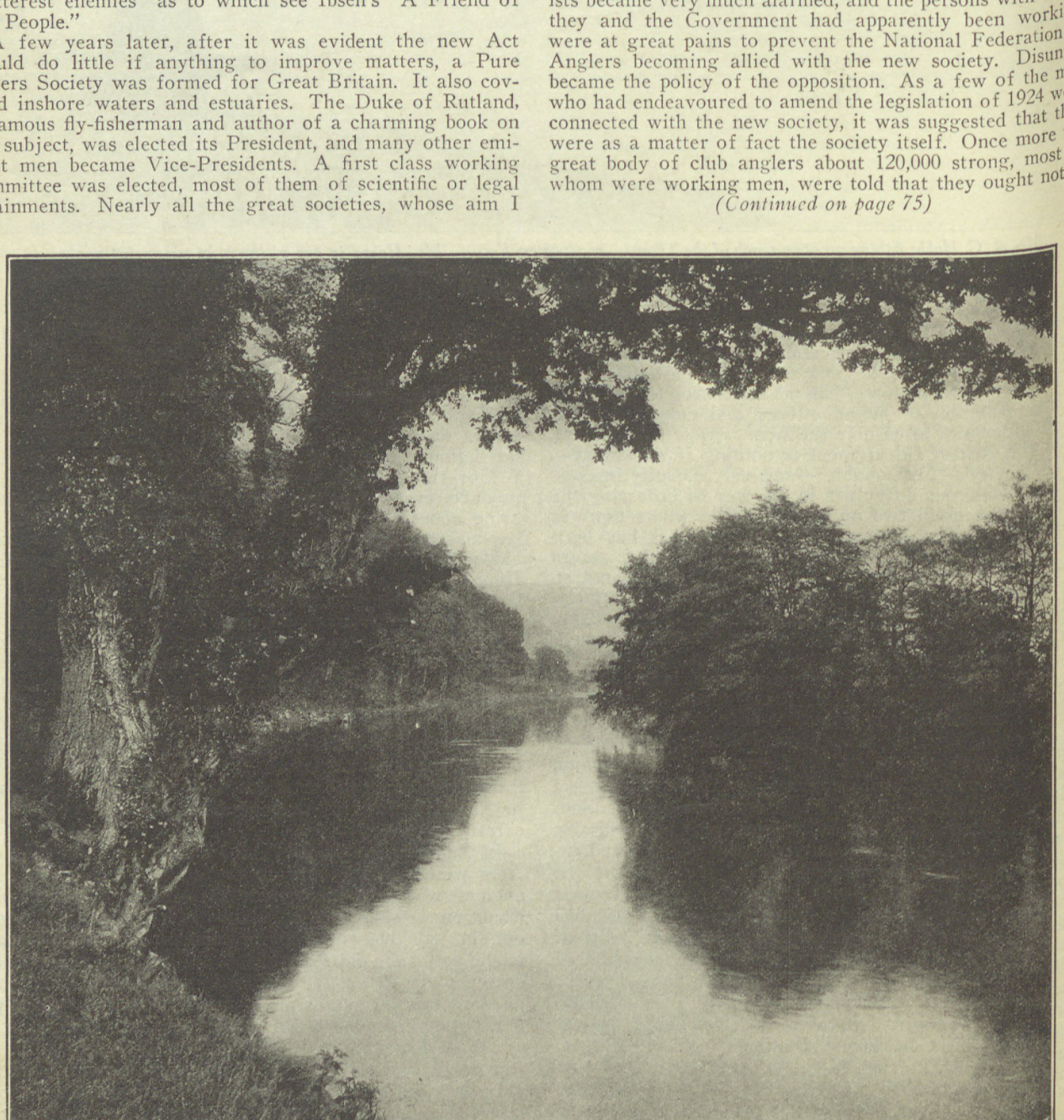
A few years later, after it was evident the new Act would do little if anything to improve matters, a Pure Rivers Society was formed for Great Britain. It also covered inshore waters and estuaries. The Duke of Rutland, a famous fly-fisherman and author of a charming book on the subject, was elected its President, and many other eminent men became Vice-Presidents. A first class working committee was elected, most of them of scientific or legal attainments. Nearly all the great societies, whose aim I may term in one phrase to be the preservation of rural England, became allied with the Pure Rivers Society.

Mr. T. W. Gomm, of 1 Lincolns Inn Fields, London, a well-known Solicitor, President of the London Anglers' Association, Chairman of the Federation of Sea Anglers, a man of the highest standing in the angling world, acted as Honorary Secretary, and very generously gave the use of his offices to the new Society.

In the twinkling of an eye the whole position changed, for now an independent body had sprung into existence representing all classes interested—health authorities (worthy of the name), land-owners, farmers, anglers, yachtsmen, swimmers, naturalists, lovers of nature and many more, making a powerful body uninfluenced by the Government and uninfluenced by the Federation of British Industries, having for its sole object the preservation of the glorious British rivers, of which there are a very large number, and inshore waters so sadly defiled by waste oil.

Britishers had ceased to be funny! There was no thought on the part of those connected with the new society of injuring industry in any shape or form, but the industrialists became very much alarmed, and the persons with whom they and the Government had apparently been working, were at great pains to prevent the National Federation of Anglers becoming allied with the new society. Disunion became the policy of the opposition. As a few of the men who had endeavoured to amend the legislation of 1924 were connected with the new society, it was suggested that they were as a matter of fact the society itself. Once more the great body of club anglers about 120,000 strong, most of whom were working men, were told that they ought not to

(Continued on page 75)



The Herefordshire Wye, a wonderful salmon river which in 1927 yielded 10,807 fish, was recently in danger of destruction by a sugar beet factory. Thanks to the strenuous efforts of Mr. Robert Pashley of Ross, a member of the Pure Rivers Society and as fine a fighter in the public interests as he is a fly fisherman, the river was saved.

Another Hard Nut Cracked—

AT last a satisfactory solution has been found to a very vexing problem. We refer to the question of the disposal of creamery wastes. The dairy industry is one which probably affects more intimately the table of every American family than any other, yet it is an unfortunate fact that the wastes produced in the production of butter and cheese, and other dairy products are more difficult to dispose of than the majority of industrial wastes.

These dairy wastes contain more than a thousand times as much organic matter per gallon as domestic sewage contains. Fortunately, the amount of wastes produced from individual creameries and cheese factories is relatively small. However, the question of disposal of these wastes has been one of the most vexatious ones with which the sanitarian has had to deal. Various schemes have been tried. Most cheese factories are provided with septic tanks of some sort or other and in many cases chemicals are added to coagulate the wastes after which they are filtered through sand. This method of treatment is very expensive and in many cases ineffective. The organic matter in creamery wastes is of such a nature that it does not precipitate out with chemicals nor absorb readily on filters.

Trucks of skimmilk leaving the plant instead of waste being thrown into the stream.

It has always seemed to us that it was a pity to waste the material held in the skimmilk, whey, and other liquors remaining after the manufacture of dairy products, since they really contained material of high food value, but we were always told that the cost of evaporating these liquids would be greater than the value of the food material recovered. The Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company is to be congratulated for having solved this problem in a most satisfactory manner. They have developed a new type of evaporator which is very efficient in its operation and makes it possible to recover food material from what was formerly thrown away, and became a pollution load on the nearest stream.

Their new evaporator is very interesting in its construction and operation. It consists of two heated drums placed parallel to one another, and revolving toward each other. Skimmilk, which is one of the principal by-products, is warmed and allowed to drip between these two cylinders. It is quickly evaporated to a film which is shaved off from the outside of each drum by a "doctor knife." A thin sheet of evaporated milk resembling the sheerest silk falls away into a trough where it is caught by a screw conveyor, broken into a powder, and delivered to waiting sacks. One pound of this material is said to have on an average as many calories of energy as 2 pounds of beef, 1⅓ pounds of cheese and as much protein as 1½ pounds of beans, 2 pounds of lean beef or 3⅓ pounds of eggs. Fluid skimmilk is 91 per cent water, while the dry form is 97 per cent food solids, supplying over 1600 calories of energy per pound.

Let me illustrate just what this new process means in the case of a certain cheese factory and stream. A year ago this factory was discharging wastes which amounted to the equivalent of a million gallons of domestic sewage into a nearby stream. The superintendent was experimenting with chemical treatment but was not able to produce any measurable improvement. A few days ago I visited this same factory and found that instead of discharging nearly two tons a day of organic wastes into the stream they were producing two tons a day of evaporated skimmilk worth $160.00 a ton. Instead of a stream of milky liquor flowing down into the river, there was a line of workmen loading sacks of skimmilk powder into a freight car.

I am sure that my fellow Waltonians will be interested and encouraged to hear of this important step in the field of conservation.

A. M. BUSWELL,
Chief of the Illinois State Water Survey.

And Another to Crack—

THE Floyd river at Sioux City, Iowa, has been handling the refuse from three large packing houses, but some forms of life appeared to have survived or become acclimated. The acid and grease refuse from the big new roundhouse was evidently too much.

At best, the stream is a disgrace to the city. Its content can be imagined when I tell you that a grease collector skims the river daily by means of a boat and screen.

Follows a little story from the Sioux City Journal of August 13th:

"A score or more persons, ranging from barefooted youngsters to adults were busy along the Floyd river near the Seventh street bridge Monday morning in the wholesale slaughter of hundreds of fish. Members of the "finny tribe" were forced to the surface of the river Monday when oil from a drainage ditch polluted the water.

The fish were forced to the surface in order to obtain air because of the condition of the water. Residents who perceived the condition joined in a slaughter of the fish. Several fishermen used nets of various sizes and scooped up the fish. Others obtained clubs and sticks and killed the fish which came near.

A drainage ditch near Seventeenth street which carries off refuse from the Illinois Central railroad roundhouse was opened Monday morning and the contents of the ditch polluted the stream.

J. C. PETERSON,
Sioux City, Iowa.

Women—Out of Doors

Edited by BETTY BENTON PATTERSON

Betty Benton Patterson is particularly well qualified to edit this new department to be known as Women—Out of Doors.

The outdoors is more than a hobby with her. It is a passion. All outdoor sports enlist her interest though camping and fishing are her favorites.

And she doesn't just "go along" on camping and fishing trips. I can personally vouch for the fact that she is the most helpful and valuable member of the entire party. She literally knows everything from how to settle camp in the briefest and comfortablest manner to just the right lure for the bass that "just swirled over there"—her knowledge of camp life is as complete as that of a prize guide; indeed if Betty Benton Patterson were not just the right sort of an outdoorswoman that she is her expertness would be positively crushing to those of us not so at home in the out of doors.

But like most out of doors women, she is the right sort. She does not patronize her novice sister—she does not glory in her own experience—she neither bustles around camp like the proverbial Martha, troubled with many things, nor does she slack her share of the inevitable camp duties.

She is reassuring, sympathetic, has that essential quality of "get alongness" a sense of humour, and is a thorough sportsman in the finest sense of the word.

That is why I have picked her from among many experienced outdoor women to edit this department.

Her advice to women in all fields of outdoor activity will be invaluable and every contact made with her by outdoor loving women is bound to be productive of interest and pleasure.

MARGUERITE IVES.

WOMEN out of doors will be the inspiration and theme of this department which we present to all readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

We feel much as the new puppy that has come to our house, awkward and groping, but eager to please, amuse and serve, and above all, tremendously enthusiastic.

We are joyously grateful to the Editor for giving us the privilege of guiding, assembling or however it works out—this department.

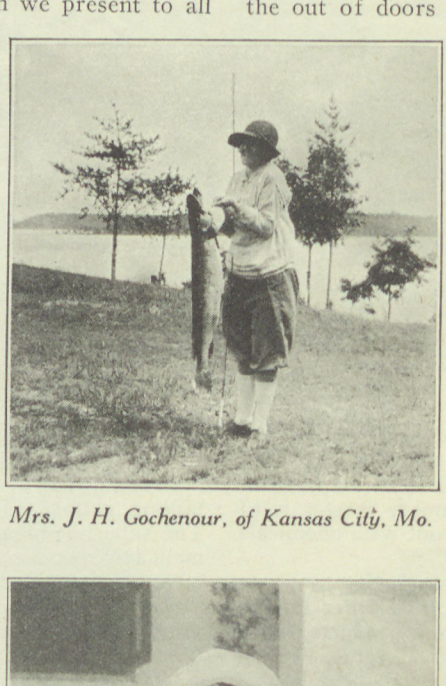
Though women out of doors will be the subject, we want the men out of doors to share in making this feature of universal interest.

Segregation of interests passed long ago with swooning vapors and the "ladies" leaving the "gentlemen" at dinner. So, this department is yours, women and men who have found the out of doors, afield, a-sea, in the mountains, on the plains, or merely in the meadow at the end of the trolley line.

Happily, pleasure in sports is more virulently contagious than pestilence. And the most unfailing way to stimulate interest in any sport is to hear what the other person has done.

All of us thrill to the tales of women explorers, big game hunters and the women pioneers in the air. The fortunate few who follow the big fish to Florida, Port Aransas, California and New Zealand find us ready to applaud their skill. Women who have done these things are exceptions, but happily the out of doors is for all of us. And though we will glory in retelling the unusual adventures, we urge you of the everyday world to tell us your out of doors discoveries. You may have evolved some camping kink, or comfort that will help the rest of us. You may have discovered that bass rise to a certain lure on sunny or dull days. Or you may have gone forth one fine morning and bagged game with a gun made to fit. A certain type of hunting dog may be your hobby. Marsh shooting for duck, big game stalking in Jackson Hole, or just a family camping trip in a car or houseboat may have been your out of door experience.

Tell us about it, for no matter how insignificant your experience may seem to you, it will be of interest to us. Send pictures when possible, and above all, tell us what finding the out of doors has meant to you and your husband or friends who are men.



Mrs. J. H. Gochenour, of Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Clark Howell, Jr., of Atlanta, Ga.

In this connection we wish to remind you that we will also welcome the slant of your men-folk on your out of doors. Men are growing intensely interested in women's reactions to sport. They are taking us along, not as a duty, but because we have learned to dress the part sensibly and carry our part of the responsibility if not the actual labor entailed in all out door going.

The two women pictured on this page are ardent anglers, Mrs. Clark Howell, Jr., of Atlanta, and Mrs. J. H. Gochenour of Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Howell landed her 10-pound sea bass off of Sea Island Beach on Saint Simons Island, Georgia.

Mrs. Howell used a light rod for the job. For this we applaud her as a sportswoman. But we wish that the man who sent us the charming picture had divulged the lure or bait as well as the weight of the line used.

Sea bass offer fine sport for fisherwomen. We have caught them up to 20 pounds weight, but they are somewhat similar to the river bass—the largest fish are not the best fighters. Mrs. Howell was fortunate in the weight of her catch. Experienced fishermen will tell you that the sea bass from 8 to 10 pounds are the gamest fighters.

The picture of Mrs. Howell shown here might be Marguerite Ives, the editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA, as I first knew her at Port Aransas, Texas, more years ago than either of us need admit. The resemblance between the two women is marked. At that time the "editor" had just landed a tarpon six feet two and one-half inches long on the lightest tackle. She has caught many big tarpon, but it was that particular giant that won her the woman's world championship for tarpon, which she held for several years.

Have you ever caught a big fish? If you have not, vivid imagination will serve you poorly. But if you have, close your eyes and remember—you were a novice. Everyone along gave you admittedly expert advice as to rod, line and bait. Condescending counsel as to

(Continued on page 56)

Some Wonderful Trees

By

W. J. THOMPSON

TREES have always interested and even fascinated mankind. Dr. William V. Kelley writes that "The Bethsaida blind man who midway in his healing said to Jesus, 'I see men as trees walking' suggests that trees and men are not so unlike each other!"

There is a wonderful difference of disposition among trees. Certain trees are found in groups, while others stand apart. Of that which cultivates reserve and independence the elm is first. The tranquil lordship of one elm tree made George William Curtis write, one New England afternoon: "A stately elm is the archbishop of this green diocese. His flowing robes fill the air with grace. He rules the landscape round here!"

Of Thoreau, Emerson said: "As for taking his arm, I would as soon think of taking hold of an elm tree."

J. R. Lowell declared: "I care more for my trees than for my books," and literature contains few more felicitous figures of speech than Lowell's description of a loyal friendship: "A friendship covering forty years is the finest kind of shade tree I know of."

When the statue of Horace Greeley was unveiled in New York City, his daughter placed on the statue a wreath of oak leaves from the trees near his old home with these words inscribed: "The trees send greeting to one who loved them."

John Ruskin affirmed that, "No man can be far wrong in temper of mind who really loves trees."

There are many curious trees. The "Sticky Tree" of New Zealand, which catches flies and birds. The "Sneezewood Tree" of Natal, South Africa, is so called because one cannot see it without sneezing violently!

The "Butter Tree" of Senegal produces a nut containing vegetable butter. The "Sugar Tree," or Douglas fir tree of British Columbia produces a rare kind of sugar. The sugar is found among the leaves in lumps, and is very pleasant to the taste. The "Water Tree" of the Australian desert is the malee tree which yields quantities of pure water.

The "Blanket Tree" of Ecuador is true to its name. When an Ecuador Indian wants a blanket, he hunts up a demajagua tree and takes from it a six-foot section of its peculiar soft bark which gives a blanket of soft texture and will last for several years.

The "Cork Tree" of Portugal is well known. The "Singing Tree" of the West Indies sings in a low key as the wind blows through its leaves. Southern California also has its singing trees, not far from Topango Cañon. The "Stinging Tree" of Queensland is very beautiful, but stings worse than a bee. The "Iron Tree" of Africa is also true to its name—if you want a leaf you must file it off!

Then there is the "Illuminated Tree" in India. In the darkest night this tree can be seen a mile distant!

The "Angry Acacia" of Nevada quivers violently when disturbed and emits an unpleasant odor. It takes this bad tempered tree an hour or two to go back to good humor.

The fastest growing tree is the eucalyptus which grows five times faster than any other tree. The lightest tree is the ambach tree of the Nile. The oldest tree is the "bald cypress," which has been standing at Santa Maria del Tula, Mexico, for at least six thousand years.

The tallest tree of California's big trees is 325 feet in height, but the tallest trees is the world are found in Southeast Australia—gum trees 471 to 500 feet in height!

The most distinguished tree in the United States is a tree that owns itself. It is a whiteoak tree in Athens, Georgia. No one can buy or sell it. No one owns the land on which it stands rooted. The man who owned the tree left this provision in his will: "In consideration of the great love I bear this tree and the great desire I have for its protection for all time, I convey to it entire possession of itself, and all land on eight feet of the tree on all sides."

At Woolthorpe, Lincolnshire, England, an aged apple tree was cut down in 1820 to preserve its wood from decay because 150 years previous a young man of 23, Isaac Newton, lay at its feet and caught one of God's greatest secrets when this tree dropped an apple. Abbie Brown tells us: "I lay at the foot of an ancient tree and let God's universe talk to me."

The Bible is full of trees. At its opening in Genesis stands the "Tree of Knowledge," and at its close in Revelation stands the "Tree of Life," while in the books between Genesis and Revelation are trees innumerable.

EDITORIAL

Better Sportsmanship

ANOTHER hunting season is here. Seven and a half millions of America's virile manhood will be lured to the open spaces.

Scattered among this vast army of sportsmen, ninety-five percent of whom are among America's outstanding, law-abiding citizens, will be several hundred thousand who do not know what sportsmanship means.

In this latter class are men who have come to our shores to enjoy the advantages of American citizens. They have avoided the burdens and responsibility of citizenship, but they want more than their full share of the benefits.

Others of the group travel under false colors. They pretend to be community leaders, and are often so recognized. But underneath they are selfish, thieving bigots who know no law and depend upon their community standing and their political pull to shield them in their hoggish practices. They falsely suppose that their reputation and their fine hunting raiment will hide the bristles running all the way down their backs.

Many a pot-hunter calls himself a sportsman, and yet when unobserved he uses foul, unfair, unsportsmanlike methods and devices in capturing his quarry in order that at the end of the day he may gloatingly display at least "a bag as big as the law allows" just to prove his skill. The day afield means nothing to him, and the disposition of his kill still less.

The amateur who shoots first and looks afterwards, and who every now and then kills a companion in his zeal to bag game, or who carelessly jeopardizes the lives of all others within range because he handles firearms recklessly, is becoming more rare. But he is still too numerous.

At the bottom of the whole scale of outdoor enthusiasts is the hoodlum who dresses like a sportsman but who breaks down or cuts the farmers' fences, leaves gates and bars open, shoots into domestic stock or kills poultry, and generally makes a nuisance of himself. Sometimes he even questions a land-owner's right to invite him to leave the property, or worse still, uses weapons upon his host because he dares to defend his rights.

Fortunately the percentage of hunters belonging in the "scum element" is small. But some of them, like highwaymen, will always be with us.

What is the remedy? It lies with the honest, true-blue sportsmen themselves. Thousands of law-abiding sportsmen are now doing their full duty and helping the mere handful of officers to secure law observance and proper respect for private property.

Certainly it requires some backbone, but better display some of it than to see the American thrill of the chase become exclusively a rich man's pastime, as it is in Europe today. This is America; not Europe!

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MARY ROBERTS RINEHART — ROBERT H. DAVIS
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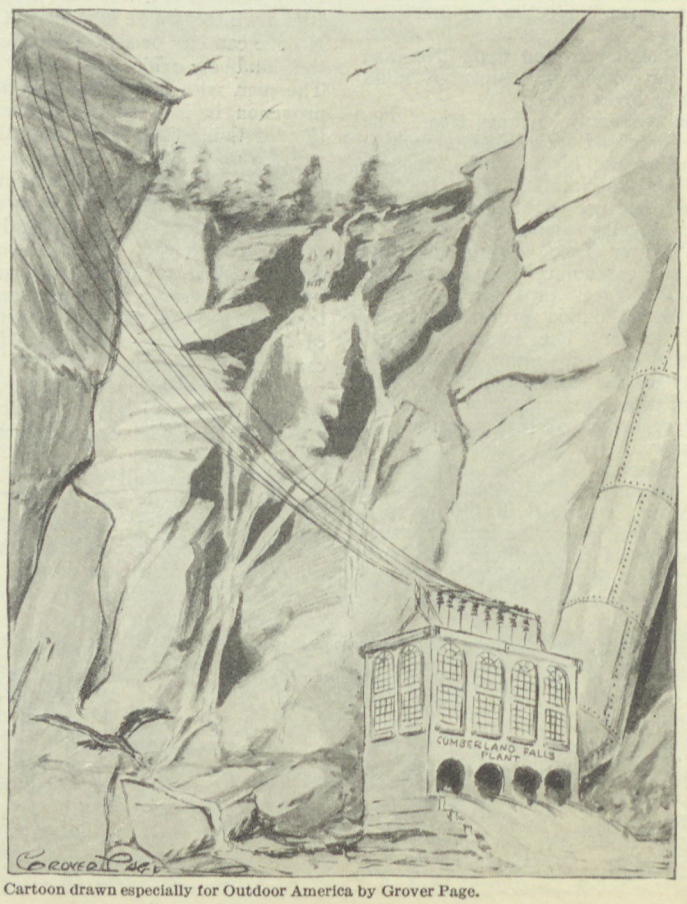
WM. L. AND IRENE FINLEY — THOMAS AMBROSE
WILLIAM BEEBE — OZARK RIPLEY
FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER — BEN EAST

MARGUERITE IVES, *Editor*

All That Would Be Left



Cartoon drawn especially for Outdoor America by Grover Page.

On Trial

WHAT are the duties of the Federal Power Commission?—a question that confronts America right now.

It was generally recognized that the former Secretary of the Power Commission was not in sympathy with those who hold that scenic assets are often of public value equal to, sometimes considerably greater, than power needs.

Apparently all the former Secretary could see was the engineering side of the question. It is reported that he resigned his position to accept a much more lucrative one with a power corporation. Before doing so, he obtained from the former Chief Counsel an opinion concerning the Cumberland Falls project to the effect that scenic assets may not be considered by the Commission.

The Federal Power Act, among other things, says that a project should be "such as in the judgment of the Commission will be best adapted to a comprehensive scheme of improvement and utilization for the purpose of navigation, of water power development, *and of other beneficial public uses.*"

This clear intention of Congress to recognize public uses will certainly be given full weight when the Power Commission, the personnel of which has been entirely changed by President Hoover, finally considers the pending Cumberland Falls application, regardless of an unwise opinion rendered by a former regime.

Upon the resignation of Secretary Merrill, Mr. Frank E. Bonner, for the past six and one-half years the district engineer of the California National Forest District, accepted appointment as Executive Secretary. Mr. Bonner has been connected with the Forest Service since 1909 and, though an engineer by profession, he undoubtedly has a much broader appreciation of conservation problems and public values than had his predecessor.

The former Counsel to the Power Commission has recently been succeeded by Colonel Thad H. Brown, of Columbus, Ohio, a leader in his profession who is recognized for his high appreciation of public values.

The present set-up assures us that "public uses" will be evaluated properly.

Izaak Walton League of America

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National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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A NATIONAL non-profit organization, without religious or political affiliations, composed of public-spirited men and women throughout the United States who are coordinating their efforts in local chapters to protect our woods, waters and wild life, and to restore and perpetuate opportunities for the healthful enjoyment of the great outdoors.

Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation, Incorporated

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The Hall-Mark of Conservation

TODAY is an age of selling—the better the product, the easier the sale. In order to definitely establish the standard of value in their products, most manufacturers have adopted a hall-mark, or trademark, by means of which their goods may be identified. And so it is with the Izaak Walton League. For seven years we have used heterogeneous heads of various designs, all of them purporting to be authentic portraits of Sir Izaak Walton, but, alas, we fear if he were alive and with us today he, like the immortal Lincoln, would not feel highly flattered with some of his many likenesses.

* * *

The Izaak Walton League is here for all time. Americans have long needed such an organization to protect their very doors from commercial despoliation. They believe that outdoor recreation is as essential for the boy and girl of tomorrow as it is for the boy and girl of today. This organization has decided to do its utmost to preserve and insure for the future enjoyment of all Americans those privileges and benefits that are derived only from contact with nature.

Starting from a mere handful of stalwart Chicago sportsmen, the organization has swept upward through the seven years that have passed since the first chapter was established, and today boasts of chapters in practically every state in the land and in almost every city in each state. With so widespread a membership, governed by independent organizations, it became evident, to those elected to control the fortunes of the League, that it was advisable to standardize all operations and all contacts both with our members and those with whom we dealt on conservation.

The mark of the Red Cross stands today throughout the world as a mark of service. It is not only war and time tested, but it is time honored, and has long been the emblem of hope to many a stricken soul. The new mark of the Izaak Walton League is also a mark of service. It stands for a steadfast adherence to certain policies and principles. It stands for a great idea—something large and fine and generous; something patriotic, humane, and even religious in its purpose. As President Herbert Hoover says: "Every member of the League is a further soldier in our ranks fighting an organized battle for conservation,—a vital thing in this nation."

Designed along ultra-simple lines, the emblem lends itself readily as the mark of loyalty to a cause. It can be printed in newspapers or magazines. It is destined to appear upon thousands of road signs protecting the wild flowers, the birds, the trees, the streams and the wild life of the forests. This mark worn on the lapel of a man's coat acclaims him as a patriotic American, one who believes in tomorrow, a soldier of service who recognizes neither race, creed, nor political affiliation, but is serving the cause of the Americans of tomorrow. This mark of service becomes a pledge of loyalty to a cause upon which all outdoor America relies.

* * *

The Izaak Walton League has reason to be proud of its membership. Waltonians are to be found in every walk of life; Waltonians who are guided and uplifted by ideals; men who see in success other things than dollars; men who believe in tomorrow and are willing to serve for the pure love of that service to their fellowmen. To such individuals the emblem of the Izaak Walton League will be a mark of honor. They will follow where it leads, and its use will never be dedicated to anything unworthy of that great slogan of the League: *"A Better America for Americans and Better Americans for America."*

League's Conservation Platform

1. Encourage appreciation of America's outdoor resources.
2. More outdoor recreation to develop better Americans.
3. Eradicate pollution to safeguard health and aquatic life.
4. Protect and extend our forests and replant idle lands.
5. Restore drained areas and prevent unwise drainage.
6. Better protection for wild life and more refuges.
7. More fish and game farms to perpetuate the supply.
8. More trained workers to direct conservation affairs.
9. Stop the sale of all wild game and game fishes.
10. Enforce conservation laws and respect private property.
11. Mold public sentiment and teach conservation in schools.
12. Cooperate with others striving to accomplish like aims.

What's Happening i

Do You Know:

1. Reforestation will aid farm and flood relief?
2. Tariff on game may be repealed?
3. Kentucky gets 13,000 A. park?
4. Wisconsin considers scenic values?

See stories below.

Good Punishment

BOYS, like adults, often do things thoughtlessly.

Fire towers are always favorite objectives for hikers and mountain climbers on account of the magnificent views to be obtained from them. States with good fire tower systems have done much to stop carelessness with fires by giving the people a chance to see the beautiful country from the towers.

It is a rare thing to receive complaints of abuse of this privilege. Recently near Lake Placid, New York, five caddie boys damaged one of that state's fire towers. They broke a four-light window frame. Instead of prosecuting them the District Ranger gave them an opportunity to buy a new window if all five of them would participate in delivering it to the top of Whiteface Mountain. Two days later they delivered the new sash.

That ranger used mighty good judgment!

Refuges Upheld

IN the October issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA a special article, "The Restoration of Thief Lake," by Dr. Paul Hagen, announced an innovation—a new conservation policy—in America.

Congratulations to the Gopher State! This is the first time any state has undertaken to restore a large area of unwisely drained lands by authorizing expenditures up to $2,500,000 to establish a wild life refuge of more than 1,600,000 acres.

The constitutionality of this new law was challenged because part of the fund authorized was to be used to reimburse three counties which had suffered terribly at the hands of the drainage promoters. The Minnesota State Supreme Court, which tribunal wisely held that the law was constitutional, said:

"By acquiring and devoting a suitable habitat for the propagation and preservation of wild life, the state is furthering the interests of the public in game, fish and fur-bearing animals. It is not disputed that if the main purpose or subject of a state outlay or tax is public, it is no objection that private interests are incidentally served."

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Permanent Relief

CONSERVATION forces have been urging that idle lands at the headwaters of our rivers be reforested, and that marginal lands which are now being farmed uneconomically be put to work, thereby aiding materially in the flood and farm relief problems confronting our government.

Millions of acres now under cultivation should never have been cleared or drained; 80,000,000 acres of former forest land are lying idle. It is heartening to know that Secretary Hyde and the recently established Farm Board appreciate the real significance of these conservation problems.

"Marginal and submarginal lands, whose yield is so low and cost of production so high as to make profitable farming impossible, ought not to be farmed," said the Secretary of Agriculture in an address at Syracuse, New York, in August. "They produce in the aggregate millions of bushels of farm products, but at a prohibitive cost. They take a heavy toll of national resources through erosion. They afford a standard of education far below the average. They depress the price of products from farms which might otherwise be prosperous."

Lands Should Be Reforested

"THE clearing of lands by lumber companies and others," continued the Secretary, "has left denuded and exposed to abnormal erosion many millions of acres *which national economy demands should be reforested.* Bare watersheds add to our national flood menace. Reforestation should not be considered solely from the standpoint of timber supply. Great social and recreational values are involved. Erosion is part of the problem. The waste of national resources forms an important element. Flood control is another. It is worthy of thought whether the reforestation of every available acre of publicly-owned land, and the purchase and forestation of many privately-owned submarginal lands upon our watersheds, would not be a sound practical measure of national economy."

Farm Board Recognizes Need

CONSERVATION leaders have been encouraged to learn that the Farm Board has added specially trained men to its staff to push the marginal lands reforestation program. They will be further encouraged to learn that at last those in charge of flood control policies are beginning to appreciate the value of reforestation and restoration of our forage crops on the headwaters of our rivers as a flood relief measure.

The Izaak Walton League has been urging these measures upon those in high places. When such leaders as Secretary Hyde put their shoulder squarely behind the movement, these suggestions are bound to receive the recognition they deserve.

Game Tariff

UNCLE SAM has been collecting a burdensome, obnoxious duty from state departments importing game for propagating purposes as well as from sportsmen who went into foreign countries to hunt.

The states have paid many thousands of extra dollars annually for quail, Hungarian partridges and ringneck pheasants purchased beyond our borders. A sportsman who took a hunting trip into Canada paid his license fees, guides, and incidentals, then was held up at the border and asked to contribute liberally if he wanted to bring home his kill.

Should Save All Carcasses

ONE prominent Indiana sportsman-author expressed our sentiments in writing to President Hoover on the subject, in the following language: "My party has made seventeen annual hunting trips to many parts of North America, including the wilds of the United States, Canada and Mexico. When it comes to bringing home a moose or a deer from Canada, Uncle Sam charges us four cents per pound duty. We preach conservation, but it seems to me that Uncle Sam should pay us a bonus to bring home our kills entire rather than to charge four cents a pound as a penalty. Under present conditions thousands of deer and moose are left lying on the ground in Canada to rot, the heads only being saved."

Good Prospects for Relief

LAST winter the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation, of which the Izaak Walton League is a prominent member association, started a campaign to have this tariff removed. The House attempted to amend the bill, but failed in its purpose. Then the fight was taken up vigorously in the Senate, and Hon. E. Lee LeCompte of Maryland, Chairman of the Sub-Committee representing the conservation forces, and his associates waged an intensive campaign.

Senator Watson of Indiana, Chairman of the Senate Sub-Committee in charge of this matter, ably assisted by Senators Walcott of Connecticut, Hawes of Missouri, and others, gave the matter special attention, with the result that Section 1682 of the bill now pending before the Senate provides that "Live game animals and birds imported for stocking purposes, and game animals and birds killed in foreign countries by residents of the United States and imported by them for non-commercial purposes" shall be brought in free under such regulations as the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe.

This provision should be passed without further amendment. It will be a real conservation victory. *Write your Senators about it.*

gin Conservation

Important information of national interest appears regularly in this department to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Fine Work!

THROUGH the generosity of Isaac W. Bernheim, a resident of Denver, Colorado, formerly a business leader in Louisville, Kentucky is the recipient of thirteen thousand acres of forest and game preserve, lying south of Louisville. The forest is to be known as the Isaac W. Bernheim Estate. The tract is approximately 20 miles long and at places is four miles wide.

The purpose, as expressed in the articles of incorporation of the Bernheim Foundation, is to establish a means of further development in Kentuckians, regardless of race or creed, of a love for the beautiful in nature and to strengthen their love and devotion to the state of Kentucky and the United States; to provide a sanctuary for wild birds and wild animals in order that their extinction may be prevented; and to establish and permanently maintain an arboretum and herbarium of native trees and shrubs.

Natural Beauty Preserved

Roads are to be built through the forest and proper precaution provided against fires. Dead trees will be removed but the land for the most part will be left in its natural beauty. No hunting is to be permitted at any time, and extinct species of wild life are to be reintroduced.

This is a fine contribution to the cause of conservation, and Kentuckians can well be proud of both the donor and the gift. There are many areas like this throughout the country that should be saved now. More men of wealth should follow Mr. Bernheim's example.

Better Laws

LAST month we gave a résumé of the important conservation legislation enacted this year in a number of states. Below are the highlights on such legislation in the balance of the states for which information has been received.

In some states no important changes were made in the conservation laws; in others fundamental changes of vast importance were enacted.

ILLINOIS: Authorized a $14,000,000 bond issue, to be approved by the voters, for the purchase of lands and waters for wild life refuges, and for public fishing, hunting and recreational grounds; established a sanitary water board to take charge of all stream pollution activities; closed the season on Hungarian partridges for two more years, and reduced the length of the open season for prairie chickens to five days; gave trout protection and fixed a close season during the spring months on pike and pickerel; provided for licensing fur-buyers and requiring a report of purchases; and various other excellent improvements in the law.

Nebraska Tries Commission Plan

MINNESOTA: The most important act passed authorizes a bond issue of $2,500,000 to restore unwisely drained lands and establish a wild life breeding and refuge area of 1,600,000 acres. Another law gives the Game and Fish Commissioner power of eminent domain in connection with the purchase of refuges and public shooting grounds, and a third law gives the department control of fur-bearing animals used for propagating purposes, thus curbing the free lance "gold brick" promoters who have operated in the past. In the future the department will receive all license moneys without special appropriation.

NEBRASKA: The most important change was the creation of a six-man Commission with an executive officer in charge of the administration of game, forests, fish and parks. The season on prairie chickens and grouse was closed for two years, and will be closed every odd numbered year thereafter. All methods of fishing were prohibited except hook and line. Laws codified and improved.

New Jersey Fights Pollution

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Created an advisory board of five members vested with power of shortening seasons. Increased the bounty on wild cats from $10 to $20. Spearing of suckers authorized from March 1 to May 1 in order to reduce their number. Increased the resident license fee fifty cents, the extra funds to be used for propagation work.

NEW JERSEY: Important new legislation provides for pollution elimination activities; prohibits the sale and transportation of black bass, except for propagating purposes; closed the season on female ringneck pheasants for five years; and the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners was increased from seven to nine members.

NEW YORK: Closing the grouse season for another year and giving the Commissioner power to regulate open seasons and bag limits for migratory birds to conform with federal regulations; requiring hunters to report their kill of deer; and prohibiting chasing wounded waterfowl with sail or power boats.

Fishing License Law Enacted

NORTH CAROLINA: The most important new legislation is a statewide angler's license law for all types of fishing. Fee $2.10 for residents and $3.10 for non-residents. Open seasons on small game changed to open on the same date. Federal government authorized to acquire lands in eastern North Carolina for National Forests.

NORTH DAKOTA: A bill providing for centralized fish and game administrative responsibility was passed and signed by the Governor, but certain interests took advantage of North Dakota's Referendum Law and the bill will go to the people for vote next June. Seining and trapping better regulated, and applicants for licenses must be sworn to qualify.

The Federal Power Commission will undoubtedly consider it duty bound to consider the scenic and other public values when disposing of the application for a permit to harness the Cumberland Falls. See Editorial on page 28.

Oklahoma Curbs Political Tinkering

OHIO: The outstanding legislation was an act creating a Division of Conservation headed by a bi-partisan board of eight members vested with responsibility for policy, budgeting of funds and control in all matters pertaining to the protection, preservation and conservation of wild life.

OKLAHOMA: The most important legislation was a bill vesting the game and fish commission with broad administrative powers and entire control of game and fish funds, also fixing rotating six-year terms for members of the Commission, members to be removable only by impeachment or by trial in court for cause.

OREGON: Limit on ducks cut from 25 a day and 30 a week to 15 a day and 20 a week; bag limit on mule deer reduced from two to one, and the season cut from 40 to 35 days. Increased penalty for night hunting from a minimum of $50 to $200.

The State Engineer was authorized to hold hearings when protests are made against the granting of permits for power purposes on Oregon streams when the public interest may suffer. Public interest is defined in this bill as *involving recreation or the conservation of commercial and game fish.*

This is an important step in the right direction.

Pennsylvania Pushes Forest Program

PENNSYLVANIA: One million dollars appropriated to buy forest lands during the biennium. The red fox was removed from bounty list, and a bounty of $5.00 placed on goshawks killed between November 1 and May 1; penalty of $500 provided for killing elk, deer and bears by the use of a vehicle or artificial lights; permitting the holding of field trials for dogs on led game animals at any time under permit issued by Board; law covering migratory game birds amended to conform with federal regulations; and the use of bows and arrows in taking game legalized. Heretofore, only firearms other than automatics were legal.

RHODE ISLAND: The most important legislation authorizes the establishment of a game sanctuary of 14,700 acres. Fur-bearing animal and trapping laws were codified.

SOUTH DAKOTA: Secured amendments to strengthen present law. Deer season shortened from 30 to 20 days, and the one-buck law changed to "one buck with visible antlers."

(Concluded on page 63)

Progress

Saving Horicon Marsh

By LOUIS RADKE

Vice Pres. Wisconsin Div. Izaak Walton League

FOLLOWING the topographical handiwork of the glacier, many, many years before a human foot had trod beside its margin, there existed a large tract of marsh.

The American Indian was to find this tract, live beside it, and partake bounteously of its food and furs. The White Man followed the Indian and that part of the United States of America which held this great marsh became Northwest Territory. The region became settled, further division of territory resulted in the State of Wisconsin, and within this state, still known by its Indian name, was the great Horicon marsh.

The White Man, like the Indian, first took from the marsh the furs and food for his own necessities. Later, when methods of transportation were established, the water fowl and fur bearers of this great tract were taken in ever increasing numbers for purely commercial purposes.

The Horicon marsh is considered the headwater for Rock River. The early settlers appreciated the water power potentialities, and the transportation possibilities and dammed the Rock River at Horicon in the year 1845 and there resulted Lake Horicon, the largest artificial lake in the world; its surface carried cargo and its spillways sawed timber and ground wheat and corn. Lake Horicon was destined to live but a short time for following a controversy regarding land ownership in 1868, the dam was removed and Lake Horicon rushed madly toward the Mississippi, while its ancient parent, the Great Horicon marsh, came back into being.

A meandering, beautiful, gentle river through a colossal swamp, pot holes, rice holes, large and small bayous, where the weary creatures of the air might rest and have food. The muskrat dotted this broad expanse with his thatched abode, the runways of the mink formed an intricate network of tunnels, the countless thousands of ducks nested there and the young thrived; peace dwelt there, and that inspiring silence, which is so typical of great open spaces, was broken only by a leaping fish or a crying loon.

Civilization took on its many intricacies and man no longer depended on this great marsh for his living, but it became the center of his diversion. True, thousands of pelts were taken each year and sold, but aside from that, man came to the Horicon marsh for play, for good sportsmanship, for outdoor happiness, and in its vastness and virgin loveliness there was ample protection and bountiful food for every wild creature and no matter what his methods, man could not deplete this glorious outdoor paradise. The things that give life its spice, that give boys manliness, and men and women happiness, abounded there in goodly quantities.

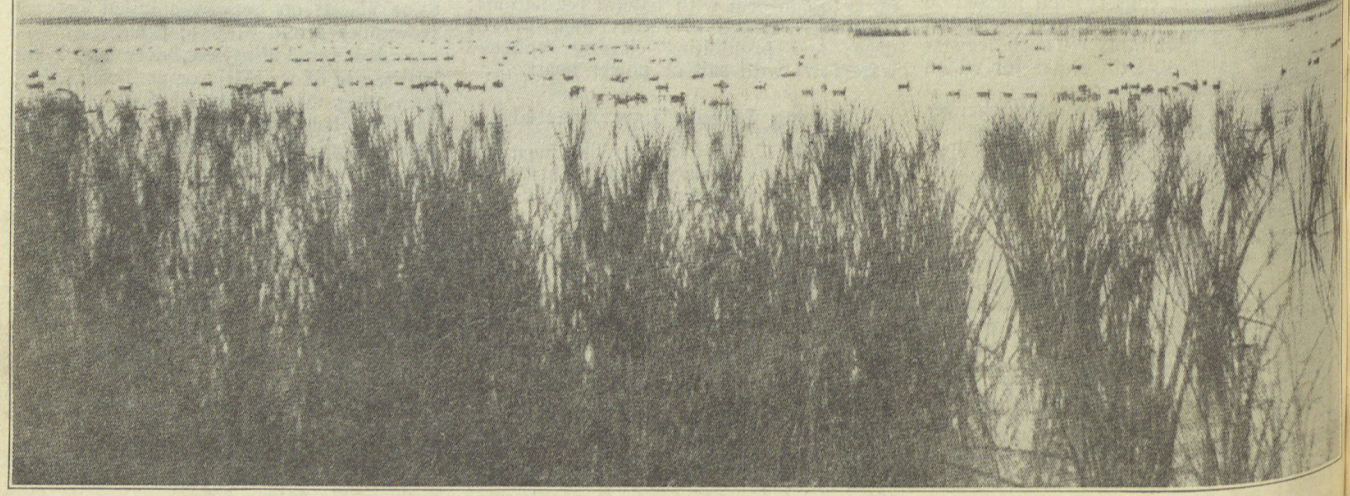
The Horicon Chapter of the Izaak Walton League is sponsoring a community broadcasting program over the Milwaukee Journal station WTMJ Thursday evening, October 31st, from 10:15 to 11:15 Central Standard Time, in competition for the silver loving cup that is being offered by the Milwaukee Journal for the community getting the most responses, such as telegrams, letters or postcards, indicating an interest in the program.

Another type of mind was destined to control the fate of Horicon marsh; this was the "drainage mind." Possibly these men visualized fine crops and rich harvests; possibly they thought only of lands to be sold on the promises of fine crops and rich harvests; whether their promotion was for their fellow man or whether it was for dollars, is their own secret. This we do know, there are thousands of acres of good land in Wisconsin that can be made agriculturally valuable with much less effort and expense than was connected with the drainage of Horicon marsh.

About twenty years ago the dredges came, a beautiful winding river was ripped mercilessly, rice holes were dried, bayous drained, and the agents of devastation and hideous, scarred desolation did their worst. The course of a navigable stream was changed though the law plainly said that this must not be done. What has been the harvest? No grain, no vegetable, no food for man or beast, has come from the Horicon marsh. A wilderness paradise has been ruthlessly destroyed. It lies today a parched, scarred desolation, unfit for man's work, unsuited for his play, and bereft of boundless treasures it held for wild life. For the mallard's nest there are the spring fires of a dried waste; the migrating bird is menaced by mud where once he was invited by sweet pools; the lover of the outdoors comes to a fish-less, fowl-less desolation.

In 1921 a group of individuals in and about Horicon, Wisconsin, became actively interested in a conservation project, "The Restoration of Horicon Marsh." Their attention was almost immediately directed to the tremendous help that could be given by the Izaak Walton League of America and consequently the Horicon Marsh Chapter of the League was organized in 1923. It was thus that this restoration became a national project and obtained national interest.

The details of the fight need not be here



Wild life scene on Horicon Marsh before drainage. Blue wing teal in the background.

Standing from left to right are Adam Port, Judge H. Washburn, officers of the Horicon Chapter, Izaak Walton League. Wardens W. H. Riebe, Horicon; W. H. Mackenzie, Madison; Harry Hosford, Madison; Arthur Tic, Shawano; A. J. Robinson, Rhinelander; K. C. Jakoubek, Phillips. Kneeling are Louis Radke and Earl Snyder, officers of the Horicon Chapter, Izaak Walton League

described. Drainage money clashed again and again with conservation desire, clever master minds invaded the halls of the legislature, hearings and more hearings were held before legislative committees, keen legal mind met keen legal mind; local clashes, county clashes, state clashes came in order. To the indomitable courage and never subsiding interest of a few of the sponsors of the project goes practically the entire credit for the maintenance of the fight, for the interest of the masses has been very transitory.

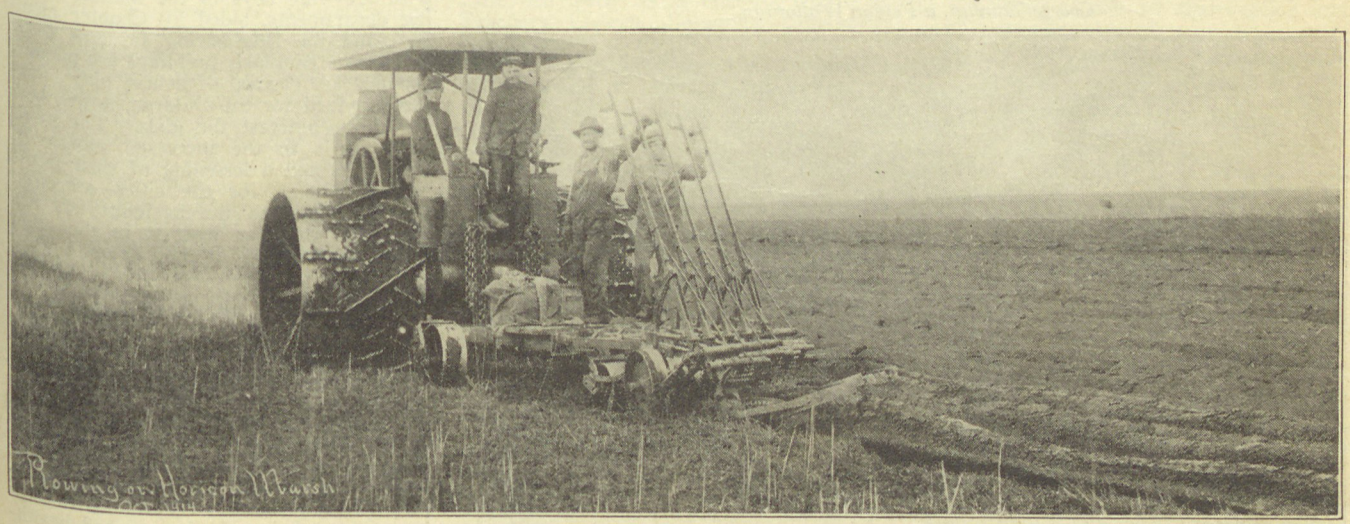
The 1927 legislature of the State of Wisconsin declared Horicon marsh a wild life refuge and designated that a dam or dams be constructed to raise and maintain the water levels which existed prior to the so-called illegal drainage. Constitutional and legal interpretations relative to this act were raised by the high powered drainage lawyers, resulting in the case going to the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin where it is now pending. Victory would seem to be at hand, but the drainage interests have introduced bills and counter bills in the 1929 session of the Wisconsin legislature which if passed would nullify or make useless the 1927 Wild Life Refuge Act. Thanks to the untiring efforts of members of the Izaak Walton League, and with the aid of an awakened and indignant public, their bills and schemes were overwhelmingly defeated.

The drainage interests still continue to place all their might and money toward the defeat of this restoration plan notwithstanding that the Supreme Court is now the decisive factor. We must accept their challenge and the fight must go on.

"And let them have dominion over the fowls of the air." (Genesis 1-26.) Certainly man has that dominion, and having it, how shall he execute it? His dominion over living creatures may be practiced so that their destruction and final extermination is assured. He may rush on blindly toward his own selfish ends and lose sight of his heritage entirely. For me there is boundless hope and glorious reality in this fact: In 1928 and 1929 no gun sounded, no trap was set on Horicon marsh. Since mankind came to know it, this is the first time that Horicon marsh has been given over entirely to living and not at all to death.

I should say, *what is left* of Horicon marsh, for without restoration there remains only a desolate remnant of that one-time wild life refuge.

The Wisconsin Supreme Court will render its decision by October 8th next and its findings will be published in the December issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. All true conservationists and outdoor lovers will pray that the decision be a just one in favor of Horicon marsh and its wild life; *in favor of conservation versus indiscriminate drainage.*



Scene on Horicon Marsh after drainage with the wild life destroyed and in its place a desolate waste.

California Waltonians Save Quail Dying of Thirst

By
D. L. VASBINDER
President, Orange Belt Council, I. W. L. A., of California

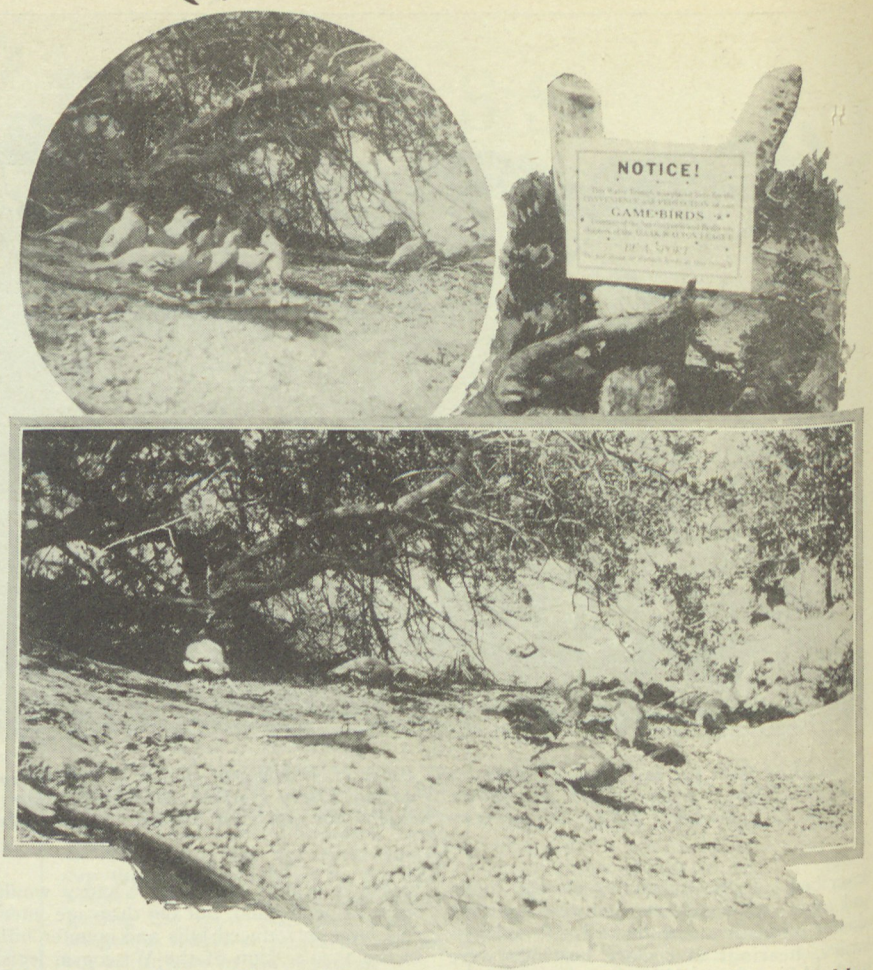
A FINE piece of conservation work has been accomplished by Redlands and San Gorgonio Chapters in California, in supplying a system of safe watering places for quail which should abound in the sections served by these two fine chapters.

It has been discovered that in some dry seasons great numbers of quail have starved for water in the desert sections lying back of these communities. Again, Bob Little, state game warden for that area recently reported to these two Chapters that great numbers of tiny quail were being drowned while trying to get water from cattle troughs in the desert section.

President Elliott of Redlands Chapter, and Jim Gillman, President of San Gorgonio Chapter, with the aid of their Chapters went out and have now completed establishment of suitable watering places for quail over a distance of forty or fifty miles of this desert country.

They have constructed shallow troughs, some of concrete and some of galvanized iron, all over this great stretch, arranged for a continual supply of water at each.

Cattlemen have aided greatly, and in many cases have given the water for these places. The Izaak Walton League has posted these places with large notices, asking any who come on to them to "be a sport," not to shoot nor molest the birds at these places.



Upper right and lower illustrations show two of the watering places for quail provided by the Orange Belt Council of the I.W.L.A., of Southern California, the watering places having been established mainly through the efforts of the Redlands and San Gorgonio Chapters. The upper right illustration shows one of the signs posted to ask visitors to "be a sport" and not kill the game while they are slaking their thirst.

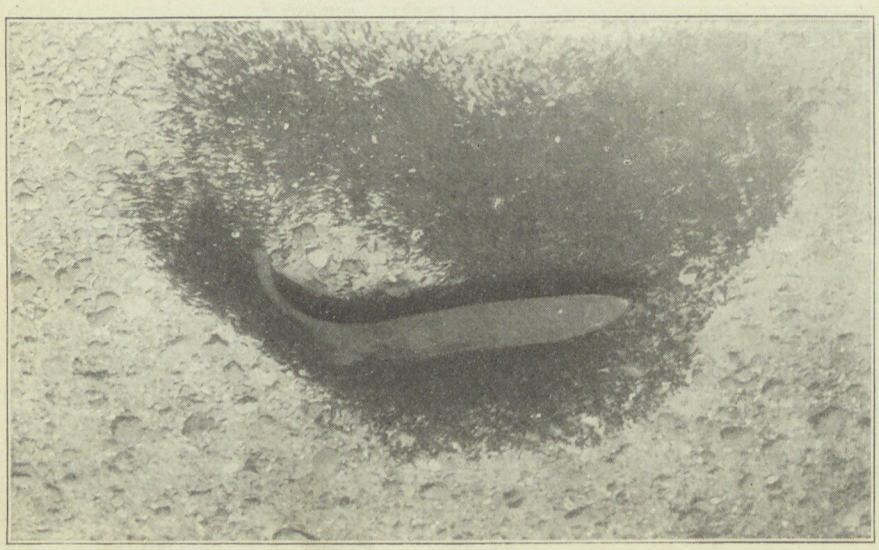
Aiding Rural Schools
Walton League Chapters Doing New Form of Work

Recently announcement was made through OUTDOOR AMERICA and through the daily newspapers of a new form of activities taken up by some Chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America. This new work consists in arousing a sentiment in rural school districts to "brighten up" the locality schools.

As a result of this announcement the National headquarters of the League has received reports that Chapters in more than twenty states have been seeking information on methods of procedure.

The plan is simply to interest the rural school pupils in repairing fences, tearing down old outbuildings and replacing them with new—the boys in the manual training departments, aided by Chapter members and the neighboring farmers doing the work. Similarly buildings are painted, grounds are cleaned of debris, play facilities provided for the children, flower beds planted to interest the girls. The effect expected is in the increased morale of the pupils and a lessening of their desire to leave home for the cities—an effect which appeals to the agriculturists and breeds in them an interest in the other works of the Izaak Walton League.

Below is believed to be one of the most interesting photographs of fish ever taken. The picture is that of a dogfish and her brood, resting on the gravel bottom of Long Lake, Genesee County, Michigan. The photo, which was sent to National Headquarters by Henry Swanebeck of Fenton, Mich., was taken while the dogfish was resting in 16 inches of water, by George Tamlyn, a Fenton Waltonian.



SEWAGE SPOILS PARK

Baltimore, Md., has decided as other large cities are doing, that it is sufficiently great to have more than one Chapter. Therefore, Walter H. C. Tolle recently started the organization of a Chapter among the younger element of sportsmen. One activity will be an attempt to clear Gwynns Falls, which flows through a public park in Baltimore, of pollution. Sewage is now destroying the beauty and healthfulness of the park.

Famous Englewood Chapter Band Grew from Boy Scout Group

At top — Photo of Englewood, Ill., Chapter band. Second Row—at left, Levan Pulsucki, Band Director; at right, Harry Carlson, Manager. Below, Irving W. Edgar, Secretary, Illinois Division, I. W. L. A.

EVOLUTION of a small group of musically inclined Boy Scouts into a nationally famous band is one of the phases of Waltonian activities which has attracted interested attention throughout the country since the national convention of the Izaak Walton League of America held at Chicago last April.

This remarkable musical organization which brought enthusiastic comments over its excellent programs rendered during the convention, had its birth under unusual circumstances, and its rise to its present national prominence has resulted from not only careful training from a musical standpoint, but from the standpoint that it was to become fully representative of the excellence of other accomplishments of the League.

During the summer of 1927, Levan Pulsucki was director of a well-known Boy Scout camp. Harry Carlson, scoutmaster of Boy Scout Troup No. 647, passed a week with twelve boys at the camp and thus became acquainted with Mr. Pulsucki. While sitting about a camp-fire one evening they conceived the idea of organizing a boys' band. Both knew several boys possessing good musical talent and securing the aid of these boys the band organization was started.

As a result of their initial efforts sixteen boys were gathered for rehearsals and teaching of them began, Mr. Pulsucki acting as instructor.

In February, 1928, the band unit was completed and a broader form of education in music was undertaken by the boys and their instructor. At that time Irving W. Edgar, state secretary of the Illinois Division, who then was president of the Englewood, Ill., Chapter of the League, met Mr. Pulsucki and Mr. Carlson and conceived the idea of making the band a League organization. At the next meeting of the Englewood Chapter the band was taken officially into the chapter.

In order to equip the band with suitable uniforms, a huge athletic carnival was staged by the Englewood Chapter last December, the events including boxing and wrestling bouts—and the band had its introduction as a Waltonian organization.

Since its organization the band has played at many civic entertainments and outdoor concerts planned by the chapter. Requests for services of the band soon began to pour into the chapter and finally were so numerous it became impossible to accept all offers of engagements. Of the members of the band 65 per cent are high school boys, yet, with true Waltonian spirit, they never shirk two nights of practice each week, besides filling the engagements their time permits.

State Secretary Edgar expresses the hope that other chapters will profit by the experience of the Englewood Chapter and establish other Waltonian bands.

SOUTH DAKOTA ADOPTS RITUAL FOR CHAPTERS

Owing to the excellence of a form of ritual for initiating petitioners for a Chapter Charter into a Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, prepared in odd moments by Mrs. Genevieve Turnipseed, the North Dakota State Division has formally adopted Mrs. Turnipseed's ritual as a part of the creed of the state Waltonians and has requested that all Chapters formed in the state use this ritual.

Mrs. Turnipseed is dean of women and director of dramatics of the Eastern State Teachers College, Madison, S. D. She is an enthusiast for the ideals of the Walton League, which accounts for her working up a ritual for the use of the Madison Chapter. The ritual pleased the local Chapter so greatly, it was sent to the State Division headquarters and thus started on its way to adoption for use throughout the state. Mrs. Turnipseed has been granted a year's leave of absence during next year, to complete her work for a doctor's degree at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York.

The ritual itself is based on the interest of all people in fishing. It teaches the ideals of fishing in a manner to carry those ideals through all sports and other forms of recreation the Waltonians approve. Thus a moral tone is given to membership in the League as well as the fundamentals for carrying the good works of Waltonism to others.

A copy of this ritual may be obtained by Division or Chapter officers by writing to the Entertainment & Educational Department, I. W. L. A., at National Headquarters.

SCHOOL ESSAY CONTEST OPENS NOV. 1

The third League school essay contest is to be launched November 1, among the school children of the country.

This method of spreading the gospel of Waltonism has been decided upon a third time because of the phenomenal success of the two previous ventures. Holding essay contests among the school children of the nation has proved a most effective method of arousing interest in the League, of obtaining publicity for the individual Chapters, and of interesting the future sportsmen of the country, as well as their parents, in the fundamentals of conservation and good sportsmanship.

The Chapters which have already sponsored these contests are tremendously enthusiastic about them, giving voice to the fact that they are splendid stimulators of immediate Chapter growth.

The Oklahoma Division considers its League essay contest, which ended June 10, the most outstanding accomplishment of the Division for the past year.

The idea of the contest is to select a state and then a national winner, from the essays submitted; all essays to be on some phase of Waltonism. The winner of the state contest will be decided by state headquarters and the national winner by National Headquarters.

Division officers, as well as individual Chapter officers, are urged to communicate with the E. & E. Department at National Headquarters for all particulars. A comprehensive outline of the League essay contest will be sent immediately upon request.

Contest starts November 1, 1929, and ends June 1, 1930.

INDIANA CONVENTION
at Lafayette, Oct. 10-11

WISCONSIN CONVENTION
at Eau Claire, Oct. 24-25

IOWA CONVENTION
at Mason City, Oct. 24-25

KANSAS CONVENTION
at Parsons, Oct. 25-26

OREGON CONVENTION
at Portland, Nov. 18-19

What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

WRITE THE EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS

HUNTING DEVICES

1. *Do you consider the bow and arrow a sportsman's weapon? What will be the effect upon our game if the long bow becomes popular?—R. B., California.*

THE bow and arrow as an effective sportsman's weapon is gaining favor quite rapidly. Arthur Young, the internationally famous archer from your own state, has done more to promote the use of this ancient weapon than anyone else in America.

Yes, in the hands of an experienced sportsman, I believe the bow can truly be called a real sportsman's weapon. In the hands of the amateur, especially when hunting for large game, it is a different matter.

Probably the most favorable break in years for the bow and arrow enthusiasts was the recent action of the Pennsylvania and New York Legislatures in legalizing the use of the bow in hunting. Pennsylvania for years has prohibited the taking of game except through the use of firearms other than automatics. The bow was not a legal weapon.

Hunting Practices Need Overhauling

If reasonable care is used, there is no reason why more wounded game should escape the archer than now escapes the average user of firearms. The careless misuse of firearms (indifferent, long-range and pot shooting) is responsible for destroying more game than the hunters bring to bag, and I am confident the archers will be more careful in the use of their weapons than is the average user of firearms. Clean kills only should be every sportsman's aim!

The trend of your thought reminds me that there is now under way in this country a quiet investigation to ascertain the effect on our supply of wild life of destructive devices and methods of hunting which when completed will make most interesting reading. We all too frequently shout loud and long about seasons and bag limits, but say nothing about the methods and devices employed. You are certainly thinking along the right line.

MUNICIPAL FORESTRY

2. *We are thinking of encouraging our city to establish a public forest. We have been arguing that it will pay dividends in the end, and that in the meantime our people will have the use of the public playground. Will it pay?—J. B., Massachusetts.*

YOU are on the right track. Municipal forestry always pays if conducted in the right manner. Many municipalities in Europe have proved it. Then in some cases the entire expense of operating the municipal government is paid from such income. In others the residents, in addition to receiving a wood supply, receive cash dividends.

In this country a number of municipalities have undertaken similar programs. The City of Rochester, N. Y., for example, has for more than thirty years maintained a municipal forest of 4,000 acres on two of its watersheds. It is said that this area is surpassed in size only by one other, the forest around the reservoir that supplies New York City with water.

Watershed Protection Main Object

ALTHOUGH the foremost purpose of the Rochester forest is to protect its watersheds, Thomas Maloy, the City Forester, reports that in addition to other products, such as posts, etc., for municipal use, the city for the past five years has been able to cut approximately 100,000 board feet of lumber annually.

From the standpoint of playgrounds, let me warn you that there is a limit to the extent to which human beings may be concentrated on forest areas without interfering with the productivity as well as the natural beauty of the proposed forest. Special areas for picnicking, camping, etc., must be set aside and regulated.

In addition to the above values, public forests have a distinct place in our everyday life and are a good investment in many ways.

CREED FOR HUNTERS

3. *Can you suggest some good, snappy suggestions for use in our papers to help educate a few rowdies among the hunters in our locality? I am ashamed to enumerate the things they do, but you know what I want.—K. M. P., Nebraska.*

YOU bet, I can give you suggestions; but whether they are snappy or not, or whether they will serve your purpose, I leave for you to judge.

Without using asbestos paper, I could really not tell you what I think of the few chaps who debase the fair name of America's sportsmen. As a class, sportsmen are real fellows. It is too bad that there must be a few rotten apples in the barrel.

My suggestions are:

THE SPORTSMAN'S CREED

1. My trips afield shall be to enjoy healthful recreation and the thrill of the chase—not a large bag.
2. I shall hunt only where I am welcome, and shall zealously protect my host's property.
3. Human life means more than all the game; I shall handle firearms carefully and see clearly before pulling the trigger.
4. My success shall be measured by my sportsmanship in pursuing my quarry and by an absence of cripples in my wake.
5. I shall kill my own game, give others a chance, stop within the legal limit, and insist upon others doing likewise.
6. I shall endeavor always to leave enough birds and animals in each locality to assure an ample supply next year.
7. I shall help to feed game during the winter time and control predatory creatures.
8. My matches, burning tobacco and camp fires never shall be responsible for forest fires.
9. Conservation officers always shall have my hearty cooperation and support, and violators shall be reported promptly.
10. I shall affiliate with and support an organization actively working to restore America's wild life resources.

QUANTITY BASS SOLD

4. *You have been telling us about the large number of black bass which are being shipped to the markets from certain states. Can you tell me how many pounds of these fish have been taken from the waters of Florida for this purpose?—J. Q. W., Michigan.*

YOU are evidently one of the men who goes to Florida for a number of weeks each winter to fish and play, and I am glad you are taking an interest in this matter.

The latest figures I have are the last report of the Commissioner in charge of commercial fishing in Florida. He proudly states that during the 1927-28 biennium, 198,378,000 pounds of fish were caught and shipped out of Florida waters, among which were over 11,000,000 pounds of bream, 3,000,000 pounds of crappie, and *2,845,729 pounds of black bass.* Just 1423 tons! Over 700 tons a year! Terrible!

Information received is to the effect that the 1929-30 figures will be much larger because more water is open to seining. No state can afford such a drain on its supply of game fishes. It is poor business sense, especially when the same fish would bring many thousands of dollars more if sold "on the hoof" to the tourists.

ALTERNATE DAYS

5. *Which is better, alternate shooting days, rest days, or plenty of refuges? —K. L. B., Indiana.*

FROM the standpoint of the game as well as the hunter, it is generally conceded that the best bet is plenty of refuges, well distributed, with ample natural cover, plenty of food and protection against natural enemies. In the absence of refuges, alternate shooting and rest days, especially for migratory birds, seem to help.

This same question comes up in connection with alternate shooting years. As a general practice it would be much better to allow short seasons and small bags every year, except where the game gets so scarce that the breeding stock is in jeopardy. The best thing to do is give the department full regulatory powers.

KILLING STRAY CATS

6. *Some time ago while fishing here in Indiana, I saw a cat eating a robin. I shot it and several others in the same woods. They were about five miles from any house and were nearly starved. I am sure they all lived on birds and game. Do you think I am justified in killing these cats?—W. C. J., Indiana.*

YES, indeed, you were justified in killing stray cats, and I hope you will keep it up. Some day we will produce Americans with enough backbone to dispose of cats they no longer want in a humane way rather than dump them many miles from habitation and let them either kill or starve.

Some states have license laws to reduce the cat population; others encourage hunters to kill stray cats. Every state should have a law imposing a heavy penalty upon anyone releasing a cat anywhere along the public highway or abandoning cats at summer homes when the family returns to the city.

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

Not Wisely But Too Well

Dear Editor:

If you really want to make conservation a potent factor, quit making fishing and shooting attractive with alluring tales of exploits on field and stream. Your colored covers are making more would-be Nimrods than the country can absorb. Some one should enjoin old O. W. Smith from spinning fishing stories, or better yet, chloroform him, he makes fishermen by the dozens.

Burr Lichty.

Waterloo, Iowa.

One for Alec!

Dear Editor:

Among the many splendid features of Outdoor America none is more attractive to this writer than Gun Rack and Game Fields, by that splendid St. Louis sportsman, Alec Mermod.

It has been this writer's pleasure to know and enjoy the personal acquaintance and friendship of Alec for more years than most men are permitted to live. As a sportsman, he is of that type which is difficult to describe. In fact, there have not yet been words coined that will do justice to a true sportsman's life.

Alec's articles in Outdoor America are not only enjoyable but instructive as they are inspired and prompted by personal experience and a wide knowledge of the subjects which he undertakes.

This writer is proud to acclaim him friend.

James L. Head.

St. Louis, Mo.

We Thought So Too!

Dear Editor:

Your October issue was a very fine one from the cover by John Held, Jr., all the way through. Harry E. Maule is a recognized leading writer and he certainly knows his west and pack horses. Donald Hough and Halford Morlan are two other favorites of mine that I rejoiced to find in the same issue. Have been a devoted reader of outdoor magazines for many years and I sincerely regard Outdoor America as the best in the field.

Joseph Keegan.

New York, N. Y.

About Our Contributors

THE cover painting this month is by **Will K. Higgie** of Chicago. He says of himself:

I was born in the west. Hunted quail while I still believed in Santa Claus. Neglected necessary education to get a scolding, a 2-pound rainbow, and wet pants. Should be penitent—but ain't; never could decide which I like best—bringing down a covey of partridges in October or painting pictures of 'em in June; now getting a great kick out of developing a bird sanctuary and organizing a casting club out at Lincolnshire; dividing working hours carrying on my regular classes at the Evanston Academy and painting in my downtown studio; my main ambition in life is to get that speckled old devil that swiped the bes' dam' fly I ever had four years ago down in Douglas Creek!

Frederick F. Crouse has made the frontispiece for this issue and has rendered his greatest service by designing for the League's permanent use a national emblem. Mr. Crouse's design has been approved by the national directors and is rapidly being incorporated in all literature and other forms of contact with members of the League.

Though still a young man, Mr. Crouse has attained national fame as a poster artist, his forte and particular technique being in the simplification of design and in the handling of all subjects in flat colors—true in drawing, full-toned in color, yet so simple in treatment that the eye is not bewildered by a maze of lines.

His fine knowledge of the out-of-doors and his love of nature is colorfully expressed in all his posters. OUTDOOR AMERICA is indeed fortunate in being able to draw so freely from the talent of so able an artist as Mr. Crouse, and we feel that every Waltonian owes him a debt of thanks for the splendid message which his drawings convey.

As a member of the Rawson-MacMillan-Field Museum Arctic Expedition, **Sharat K. Roy,** *Cruising with the Sealers of Newfoundland,* spent fifteen months in the Arctic and two months with the Newfoundland sealers on one of their perilous hunts. He is entitled to the magic letters F. R. G. S. after his name and many others as marks of his distinguished research and scientific work. He is a great adventurer, writer and lecturer despite the fact that he himself does not think so. He says, "I have written because I had to, been an adventurer because adventure came to me, lectured because I wanted to. I am thirty-one and have spent years exploring lands that are lonelier than ruin and seas that are stranger than death; my present occupation is unlocking the secrets of the cemetery of Nature's dead. This trick I learned from the Houdinis of the Universities of Calcutta, London, Illinois and Chicago. Unravelling the dead past is like crossing a deep moat, climbing a steep wall, but I like it. I find the dead more interesting than the living. Maybe I am morbid, but I am happy."

Fred C. Fletcher, *Angling in the Arrowhead,* is President of the Ohio Division of the Izaak Walton League and one of the most ardent, most progressive and most popular sportsmen and conservationists in the League; when he isn't fishing in the far north or the far south he's running a printing business in Toledo and furthering great conservation projects for Ohio and the middle west; his favorite story is one about his first big tarpon—ask him about it and watch for the famous Fletcher smile.

Dusty Waters, *Standing Pat,* always has a funny story to tell and though often it seems too good to be true, he says it's his story and he stands pat on it.

An earnest lesson in outdoor ethics is usually to be found in the stories of **Elmer E. Rawdon** and again this month in *The Jolt* he points a moral and adorns a tale.

Dad Lammon, *"About It and About"*—has contributed before to OUTDOOR AMERICA. Dad, to quote himself "ekes out a living running a country newspaper (and a darned good one) up at Coleraine, Minn. When I'm not doing anything else I'm fishing. I was born in Kansas but love Minnesota where I came twenty-seven years ago, when the travel was by hoof and canoe and eats were back-packed thirty-five miles; one of my pioneer experiences was getting caught out in the woods at forty below; I am married and the proud father of two strapping boys and one lovely daughter; I am more proud of them than they of me (they make me use the old Ford while they drive the sedan); the proudest moment of my life was when I was elected some years back President of the local Izaak Walton League Chapter; when Mark Twain spent his year in California "Roughing It," my father was his sole companion; that's why sometimes I attempt to be a humorist."

Arthur B. Wilson and **Julius L. Olson,** *Outdoor Americans,* are as reticent as they are talented. Despite much probing into their intimate desires and ambitions we have still little information on Mr. Wilson, though discovering that Mr. Olson writes odes to fishing in his spare moments, we have a line on him; he says, "I am perfectly happy doing anything under a sapphire, grey, flame washed, indigo or any other kind of a sky so long as I have my easel or sketch pad and some pigments close by."

John C. Bickerdyke, *The Humours of River Defilement in Britain and Its Lesson,* is the pen name of C. H. Cook, president of the Pure Rivers Society of England; he is one of Great Britain's best known conservationists and outdoor writers; because of his health he spends his winters in South Africa.

A. M. Buswell, *Another Hard Nut Cracked,* is a recognized authority on pollution, being chief of the Illinois State Water Survey. **W. J. Thompson,** *Some Wonderful Trees,* is an angler and though a Congregational minister in Los Angeles, I suspect him of sometimes fishing on the Sabbath. **C. B. Lister,** *America's Greatest "Shootin' Match,"* is Secretary-Treasurer of the National Rifle Association.

Louis Radke, *Saving Horicon Marsh,* is vice president of the Wisconsin Division of the Izaak Walton League and for years has devoted his efforts to restoring Wisconsin's once great duck marshes.

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Drawings by John D. Webber

Make a Snakeskin Band or Belt

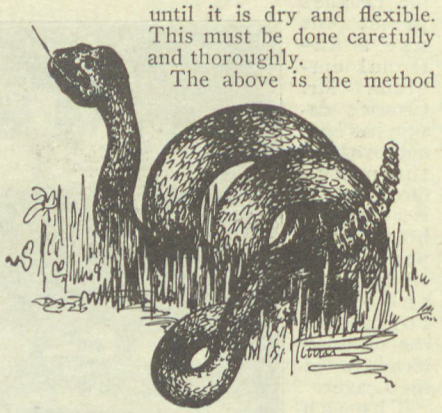
RECENTLY I had a letter asking how I tanned and made into a hat band the rattlesnake skin referred to in a former article. In a recent issue of an outdoor magazine I read an interesting article on whether a rattlesnake is a gentleman or not. For all I know he may be, but that does not alter my opinion that a fitting and proper end for him is to have his skin made into a hat band or belt for some boy.

In handling even a dead rattlesnake, it is well to remember that the tiny curved fangs that lie in the roof of its mouth are dangerous even after it is dead. A number of years ago in St. Nicholas I read of a man who was carrying a rattlesnake fang in his pocketbook. A friend remonstrated and to demonstrate that it was no longer poisonous the man called his dog and scratched its nose with the fang. In a short time the dog showed signs of being poisoned and later died. This is perhaps an extreme instance but emphasizes the necessity of caution. I cut off the head of the snake and buried it so deeply in the ground that it could cause no trouble.

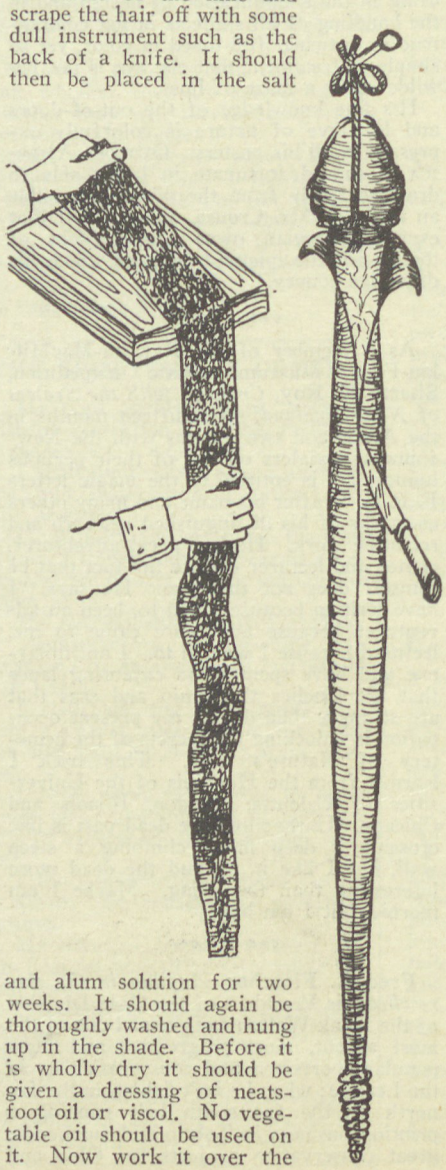
Tanning a snakeskin is very difficult and requires the greatest care. It is very thin and tender and much harder to work with than the pelts of animals. You will find that the texture of the skin is not uniform which adds to the difficulty of tanning. Near the tail the skin is particularly thin and tears easily, and the skin taken from a snake just after it has shed is unusually tender. The first thing to do is to cut through the skin around the neck; then make a long cut down the full length of the underside of the body. Tie a cord about the neck to a tree and pull the skin off, and then lay it on a smooth board with the flesh side up and scrape it well with the back of a knife.

There are two methods of tanning a snakeskin. One is the process used in tanning pelts from which the hair is to be removed and the other is used when the hair is to be left on. Both methods may be used in the tanning of a snakeskin.

To try the first method, take a pint of well slaked lime and dissolve it in a gallon of water. It is important that the lime be well slaked or it will burn the skin. If you are tanning but one skin this is more than you will require since it is necessary to have only enough to cover it well. If you wish to make a smaller quantity use the same proportions. Place the skin in this solution, being sure that it is well covered and that the solution reaches all parts and leave it there for three or four days. See that the scales are loose before you take it out. Wash thoroughly until all traces of the lime are removed and then scrape off all the scales. Now make a solution of one-quarter pound of alum and three ounces of salt to a gallon of water. Stir until the salt and alum are thoroughly dissolved. Place the skin in this solution and leave it there for two weeks. On removing wash it thoroughly in clear water and hang it in the shade. Before it is completely dry work it back and forth over the edge of a board until it is dry and flexible. This must be done carefully and thoroughly.



The above is the method of tanning used when you want to make a soft flexible leather with the hair removed. In tanning a small pelt it may be left in the lime solution until the hair pulls out easily. Wash it carefully to remove all traces of the lime and scrape the hair off with some dull instrument such as the back of a knife. It should then be placed in the salt and alum solution for two weeks. It should again be thoroughly washed and hung up in the shade. Before it is wholly dry it should be given a dressing of neatsfoot oil or viscol. No vegetable oil should be used on it. Now work it over the edge of a board until it is completely dry and flexible. It will take a good application of elbow grease at this point to make a good bit of leather out of it. Next put the pelt in a tub partially filled with sawdust. Cover the hide and tramp on it for half an hour. Change it from time to time so that all parts are worked. When you take it out you should have a nice bit of leather out of which you can fashion gloves or even a pair of moccasins.



The other method of tanning is used when the hair is to be left on a pelt and may also be used for the tanning of a snakeskin. But unless the snakeskin is to be put into the tanning solution at once it should have all the flesh removed as in the other method and fine salt rubbed into the flesh side. Then roll it up with the flesh side in and place in a cool place until you are ready for tanning. Before placing in the tanning solution all the salt must be washed off.

Into an earthenware jar dissolve one quart of salt in a gallon of hot water. Let this cool and pour slowly into it one fluid ounce of commercial sulphuric acid. As you pour the acid in stir it with a stick and be careful that you do not inhale any of the fumes or get any of the acid on your hands or clothing. Put the skin into this, turning it from time to time with a stick so that the tanning solution reaches all parts. A snakeskin should stay in this solution about two days when you should take it out and go over the flesh side with a scraper to remove all the tanning solution. Then scrape off all the scales. Put a handful of common washing soda into a pail of lukewarm water and wash the skin to remove all traces of the tanning solution. Soak it in this solution for at least an hour, then remove and rinse thoroughly in clear water. Hang it on a line in the shade until it is almost dry. Now work it back and forth over the edge of a board, pulling and stretching it to work out all of the stiffness. This should be done carefully and thoroughly in order to insure softness and flexibility. Now rub the flesh side with neatsfoot oil or viscol and smooth it with a warm flat iron.

If you want to make a belt, it will be necessary to back the snakeskin with some soft leather, since at best it will be too thin and easily torn to stand the strain put on a belt. The snakeskin should be pulled over and sewed on the back side of the belt. It would improve it to have two lines of stitching along the upper and lower edges. If you do not want to take the time to do this any shoemaker or harness shop will machine-stitch it for you. No backing is necessary for a hat band, yet it would improve it and add very little to its bulk to back it with buckram such as tailors use to stiffen clothing. Cut the buckram long and wide enough for the band and fasten it to the skin with a good waterproof glue. Put this under a smooth board with a heavy weight on top to insure its being smooth and even. When this is dry, fold the edges of the skin over and after cutting them so that they meet evenly glue down in the same manner. The length of the band depends on the method of fastening. You can use either a buckle or eyelets. A shoemaker can put two eyelets in each end and they can be laced with either a buckskin or rawhide thong. Either the

(Continued on page 56)

Angling in the Arrowhead

(Continued from page 10)

diameter and made of very heavy castiron. It originally perhaps had been made for the grate of a heating furnace. This made a fine stove, and by building up a rocky cairn or fireplace we could have hoped for nothing better in the way of a cook stove.

After dinner we started our first big campfire. Down by the water's edge we found a natural fireplace composed of rocks of tremendous size. A fire was most desirable even though it was the 1st of July. In this fireplace which was used every night, we burned giant logs eight to ten feet in length and eight to twelve inches in diameter, of different kinds of wood—fir, pine, hemlock or birch, but we had little difficulty in finding plenty on all sides, and never of course cut any standing timber.

One of the peculiar things was the abundance of wild flowers visible on all sides. I have never seen as prolific a display of natural flowers as we had right there on this rocky glen. Growing right close to the fireplace were a dozen wild rose bushes with a few blossoms in evidence, but mostly buds, and whereas it is almost unbelievable, it is true that each night the fires that we started seemed to develop the flowers rather than hurt them. We made an actual test of one rose bush within thirty-six inches of the fire, where you could hardly hold your hand, yet the only result was to develop the buds and in the morning we would find them in bloom.

Over back of our ice box was our lily bed, where as long as there was sufficient sustenance for them to bloom you would find literally thousands of little lilies of the dell. Over back of our sleeping tent was a blanket of wild honeysuckle covering perhaps a patch of ground 8 x 10 feet.

Our first night in camp was a revelation to all. It was the first time we had ever used air mattresses. We had always gone into the woods with axes and secured balsam in sufficient abundance to provide what is reputed to be a comfortable couch. Well, perhaps someone at some time has been able to afford enough balsam so that only the tips were used, but personally I will say I have never relished a balsam bed. It has been acceptable because it was the best that nature afforded, but in this camp we established a precedent for the future. Our air mattresses, whereas they were somewhat hard to inflate, were just as comfortable even though spread upon this rocky base, as any bed in the big cities.

Our next day in camp, Tuesday, was a wet one, too wet for the old campaigners like Wallace Clark, Art Wiggins and myself to consider anything but adding to our comfort and later in the day a game of poker. The young men felt differently, however. Taking one of our motor-equipped canoes they went down into a bay that the guide had pointed out, and came back to camp with stories of the "big ones that got away," lost tackle and the wonderful fish that they had seen but which had not struck, but they still had in their possession more fish than we could use in the next two or three days, so we kept only a sufficient quantity of pike for our table for the next day.

The next day we decided to do a little exploring to the south, over on the American side, and we started out with as light equipment as possible for a trip over to Vera Lake, and I don't think that my son, Fred, or Loverin Clark (the junior members of the party) will ever forget it.

The portage to Birch Lake was an easy one, through a well defined trail.

The first portage from Basswood into Birch Lake was not a bad one, perhaps one-quarter of a mile over a well cleared and defined trail. John, our guide, carried one of the canoes, Loverin the second canoe, Fred one of the motors, Art Wiggins the other, Wally Clark his movie outfit and camp equipment and myself the packsack carrying food, an oil can, gas supply for the two motors, my tackle box and a few other sundries, and so away we went.

Practically this same length portage and an equally clear one was found at the other end of Birch Lake. Here the boys switched their loads and our burdens remained the same. Our powered canoes rapidly covered the five miles of water across Ensign Lake into a bay that was close to Vera. Here we ran into a swampy thoroughfare or stream and had to pole the boats a little ways before we reached the end of the trail which John, the Finn, told us he had cut through himself about two years before. He said it was a "very good trail," etc., etc. Well, it might have been, but nature had been very busy and his "very good trail" turned out to be merely an obscure foot path grown up with small poplars and laurel bush.

Here's where the boys got their first real test of carrying these heavy canoes on yokes for great distances. The trail was about a mile and a quarter long and we made it in three laps, John leading and having instructions from us to stop after he had covered one-third of the journey.

While the boys were getting their breath we were glad to put our motors and heavy loads down. After lighting a pipe I strayed over to a higher point of rock where a fairly good view all around the region was possible,—and what a sight! Across the slashings to the northeast I could see a sheet of water beautifully blue under the sun, and beyond that the Canadian hills or wooded highlands that I knew blotted out mile after mile of forest and lakeland beauty. Could it be that all of this land was threatened with desolation,—a sacrifice on the altar of Mammon?

Minnesota is proud of her lakes and proud to have for her neighbor a province of such beauty and distinction as Ontario. Today they possess, framed in the remnants of the last white pine forests of the north, the loveliest and most accessible lakeland on the continent. If Minnesota and Ontario can, by cooperation, retain this wonderland without desecration and without having the flood waters of power projects kill off its virgin beauty, they will hand down to posterity the most wonderful heritage that is theirs.

After a brief rest the boys switched their burdens and we reloaded ours and away we went. This time the trail was easier but hard to locate. Had it not been for the Finn we could not have followed it, and, in fact, in spite of him we went astray once or twice, but finally once more reached a resting spot and there the loads were exchanged once more and our next stop found us at Vera, the great bass lake.

(Continued on page 52)

Starting out to fish for an hour before lunch and then rendezvous on the other side of the lake.

Gun Rack and Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Game Breeding for the Amateur

THE demand for more game birds has increased to such an extent that game farms, where both eggs and birds may be purchased, have sprung up in many of our eastern and central states, but many more are needed to supply the demand of the amateur who is taking up this fascinating work.

So far the amateur who has been at all successful in game breeding has been a man of means, employing experienced help, and who could afford paying for mistakes. This man will not be interested to any extent in the writer's articles on the subject, but I trust the novice, contemplating going into the artificial propagation of game will obtain some information which will be helpful.

My own information has been gleaned from various sources, which I believe are reliable.

I am indebted to my English friends, some Scotch, English and Irish game keepers, publications from the pens of men who know, and my own personal experiences which, I regret to say, were not very successful, except that I profited by my mistakes and did not make the same one twice.

To the sportsman contemplating taking up game breeding for pleasure or profit, and who can afford it, my advice is that he employ an experienced man to carry on the work.

To those who have a limited bank account, I advise them to start in a small way, for the first attempt may prove a failure, besides, it is much easier to care for a few birds successfully than for a large number.

As I am living in a territory which, under ordinary conditions is an ideal one for quail, and as I lean towards that game bird, I will describe the methods which are being followed by the most successful quail breeders.

Holding Pens

About the first item to consider is the building of yards and breeding pens, to hold the old birds as soon as purchased. The ground should be selected which (where possible), is sheltered from the north, and should be fairly level and grassy. By no means build the pen where domestic poultry have been kept, for the captive birds are apt to contract a deadly malady when thus exposed.

A pen 30 by 40 feet will be large enough to take care of ten pair of quail quite comfortably. The fence should be 8 feet high, and put up lightly so that it can be taken down and moved, for it is not well to run birds over the same ground two successive seasons.

The lower part of the fence should be built of wire 3 feet wide and of half inch mesh set 6 inches under ground to prevent vermin digging under.

For the upper part of the fence one inch mesh will do.

Before releasing the birds in this pen there should be several piles of evergreen boughs placed near, but not against the fence, to afford protection and hiding places for the birds.

Protection from Vermin

"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety." This certainly applies to the breeding of game birds, and a constant watch must be kept or your attempt will be a "flop" before you get started.

It is surprising how many different species of predatory animals are to be found on a small piece of ground in a comparatively thickly settled territory, soon after a few game birds are placed in the pens.

Skunks, weasels and mink will appear where none have been seen for years, and, of course, the domestic cat is always to be reckoned with.

Quoting from Mr. Herbert K. Job's "Propagation of Wild Birds," during a period of eighteen months the following predatory birds and four-footed animals were killed on the Childs-Walcott estate near Norfolk, Conn.:

Nine foxes, twenty-four raccoons, one hundred and fifty-nine weasels, seven muskrats, six skunks, eighty-one domestic cats, thirty-nine rats, five wildcats, two hundred and one red squirrels, nine large owls, four hawks and eighty-one crows.

The red squirrel of the eastern states is especially destructive, much more so than the fox and grey squirrels of the middle west, though a couple of years ago I saw one of our semi-tame, city grey squirrels catch and destroy a young robin. I knew that squirrels destroyed birds' eggs, but this was the first time I had ever seen one attack a bird.

The trapping of vermin is as much a part of the education of a game keeper as is the proper method of rearing the birds, and many devices are used by the different breeders to capture the pests around a game farm, but I will only mention two which I have found to be very effective. One is the ordinary box trap that all of us are familiar with, as it has been used for a hundred years by the country boy during the winter months to catch rabbits. This trap will be more effective if camouflaged under a pile of rocks or weeds.

The other style is set on the inside of the pen against the fence through which a hole has been made, and I believe that this type is as good as any other device in use. The idea is that when a rat or other animal approaches a pen attracted by the inmates, he looks for some place to get inside, and proceeds to run around the fence looking for a hole, which he enters without suspicion.

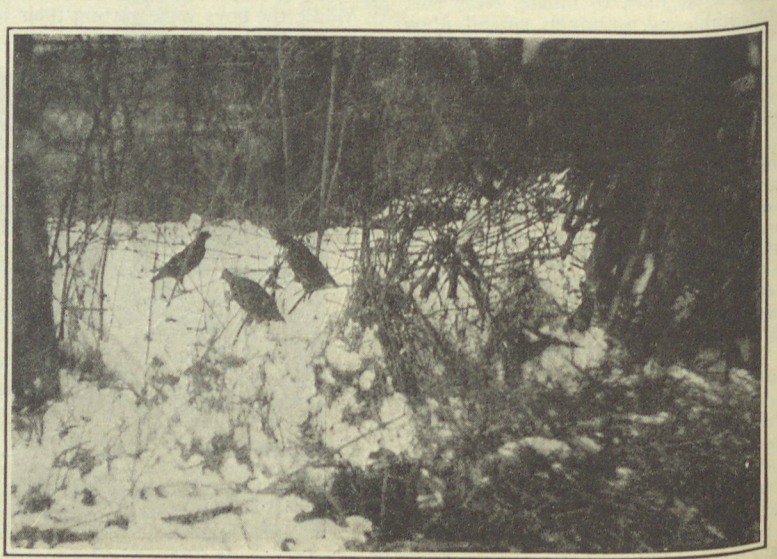
I have used two types for this "hole in the fence trap": One was made similar to the old style rat trap, with a funnel shaped tunnel entrance, while the other consisted of a wire box 12 by 18 by 36 inches set over a galvanized iron box the same size, sunk to ground level. The top of this iron box was a board swung on a rod running through the center, so that any animal stepping on this board was dropped in the box, while the board swung back into place ready for the next victim.

In a trap of this kind I had in a quail pen on the "Stirrup Ranch" in Colorado, I once found a mountain rat, a weasel and a skunk, all caught on the same night, and on another night our two house cats dropped in.

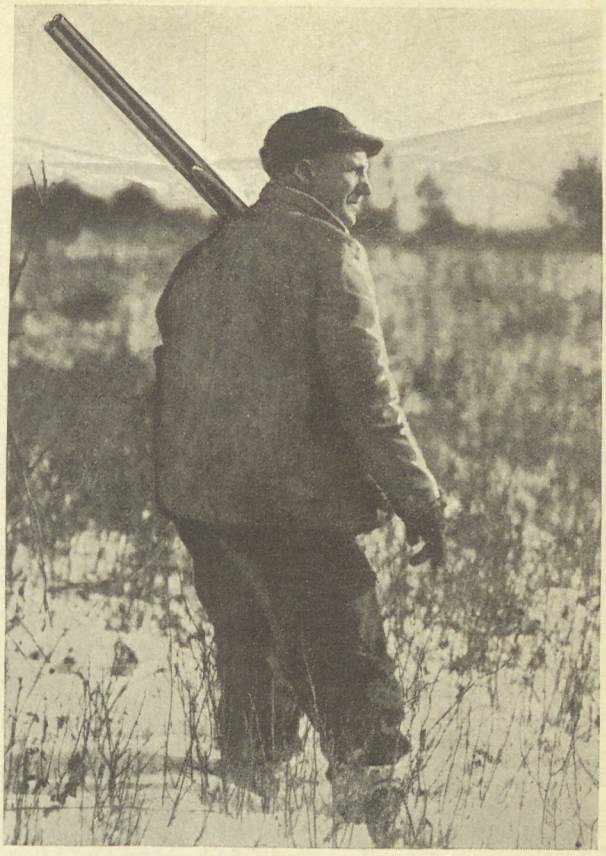
As a number of the four-footed pests can, and will, climb a fence, it is well to build same with an overhang of 12 to 15 inches, with a downward slope.

Hawk Traps

It is well known that hawks and owls usually perch on a dead limb or other high object where they can watch the surrounding country, so that the placing of a small steel trap on top of a pole near the pen will prove very effective, though there is one drawback to this method of catching hawks in this manner, and that is that song birds are often caught, so these hawk traps



Bob Whites at a winter feeding station.



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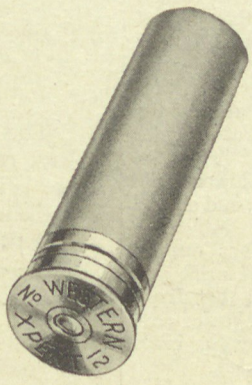

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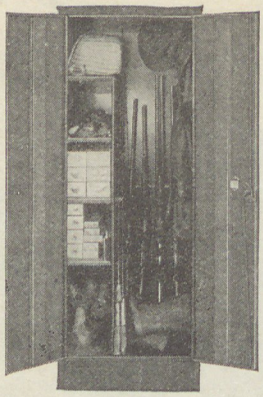

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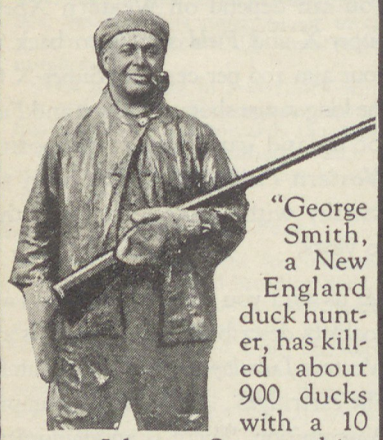

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should only be used during the winter months when the other birds have left for the south.

Securing the Breeding Stock

Now that the pen is ready the next step is that of obtaining the required number of birds for the first start.

Unlike the pheasant, the quail is monogamous, so that the same number of each sex should be purchased.

While it is best that stock should be secured near home, where it is at all possible, this is not absolutely essential, for birds from the southern states and Mexico do fairly well with proper care, and the cost is considerably less than the northern birds.

The proper time to purchase the breeding stock is in the late fall, when the birds are fully fledged. As the demand is in excess of the supply the order should be placed in the spring for fall delivery.

Care in Winter

In addition to the brush protection already mentioned, it is well to set up a frame covered with heavy roofing material and evergreen boughs on top of this and straw underneath. This frame should be about 18 inches high and 5 feet square, open to the south, and sloping to the back.

Brush should surround the back and sides, thus giving the birds a hiding place as well as protection from the weather.

With proper food and plenty of fresh water there will be no danger of loss from the cold or rain.

When the birds are received, and before being released, the primary quills of ONE wing should be clipped, which will prevent their flying over the fence.

Food for Matured Birds

It is very essential that quail should not be overfed, nor should the uneaten food be allowed to remain in the pen, so a careful watch should be kept and all uneaten food removed each day.

While the principal food of the quail is grain and seeds, they require a certain amount of animal food to take the place of insects and worms which are part of their natural diet when wild. The birds also require some green food, such as clover, berries and green corn on the cob, during the summer, while in winter, carrots, apples and turnips will do very well.

Wheat, millet, hemp and sunflower seeds will answer for their staple diet, and should be fed alternately.

There are several preparations on the market containing a mixture of meat and grain, but I am of the opinion that fresh ground or chopped meat should be fed separately, for in feeding this way the birds will not eat more than is necessary.

In the spring some food to stimulate laying is advisable, so the birds should have fresh lettuce and water cress, and in addition to this, Spratt's egg manna is highly recommended by some breeders.

It is very important that the birds have plenty of fine gravel mixed with charcoal and crushed oyster shells, as an aid to digestion.

A stick of sulphur placed in the drinking water will keep it fresh and clean.

As the quail is naturally a secretive little chap, and does not like to be disturbed, visitors should not be allowed near the pens at any time, and even the keeper should only go into the pen when necessary to feed and clean up.

Prince of Sweden Reel A Knock-Out!

The Entertainment and Educational Department of the Izaak Walton League has established a 16 millimeter film library in conjunction with theirs of standard size. New subjects are being added constantly—so watch for announcements of new subjects in OUTDOOR AMERICA each month. At this time the following 16 millimeter subjects are available to all chapter members throughout the country:

BIG GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA *(Picture taken by Prince of Sweden)* 400 ft.	$4.00
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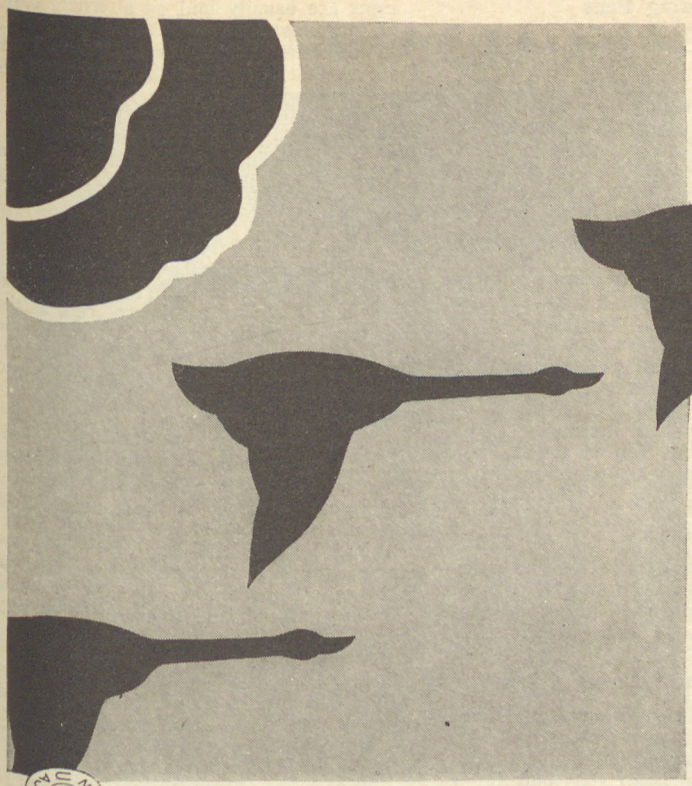

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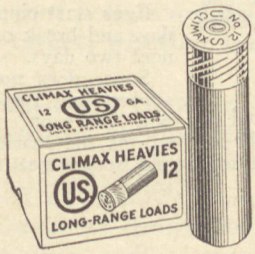

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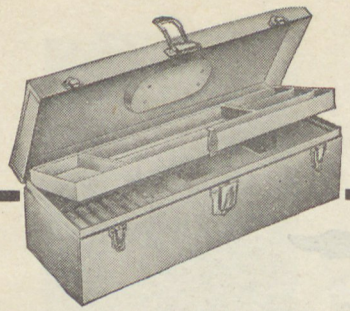

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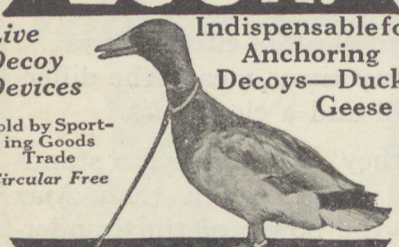

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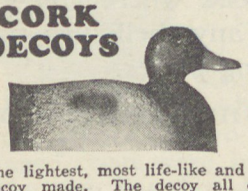

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Breeding Pens

These pens are easily made, and should be 5 by 10 feet, or 4 by 8 feet will be large enough for a pair of quail. The frame must be strong enough to stand being moved when necessary, and should be covered top, sides and ends with ¾-inch wire netting and a wooden base board tacked on the outside of the wire, which will prevent the young birds from crawling through, should the quail hatch a brood themselves.

At one end of the pen there should be a door large enough for a man to enter, and at the other end, where the brush and cover are placed there should be a small door through which the eggs can be taken without entering the enclosure.

Build the pens over green grass and move if the grass dries up, and it is also well to have, in addition to the brush, a strip of roofing paper to afford protection against heavy rains.

Mating

The last week in April is the time to separate the birds into pairs and place in the breeding pen. There need be no choice in this selection as any cock and hen will mate.

Hatching and Rearing Coops

These coops are easy to make and should be about 2 feet square, with the roof sloping to rear and hinged.

The front should be of slats like the ordinary chicken coop, to allow the baby chicks to get out in the yard, and in addition to this make a solid door which can be let down at night to keep the young birds in. Another door should be made in the side to enable the hen to get out to exercise. The coops must be made without a bottom, for the nests should be on the ground to supply the proper amount of moisture.

Each coop should be placed in a run, 3 by 5 feet, made of ¾-inch mesh for the sides, and the same or 1-inch mesh for the top.

This run allows the setting hen to feed and exercise, and will do for the hen and chicks for the first week or two before they are liberated in a larger enclosure.

Nesting and Laying

Quail are naturally late breeders, and do not start laying till after the middle of May, and frequently not till after the first week in June.

Eggs are usually laid on alternate days, averaging about five a week.

While in their wild state quail will lay from 12 to 15 eggs and then start setting, but in captivity they often lay one clutch, desert the nest and start laying again, showing no desire to hatch a brood.

The average number of eggs laid in a season is about 40, but sometimes as many as 65 are laid by a single bird.

Removing Eggs

The birds must not be disturbed oftener than once a week to gather the eggs, and then the pen should not be entered, as the eggs can be removed by reaching under the brush from the small rear door.

To encourage further laying, leave two or three eggs in the nest.

Some keepers mark each egg with the date and number of the pen, and do not mix the eggs from one clutch with those from another bird. This is helpful, for eggs from one pair of birds may not be fertile.

While holding the eggs till there are enough for a setting, pack them in bran and keep them in a cool place, standing each egg on end, and turning them every day.

Incubation

While it is possible to hatch quail eggs in an incubator the process is not at all satisfactory, and the chicks seldom do as well as when hatched under a hen.

A bantam hen should be selected, and be sure to see that she is fully ready to sit before giving her the eggs.

Most breeders prefer the buff or white Cochin, as they seem to make better mothers, but if this variety is not available others will do very well.

Before setting the hen she should be thoroughly dusted with insect powder, and this must be repeated at the end of the first and second weeks.

Take the hen off the nest every morning to feed and exercise, and then clean the nest and carefully wipe off the eggs. Replace the hen on the nest when the eggs are cool.

Eggs start pipping about the twenty-first day, and break out of the shell within the next two days.

Space does not permit going into this subject any further in this issue, but we will "carry on" next month to a finish, as far as the rearing of quail is concerned, and trust that our readers will not be bored.

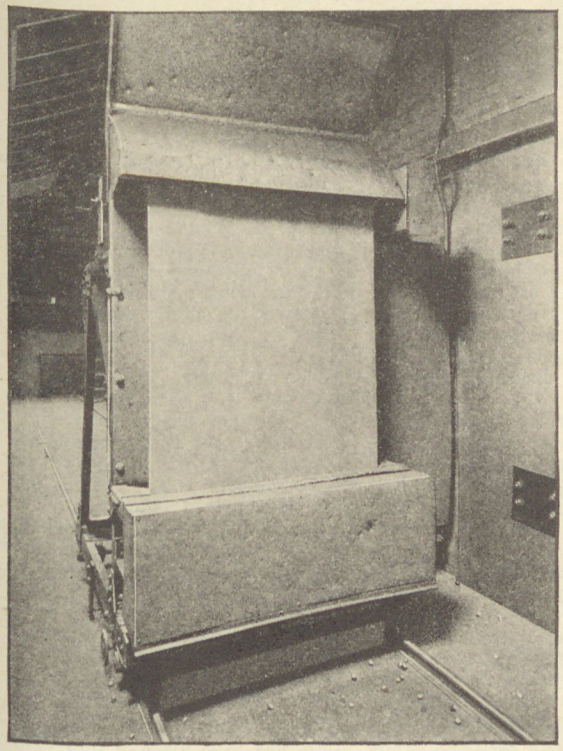
America's Greatest "Shootin' Match"

By C. B. LISTER

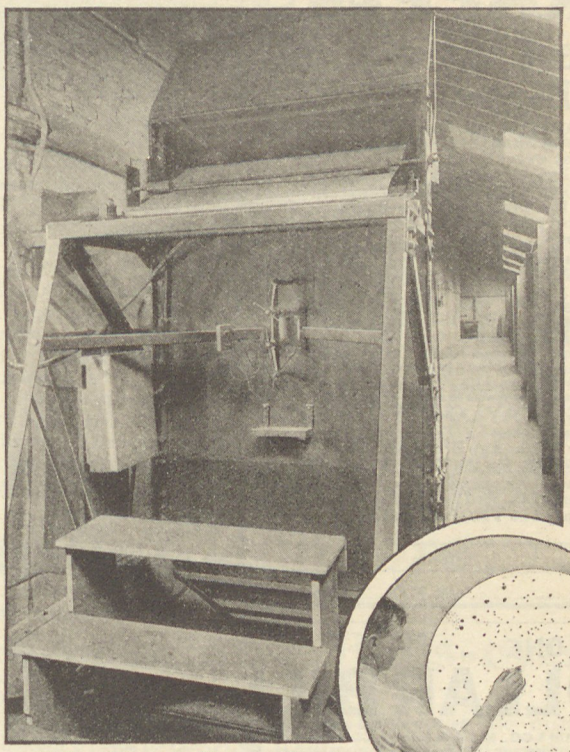
ENTRIES numbering 17,521 individual, 453 teams, 400 targets working from 7:30 to 5:30 on two miles of firing lines; a tented city of more than 7,000 inhabitants; American shooting men from Maine to Hawaii, from Washington to Porto Rico. That, in brief, was the background of America's greatest "shootin' match," the National Matches of 1929, held under the authorization of Congress and the auspices of the National Rifle Association at Camp Perry, Ohio, from August 25th to September 16th.

Out of this background pick the details. A School of Instruction in rifle and pistol shooting, with 1565 men, women and children enrolled—prosperous business men from the middle west; cow punchers from the southwest; lumbermen from the northwest; mill hands from the northeast; clerks from New York's financial district; professional men from the sunny south; 140 blue-coated guardians of the law from a hundred municipalities and state police departments; nearly a hundred sun-tanned youngsters from all over the country learning the first principles of rifle shooting from the best instructors available in the country; $16,000 in cash prizes; $40,000 in silver and bronze trophies; $3,000 in gold, silver and bronze medals; Matches for the handgun clan at 25 and 50 yds.; Matches for the .22 calibre shooters at 50 to 200 yds.; Matches for men who love the wallop of the Service Rifle at from 200 to 1,000 yds.; Matches for the Free Rifle, the

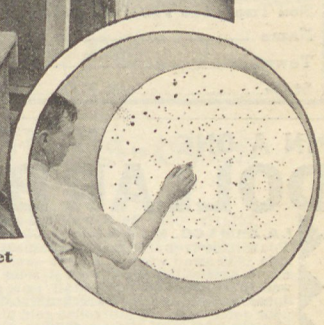
No. 7 OF A SERIES OF TALKS ON AMMUNITION QUALITY



(A) Front View of a Shotgun Target



(B) Rear View of a Shotgun Target



(C) Pattern Distribution or Counting the Pattern

Efficiency

THE shooter is not only interested in the velocity, penetration and safety of his shotgun ammunition, but he is equally interested in the manner in which the shot pellets are distributed when they strike the target, whether it be game or clay birds.

This distribution is called the "pattern," and to accomplish the best results, this pattern should be even and uniform as in the illustration "C."

Patterns are measured at Brandywine Laboratory by means of a target as shown in illustration "A," where the shot pellets penetrate a sheet of paper suspended directly in front of a steel plate. The back of the target is shown in illustration "B," where it will be noted that an electrical make-and-break contact is attached to the middle of the plate and which serves to measure the velocity simultaneously with the registration of the pattern.

The paper is then removed and the number of pellets counted by drawing a 30-inch circle whose center is the point of aim. In addition to the count, special attention is paid to the uniformity of distribution. A pattern unevenly distributed would allow of misses because there would be many gaps which would provide safety areas through which the live or inanimate target might escape.

A full choke gun should shoot 70% of its shot charge in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards and a true cylinder bore will not do better than 40%. Various modifications of the boring at the muzzle will come between these limits.

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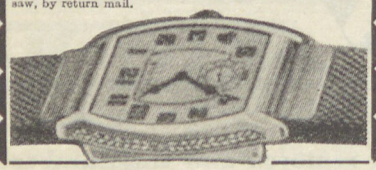

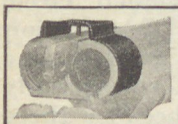

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modern Schuetzen shooters at 100 yds. and 300 meters; Matches on the running deer target for the sportsman; skeet shotgun matches for the field and upland game shooters; soaring, zooming targets on the anti-aircraft range to add a modern note to the sport which is as old as America. And, woven through it all, the pleasant contact of one sportsman with another, the mingling on a common ground of the men of the Regular Service, the National Guard, the Organized Reserve, and the civilian sportsmen.

Some day some master of English prose or verse will transfer to paper the pulse-beat, the charm, the deep-seated appeal that brings men back year after year to the National Matches. It will take a master to do it. Until then we must rest content with the fact that once a sportsman has been to Perry the urge to return is ever present, and return they do, the following year, five years later, even twenty years later.

There are approximately eighty matches in the program which goes to make up the Annual Meeting at Camp Perry. Principal interest centers in the half-century old Leech and Wimbledon Cup Matches, in the Marine Corps Cup event, which rounded out a score of years of competition this year, in the President's Match, fired for the twenty-ninth time in 1929, and in the National Individual Rifle Match, fired for the twenty-fifth time on September 10th and 11th.

Among the Team Matches the Herrick Trophy Match, twenty-two years old and the National Rifle Team Match, established by Act of Congress in 1902, occupy the center of the stage.

In the Pistol Section of the Program the National Rifle Association Individual Pistol Championship and Team Championship and the National Individual Pistol and National Pistol Team Matches sanctioned by Congress are the culminating events.

The .22 calibre shooters have their National Small Bore Championship and two International Team Matches, the International Railwaymen's Team Match and the International Competition for the Lord Dewar Challenge Cup, both events being fired against picked teams from Great Britain and her Colonies.

Ideal firing conditions greeted the 1217 men who faced the targets in the opening event of the program, the Leech Cup Match, fired on Monday, September 2nd. Seven shots per man at 800 yds., 900 yds. and 1,000 yds. is what the program calls for. Running concurrently with the Leech was the Rapid Fire Championship Match at 200 and 300 yds., with 1350 entries.

So efficient is the system under which the National Matches are conducted that a man is given squadding tickets the night before each match is fired, showing him the exact time, target and range on which he is to shoot each stage of every match. Following the instructions on these little cards, the competitor moves from one range to another, firing in as many matches as he may desire to shoot each day, always finding his target ready for him at the time specified and always finding that ample time has been allowed him to move from one range to the next.

The Leech Cup Match resulted in three possible scores, Sergeant C. J. Cagle, U. S. M. C., Sergeant J. B. Jensen, U. S. Cavalry, and Captain W. A. Wood, U. S. Engineers, having placed all twenty-one shots in the thirty-six-inch bull's-eye of the "C" target. Within this thirty-six-inch bull's-eye, however, there is a smaller twenty-four-inch circle, known in the vernacular of the rifleman as the "V" ring. It was placed in the targets in 1922 for the purpose of making it possible to break ties of this kind. By the use of the "V" ring it was determined that Sergeant Cagle was the winner of the Leech Cup Match and drew first blood in the 1929 events for the Leathernecks.

The Rapid Fire Championship also re-

Junior Rifle Corps receiving instruction at Camp Perry.

sulted in a tie, this time between Corporal Maurice L. Moore, of the U. S. Infantry Team, and Sergeant Fred L. Manion, Delaware National Guard. Both men had possible scores at 200 yds., ten shots in one minute in the sitting position, and 49 x 50 at 300 yds., ten shots in one minute and ten seconds in the prone position. This tie was shot off at 300 yds., the first shoot-off resulting in another tie, both men scoring 45. In the second shoot-off Corporal Moore defeated Sergeant Manion, 45 to 40.

The Wimbledon was the big event on Tuesday. It called out 1350 competitors. Captain Paul J. Roberts of the Washington National Guard and Captain W. B. Wilson, of the 24th U. S. Infantry, tangled horns over the long course of 20 shots at 1,000 yds., both turning in possible scores. With the aid of the "V" ring, however, Captain Roberts outranked Captain Wilson. Corporal C. W. Wills, of the 29th Infantry, turned in a notable performance in this event by scoring 99 x 100, using the Service Rifle as issued with Service sights. Both Captain Roberts and Captain Wilson used telescopic sights. Corporal Wills, by virtue of his performance, won the Farr Trophy, a trophy which commemorates the performance of "Dad" Farr of Washington, in turning in a consecutive run of 71 bull's-eyes in the Wimbledon Cup Match in 1921, using the Service Rifle as issued.

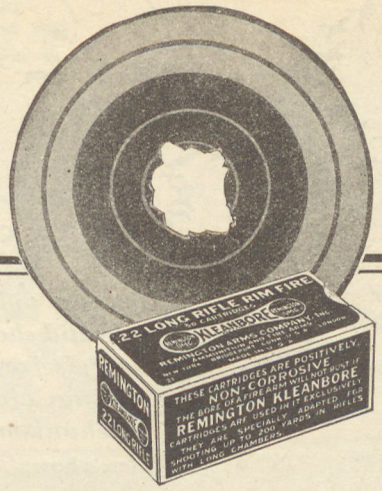
At the same time as the Wimbledon Match, the Members' was being fired, with 1330 entries. Ten shots at 600 yds. with the Service Rifle is called for in this match. Some idea of the quality of the competition furnished at Camp Perry this year may be gleaned from the fact that thirty-one competitors made possible scores in this event. On the strength of the "V" count, Major L. A. Sprinkle, of the Cavalry Team, won the match.

Meanwhile, on the 800 yd. range the Wright Memorial Match, 15 shots, any sights, was being won by Lieutenant H. O. Engle, of the Michigan National Guard. The "V" ring again had to be called into use to decide this match, in view of the forty-seven possible scores of 75 x 75 which were made by the shooters.

While these things were going on at the 600, 800 and 1,000 yd. ranges, the Navy Match, with 1332 entries, was being fired on the 200 yd. range, twenty shots slow fire offhand. For the second time since the Navy Cup has been in competition it was won by a Navy shooter, Ensign D. L. McDonald, with a score of 96 x 100. There were three other scores of 96, but McDonald's score outranked the others.

Late Tuesday afternoon the civilians scored their first victory, in the Camp Perry Instructors' Trophy Match. This is a mixed rifle and pistol event, ten shots at 200 yds. standing with the rifle and ten shots at 50 yds. slow fire with the pistol. L. J. Price, of the Washington Civilian Team, with a total score of 133, outranked Sergeant H. R. King, of the Marine Corps, who had the same total.

Wednesday's headline event was the Marine Corps Cup Match. This event pulled the largest entry of any of the matches so far. It gave the civilians their biggest triumph of the meeting up to that time. R. W. Ballard, a few years ago shooting with the N. R. A. Junior Rifle Corps and this year graduating to the Colorado Civilian Team, beat a field of 1385 competitors to win the match with a score of 99 x 100. Ballard came from behind to turn in his victory, outranking Sergeant J. N. Mosely, of the Alabama National Guard, Captain Joseph Lienhard of the U. S. Marine Corps, and Corporal Vernon Hessler, also of the Marines. Mosely, Lienhard and Hessler had made possible scores of 50 at 600 yds. and went along to turn in scores



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Remington	378	23
First Competitive Ammunition	175	5
Second " "	154	4
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Fourth " "	78	2
TOTALS	868	35

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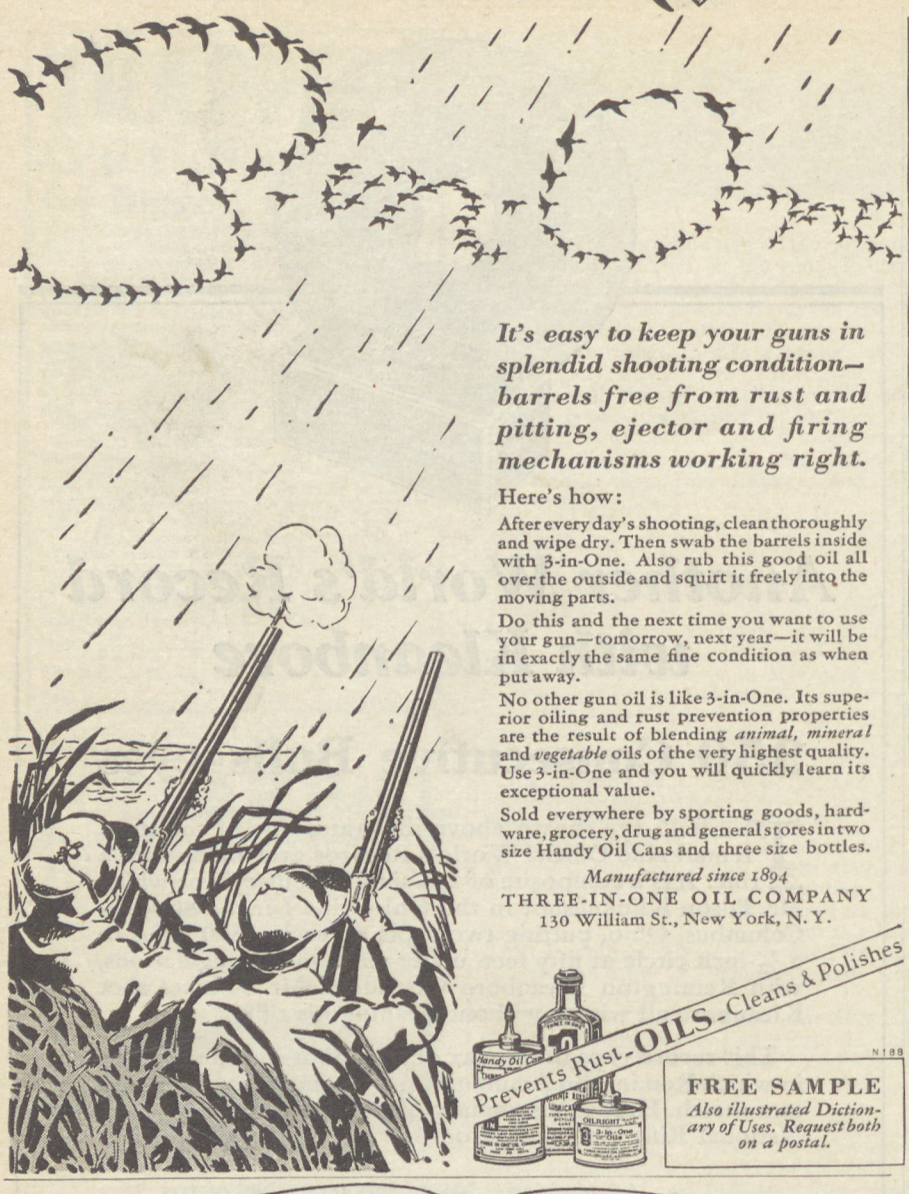

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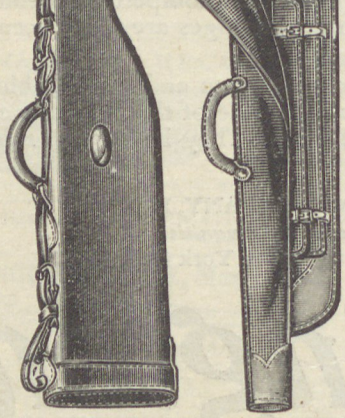

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of 49 at 1,000 yds. Ballard, with a score of only 49 at 600 yds., had been considered as out of the match, and interest centered around the scores being made at 1,000 yds. by the other three men. Few of the people in camp with the exception of Ballard's immediate team mates watched him make his possible score of 50 at 1,000 yds., which enabled him to win.

Concurrently with the Marine Corps Cup Match, the Scott Match, 15 shots at 900 yds., was being fired with an entry list of 776 men. There were eight possible scores registered in this match, but on the strength of the "V" count, Lieutenant H. D. Kramer, of the Navy, emerged victorious, outranking a team mate, Seaman First Class M. M. Grider, who finished second.

In the meantime, the civilians' own match, the Individual Civilian Club Members' Championship, took place on the 200 yd. range with a list of 302 entrants, ten shots slow fire standing and ten shots rapid fire. There were three scores of 96 turned in by A. R. Smith, of Ohio, L. E. Wilson, of Washington, and E. O. Swanson, of Minneapolis. Smith had the ranking score.

Wednesday afternoon the 600 yd. Any Rifle Match saw the civilians again taking first honors. G. M. Upshaw, lean and lanky representative of the Pasadena Rifle and Revolver Club, and V. L. Clark, of the Colorado National Guard, headed a field which included twenty-three possible scores. Upshaw and Clark both put nineteen of their twenty shots inside the twenty-four-inch "V" ring of the "C" target at 900 yds. Upshaw, however, outranked Clark by virtue of the longest run of "V's" at the end of his string.

One of the four principal events for the pistol shooters also took place on Wednesday afternoon. The N. R. A. Individual Pistol Championship was the event. Witnesses of the Match were treated to the unusual and highly encouraging spectacle of two police officers fighting it out with a Sergeant of Marines for the N. R. A. Pistol Championship of the United States. When the smoke of battle had finally cleared away from the muzzles of more than a thousand handguns, Patrolman T. Hill, of the St. Louis Police Department, found himself possessed of the Gillard H. Clark Memorial Trophy, a gold medal and the title of Pistol Champion for the year 1929, with a total score of 281, while Patrolman A. V. Sackett, of the New York City Police Department, was runner-up, four points behind the winner. Sergeant M. T. Huff, of the Marines, was a close third, just one point behind Sackett.

Thursday saw the wind-up of the National Rifle Association Individual Matches, with 1513 men entered in the President's Match. Calling for 10 shots at 200 yds. standing, 10 shots at 600 yds. and 10 shots at 1,000 yds., the President's Match with its tremendous field of entries is always a hammer and tongs event. This year was no exception. Only four points separated Ensign C. E. Coffin, of the Navy, the winner, and Sergeant E. J. Blade, of the Marines, who received the tenth place medal.

A young gale blew up during the early stages of the President's Match and kept the scores from attaining record-breaking proportions. Even so, Ensign Coffin dropped but three points over the course, finishing with a 147 x 150.

Thursday afternoon the Chemical Warfare Match, a 200 yd. slow and rapid fire event fired with the Service gas mask over the face of the shooter, called out 328 hopeful competitors. In spite of the rain, which did not improve the vision through the eye-pieces of the gas mask, Mr. R. G. Hansen, of the Utah Civilian Team, had to fight all the way to see his score of 95 finally win the match, outranking similar

R. W. Ballard, Colorado civilian, winner of the Marine Corps Cup Match

scores turned in by F. A. Conaway, of the Iowa National Guard, and C. J. Soucie, of the Maine National Guard. This event well illustrated the possibility of a man going about his business as a soldier while wearing a mask.

Friday was taken up with a series of Team Matches representing various regimental and inter-service championships, but also including the Port Clinton Trophy Match, open to civilian teams of six men from each state. Forty-eight Teams were entered and the match was won by the Ohio Civilians with a team score of 554 x 600, 10 shots per man at 200 yds. and at 600 yds. slow fire. The Civilian Interclub Team Match for teams of four men over the same course of fire was won by the team from the Roberts Island, California, Rifle Club, with a total of 363 x 400, four points ahead of Wenatchee, Washington.

On Saturday the Long Range Team classic, the Herrick Trophy Match, was fired by teams of eight men, 15 shots per man at 800, 900 and 1,000 yds. From the start of the match three of the fifty-six teams were in a deadlock, the U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. Infantry and California Civilian Teams leading one another by a single point only, as each man of the three teams would fire. With the 800 and 900 yd. stages completed, the Infantry Team led the California Civilian by one point and they in turn lead the Marines by one point. At the 1,000 yd. stage, however, superior windoping ability on the part of the Marine Corps coach enabled them to pull victory out of the fire with a team total of 1787 against 1777 for the Infantry and 1776 for the California Civilians.

Meanwhile, the Crowell Trophy Match, last of the long range individual events, was being fired on the 1,000 yd. range. 1,004 men fired the 15 shots at 1,000 yds. called for by the conditions of the match. Weather conditions prevented the large group of possible scores which had been characteristic of the other matches up to

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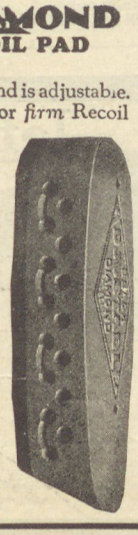

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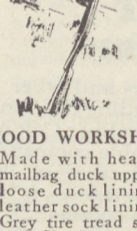

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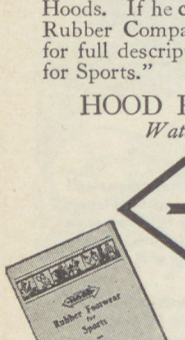

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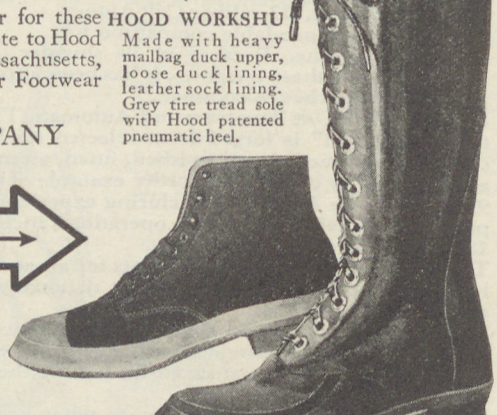

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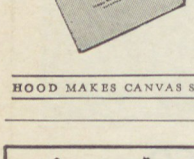

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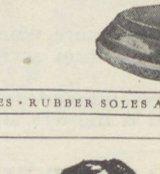

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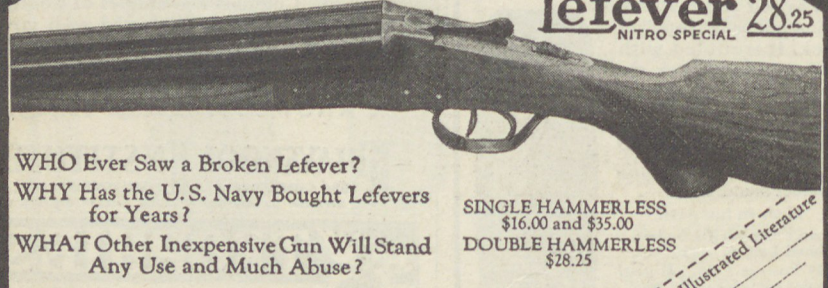

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this point, and Corporal H. F. Hicks, of the Infantry Team, earned a well-deserved victory when he turned in the only possible score in the Crowell Match.

On the pistol range Saturday afternoon, the N. R. A. Pistol Team Championship gave the police another opportunity to show their ability with the handgun. The St. Louis Police Department Team turned in a total of 1334 and the Detroit Police 1294, both of them defeating the U. S. Infantry, 1291, U. S. Marine Corps, 1290, and U. S. Cavalry, 1285.

A schedule of events nearly as heavy as that outlined for Service Rifle firing had been going on all week on the small bore range. The Individual Long Range Match at 200 yds. was won by H. F. Johansen, of the Illinois Civilian Team, with 196 x 200. The Small Bore Wimbledon Match went to Henry J. Gussman, of New Haven, Connecticut, with 199 x 200.

The Short Range Two Man Team Match was won by J. C. Beedle and W. M. Mounts of the Ohio Civilian Team, with 795 x 800. The Ohio Civilian Team eked out a hard-fought victory in the Short Range Four Man Team Match over the D. C. National Guard Team, 2345 to 2343. D. C. National Guard came back in the Interclub Long Range Team Match to defeat the Akron, Ohio, Rifle Club, 755 to 751.

The Individual Short Range Match went back to Ohio, when L. A. Wilkins, eighteen year old Junior Rifle Corps product, dropped but one point to turn in a score of 399 x 400.

The Two Man Team Long Range Match also went to Ohio, with a score of 786, by V. Z. Canfield and J. E. Miller, of Columbus.

The Camp Perry Individual Championship was won by Doctor M. E. McManes, of Piqua, Ohio, with 296 x 300.

The National Small Bore Championship, consisting of an aggregate of all the small bore matches fired at Camp Perry, was a battle between youth and old age. Eric Johnson, long a small bore champion, nosed out young Wilkins, although both had the same total score of 1070 x 1100.

Winding up the small bore program, the International Railwaymen's Team Match saw the American Team turn in a total of 7799 against 7770 for the British Team, while the American Team in the Dewar Match hung up 7877 against the British score of 7771.

The last week of the Matches opened with the National Individual Pistol Championship for the gold cup awarded by Congress. The civilians scored again in this event, when L. E. Wilson, of the Washington State Civilian Team, with a score of 270, nosed out by one point the omnipresent Sergeant M. T. Huff, of the Marines.

In the National Pistol Team Match, fired with the .45 Automatic Service Pistol, the Marines "came down the stretch" comfortably ahead of all opposition, to win with a total of 1286.

As might be expected, the National Individual Rifle Match brought out the greatest number of entries in a year which had already seen all previous records smashed. Sergeant J. B. Jensen, of the 7th U. S. Cavalry, had to beat 1638 men in order to win his title. Not only did he have to beat them, but he had to overcome a handicap under which he was placed by a low score of 38 which he made at the 200 yd. offhand stage when caught by a heavy, unsteady wind. Jensen stuck to his guns throughout the long course of fire and by virtue of a possible score at 600 yds. and a 99 x 100 at 1,000 yds., succeeded in turning in a total of 281 x 300, which outranked Sergeant F. Pauch, of the New

Jersey National Guard, and Captain Joseph Lienhard, of the Marines, who had similar scores.

The wind-up at Camp Perry is the National Rifle Team Match. There were 108 teams entered in this event this year. At the start it looked like a Navy victory for the first time in many years, as the sailors got away to a six point lead over the Infantry, ten points ahead of the Engineers and fourteen points ahead of the Marines at the first stage. They managed to hold on to this margin and even to increase it a little at the two following stages. However, at 600 yds. the Navy began to slip and the Engineers, Marines and Infantry began closing the group. At 1,000 yds. something seemed to go wrong with the Navy's big guns, and, like a submarine under the impact of a six-inch shell, they disappeared from view. The Infantry, Engineers and Marines meanwhile were giving all they had, and in the final stages of the Match the Doughboys established themselves in first place, with a total of 2775 as against 2752 for the Engineers and 2741 for the Marines. The high National Guard Team was Massachusetts, finishing in sixth place of the 108 teams, with a score of 2686, while the high civilian team was Washington State, finishing in eleventh place, with a score of 2659.

"About It and About—"

(Continued from page 17)

trout fishermen. They have the whole North Shore to fish, while in our own section there is one little stream, not a natural trout brook, to propagate which we have to carry fry on our backs through miles of swamp. But under the circumstances it was policy to be friendly. The conversation which followed was something like this:

Piscator (meaning ourself): "Good morning, Brother Ike; how fares the fishing?"

Duluth Man: "I have just begun. How goes it with you?"

Piscator: "Woe is me. No fisherman ever had as bad luck as mine. I tipped over my worm can and now have but one.

Duluth Man (hurriedly): "That's hard luck. I guess I must move on."

Said we in communion with ourself: "That fellow must have a heart; we will approach him again"; and again we went into the sad details. With all the pathos we possessed we painted the affliction of a man on a trout stream whose worm can had been upset. It never touched his adamantine old soul.

With my tail dragging, I started for home—home where you can go when there is no other place to go—cursing my luck and Duluth fishermen in general. Something had to be done!

Going through my tackle, what should I find but an old spinner, formerly used in pike fishing. Out of the creel I took one of the perch and from its side I cut out a chunk as big as my thumb end. Then I began casting as though plugging for bass. I had a strike my first cast, but lost the fish because it was unexpected. The next cast I hooked a trout slightly over a pound in weight. In no time at all I had seven large trout. Then I lost the spinner and that ended my fishing.

As I meandered home there was sweet perfume from the wild alsike in the air, swamp flowers were gorgeous, a flock of orioles darted among the trees, and a song sparrow in the alders was trying to break his sweet throat, and in my heart was a song that only comes to a successful trout fisherman.

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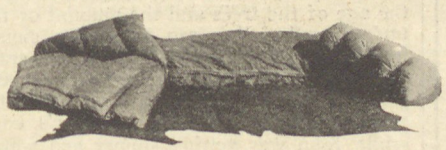

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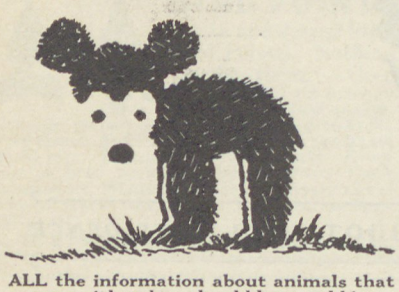

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Angling in the Arrowhead

(Continued from page 39)

Immediately upon arrival there John began searching for a birch bark canoe that he had left there when last he visited this beautiful sheet of water, and also two paddles that we had been badly in need of. He found both the paddles and the canoe, but, alas, the canoe will never swim again. Made of birch bark, it undoubtedly had become the object of the wrath of some bear, because the bottom was practically torn out and you could still see the claw marks of old "Bruin."

Dividing our party into groups of three in the two canoes, we started out with the determination to fish for an hour before lunch and then rendezvous on the other side of the lake. Vera Lake is quite a large body of water, possibly three miles long and a mile wide, and it is surrounded on all sides by high shores of natural rock, but, alas, the beauty was gone because Vera Lake is on the American side. Nothing surrounded it but poplars and a few birch or fir. There is no house or home of any kind on this body of water. John said as far as he knew there had been no one there in the last two years, so you can imagine that the fishing was all that anyone could hope for, and it should be—after the torturous trip we had made to get there. Such proved to be the case. On the first cast young Clark hooked a beautiful bass about 1½ pounds in size, but this bass was immediately returned to the water. It was decided that we would not keep any fish whatsoever, excepting those caught in the last hour, so that we could take some pictures for the movie just before leaving the shore, and when we gathered to pack up at our original landing we had a total of twelve bass varying in size from 2 to 4½ pounds. These were scattered along a string and a suitable movie taken and they were then returned to the waters of the lake. From as near an accurate account as we could gather, the two boats caught and returned to the water over sixty-three bass of a legal size on a bright, sunshiny day between the hours of 11 and 2:30,—an almost unbelievable performance. Here was a garden spot for fishing, but, alas, the price in labor was too high for us to consider a return trip.

By the time we got back to our camp, twilight was falling, and evenings in that north country occur very quickly, but nearly every night we saw a glorious sunset. The lake, whereas it is quite long and wide, has shore lines that are twisted and bent so that you rarely have a long stretch of water in sight at any one time. One of the beauties of this country is the myriad of islands, some small, some large, but all of them,—except the larger ones on the American side—perfect jewels of green with flashes of red and brown at the base, the brown being the pine needles; the red being the granite rocks. Of course, there were varying shades of green according to the age of the trees and the amount of the undergrowth. You can imagine a sunset in behind ten or twelve of these emerald gems—it is so gorgeous you cannot describe it in any other way. Night after night we would sit at the water's edge while John was getting supper and watch the sun slowly slide behind the tall fringe of pines that cut our view off about three miles to the westward, and then as the shadows quickly fell see the darker greens of the nearby islands and then see them gradually melt into one, and at last—darkness.

Our trip into this bass lake is practically descriptive of many others that we made on different days.

I might tell you of the hundreds of miles of beautiful blue waters that form Basswood Lake, and take you up into Jackfish over into North Bay, over into the American shoals, Wind Point, but in each one your experience in this story would be the same—beautiful, clear water, deep blue reflecting the sky, here and there a tinge of saffron and yellow, indicating that a shoal ran out maybe one hundred or two hundred yards into the water, and its banks dropping off gradually was a sure sign that here were fish a plenty. All you had to do was to get to the windward of this shoal, drop your anchor and do a little casting. The better the casting, the bigger the fish and the more of them.

Days up there were more like hours, and the two weeks passed very quickly. There was not a man who did not want to stay a month. Of course, that is almost always true in the woods, but I think it was triply true of this camp, because of the natural beauty of the location and the surroundings, the abundance and variety of fish, and the many different types of fishing. Personally, I should like to have remained long enough to travel into other corners of this great region of woods, rocks and waters, and equip myself with such authentic information as would enable me to take my place in the ranks of the other stalwart Waltonians who are fighting for the eternal preservation of this wonderful park, and to see to it that during their lifetime a suitable treaty is enacted that will enable the Americans of tomorrow, and those who follow after them, to enjoy those splendid outdoor surroundings that exist even today.

The interest of this region is in good hands. The Quetico-Superior Council, which is associated with the Izaak Walton League, is composed of folks who never say "die." The Council proposes to the Government of the United States that a treaty be drawn between the United States and Canada which will have for its objectives the following articles:

1. That park-like conditions, free from logging, flooding, draining and all other forms of exploitation, be established and maintained on all visible shores of lakes, rivers and islands under public control.

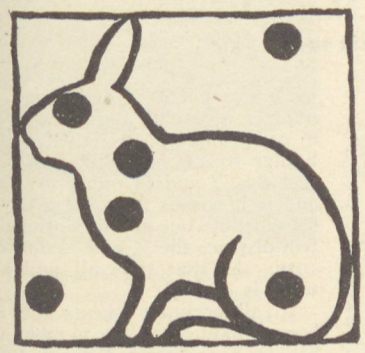
2. That all the hinterlands, not visible from the waterways, be administered under modern forest practices for the continuous production of a maximum timber supply.

3. That all game, fish, fur-bearers and other wild life be developed for maximum production and use.

4. That these ends be pursued under the guidance and direction of an international board, representing forest, park, and biological authorities from both countries.

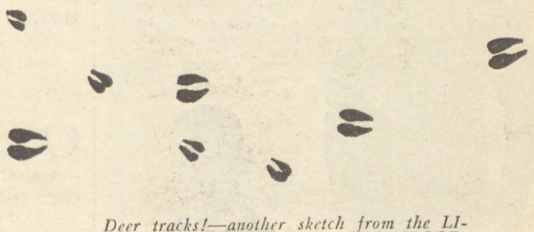
If this can be accomplished, the area will be virtually a vast park, but with none of the obstacles to lumbering or other economic objections applying to ordinary parks. The plan involves a significant experiment in international relations—a practical work of peace and a new bond of friendship between two great nations. In preserving intact one of the most historical regions in North America, a portion of the continent as it originally was with its forest, its game, its lakes, its waterfalls, and its richly romantic past, we, the Waltonians who assist in this measure, shall earn the blessings of our children evermore.

How Much Do You Know About Woodcraft?



How well do you see? Are your eyes really as strong and accurate as you think? Have you ever tried this interesting Rabbit-Test? It is only one among thousands of valuable helps to the woodsman, hunter and outdoor man—with which these books are crowded.

Scenes like these are the very essence of woodland fascination. This sketch by Ernest Thompson Seton himself shows a baby raccoon being spanked up a tree by his mother. It is one of over 1450 drawings and photographs contained in this set of books covering every phase of outdoor life.



Deer tracks!—another sketch from the LIBRARY OF PIONEERING AND WOODCRAFT, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Do you know the thrill of coming upon these marks in the wilds? Of recognizing them? Of following them with gun or camera? Let this master woodsman tell you how to read the marks beasts leave behind them, for you to trail.

All you need to know to make the out-of-doors your home is contained in these six books. Here are definite instructions for finding natural foods. Pictures to help you identify flowers, birds, trees and animal tracks. Games to be played in camp. Pastimes for the campfire circle. Lists of necessary equipment for long or short excursions into wild country. First aid treatment. What to do if you lose your way. A veritable college course in the school of nature!

HOW good a woodsman are YOU? Are you at home in big timber, in the mountains, in a frail canoe on lakes or streams? Can you light a fire without matches? Can you tie all kinds of knots? Can you make a sun dial—quickly, with materials at hand? Can you lay a good cooking fire? Identify the birds? Tell the difference between edible mushrooms and toadstools? Recognize poison ivy? Erect a tepee?

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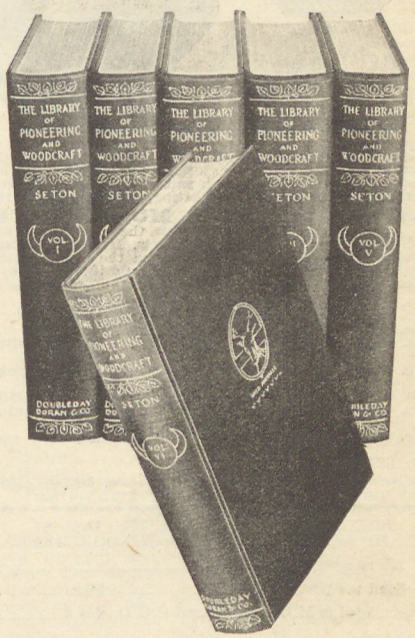

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

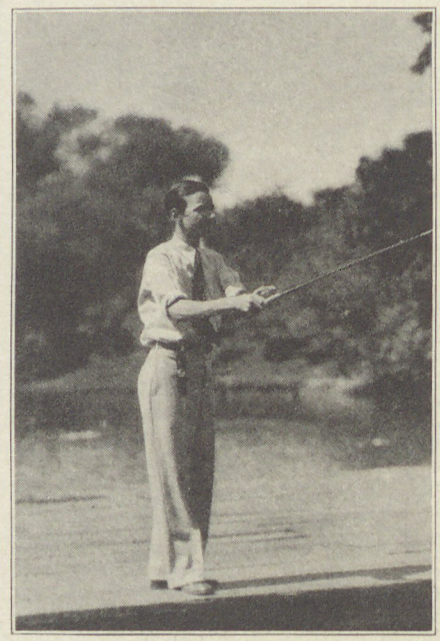
San Francisco Scores

ONCE in a while the editor hears from the western clubs—not often enough—and the scores are generally good, as the ones listed below will testify.

	Accy. Fly	Dry Fly	D. F. Unk.	½ Accy.	⅝ Accy.
Packard.	99–7	99–12	99.5	98.3	99.7
Cuenin.	100	99–12	99.4	99.3	99.4
Amandes	99–2	96–9	99.1	93.6	97.2
Thompson	99–12	99–7	99.5	97.4	99.4
Guerin.	99–12	99–11	99.3	98.7	99.8
Unger.	99–8	99–1	98.8	95.4	97.4
Kewell.	99–12	99–6	99.4	98.2	99.2
Hodges.	99–5	99–4	99.4	96.0	99.6
LeCam.	99–3	98–3	98.5	95.1	97.1
Webster.	99–9	97–9	98.6	98.0	98.9

Distance Fly

		Longest
J. P. Cuenin	114	116
L. F. Guerin	96⅔	100
Chandler Smith	86	89



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Annual Business Meeting

URGED by a desire to simplify the schedule of events cast at National Tournaments, the delegates to the convention agreed upon the following for 1930.

⅜ oz. and ⅝ oz. Accuracy Baits.
⅜ oz. and ⅝ oz. Distance Baits.
Accuracy Fly and Dry Fly Unknown.
Distance Fly and Salmon Fly.

All events which are now official will be official for 1930; no event has been dropped but an accuracy and a distance event with a ⅜ oz. weight have been added.

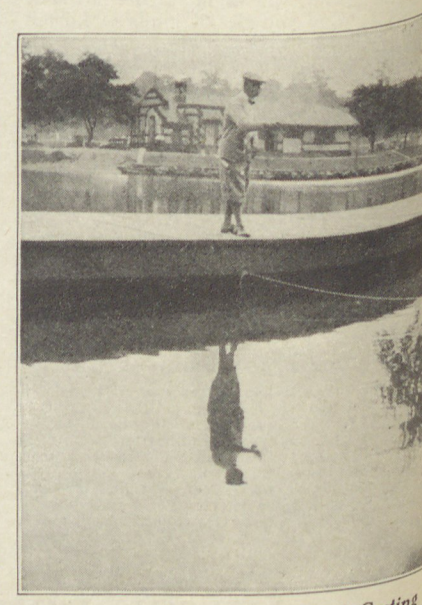
Many delegates believe that the ⅜ oz. events will eventually eliminate the ¼ and ½ ounce events; these wish to cut the number of events and the ⅜ oz. weight is a compromise between the heavier and lighter weight. Any club still wishing to cast the ¼ and ½ ounce events can do so and if it wishes may add a ⅜ oz. event to its schedule but at the National the ⅜ oz. will displace the ¼ and ½ ounce events for 1930. At that time all will know better what is desired.

In all accuracy events the scoring has been simplified as the number of demerits are to be subtracted from 100, as 7 demerits will give a score of 93%, in place of the meaningless 99.3% before used. For comparison with the old scores place a "9" before the first figure of the new score and a decimal before the last, as 88, under new system, is the same as 98.8 under the old. The rules in the Accuracy and the Dry Fly Events provide for 10 casts in place of 15 so that all demerits may be subtracted from 100 the same as in the bait events. Details of these rules will be published later.

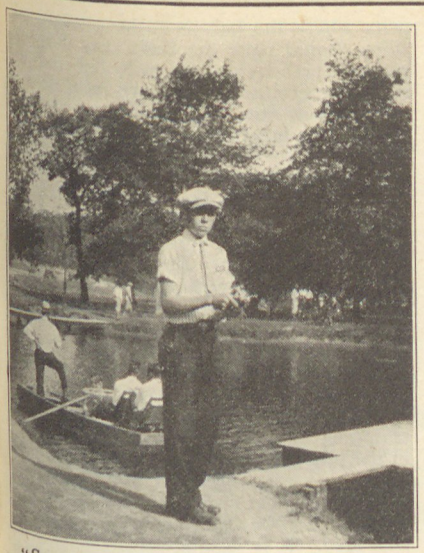
Toronto and Buffalo made application for the 1930 tournament and a committee is to report to the national officers as to the facilities each city has to present. It was unanimously voted to allow the use of an unrestricted line in the ⅝ oz. distance.

The following officers for 1930 were elected:

President, A. A. Trimble, Cleveland; 1st Vice-President, Walter Newcomb, Buffalo; 2nd Vice-President, E. F. Sutter, Chicago Fly; 3rd Vice-President, M. Crooks, Columbus; 4th Vice-President, H. H. Unger, San Francisco; Secretary, Frank Leach, Chicago Fly; Treasurer, F. J. Lane, Illinois; Delegate to A. A. U., John S. Schwinn, Newark.



Wade Shrum, of the Cleveland Casting Club headed the list of all the crack distance fly men.



"Specs"—as everyone calls Paul Washburn—is the Champion Bait Caster of the Junior Division in Florida. Paul is just sixteen years of age, but casts with the ease of a veteran. He ranked eleventh in the Accuracy Baits.

Cleveland Scores Again

FOR efficiency, expertness, speed, entertainment and courtesy, Cleveland takes first place as National Host to American Casters.

Its success is due to the entire membership of the Club, each one of whom did with unfailing energy and common sense the particular part allotted to him. It was just the opposite from a "one man" tournament, in fact, the team work was very noticeable. It would be unfair to select anyone to whom a greater amount of credit should be given; all deserve it equally.

One innovation which future tournament committees will do well to follow in the future, was the mimeographing and printing of the scores shortly after the close of each event and the listing on the score board of the place of each caster in the All-Round as the tournament progressed.

Another was the listing of all entrants before each event so that no caster was obliged to bother the secretary with inquiries regarding his position in the contest. The captains and the judges knew what was expected of them and were always ready.

The 1929 tournament was well managed in every way and each visitor owes a debt of gratitude to the Cleveland Club and its members for the foresight and preparedness which characterized a most successful National.

CONGRATULATIONS, CLEVELAND.

The Cleveland Tournament

ADDITIONAL SCORES

All-Round Championship

Caster	Clubs	Points
1. Chatt	Illinois	37
2. Willman	Orlando	60
3. Braddon	Cleveland	61
4. Newcomb	Buffalo	68
5. Hurst	Indianapolis	82
6. Peters	Buffalo	87
7. Kleinfeldt	Chicago Fly	99
8. Connelly	Columbus	103
9. Schwinn	Newark, N. J.	110
10. Crooks	Columbus	111
11. Herrett	Lima, O.	118

ACCURACY CHAMPIONSHIP

Fly			Bait		
	Caster	Total Points		Caster	Total Points
1.	Willman	285	1.	Peters	281
2.	Schwinn	281	2.	Davis	279
3.	Chatt	277	3.	Sutter	273
4.	Crooks	276	4.	Braddon	207
5.	Newcomb	273	5.	Neu	268
6.	Trimble	273	6.	Hurst	268
7.	Davis	272	7.	Edwards	265
8.	Marriott	268	8.	Chatt	264
9.	Braddon	267	9.	Zimmerman	263
10.	Olsen	265	10.	Leach	262

POINTS WON IN THE DISTANCE EVENTS

Distance Baits

	Caster	¼ oz.	½ oz.	⅝ oz.	Total
1.	Chatt	1049.6	1330	1128	3507.6
2.	Willman	1036.5	1236	1001.6	3274.1
3.	Foss	971	1255.6	932	3158.6
4.	Newcomb	1038	1089.5	1030	3157.5
5.	Buckwalter	748.5	1222	1101	3071.5
6.	Braddon	546	1348	1138.5	3032.5
7.	Kleinfeldt	800	1161	1053.6	3014.6
8.	Hurst	932	916.6	1089.6	2938.2
9.	Herrett	834	1100	969	2903.5
10.	Mitchell	939	787.6	999	2725.6

Distance Fly

Caster	Distance Fly	Salmon Fly	Total
1. Chatt	282	408	690
2. Connelly	279	409	688
3. Braddon	277	398	675
4. Schwinn	284	391	675
5. Trimble	261.5	397	658.5

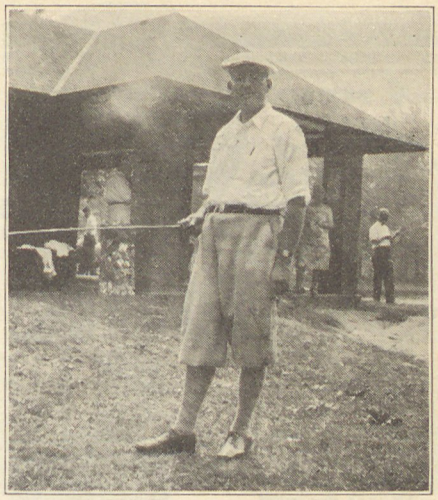
Iowa State Tournament

OVER forty Iowa casters gathered at Fort Dodge August last to battle for championships of events cast at the annual State Tournament.

New records were established in all but one of the seven events. F. J. Marnette, of Spirit Lake, set a new mark for the dry fly accuracy, unknown distance, event. D. F. Lenhart, Des Moines, improved the distance fly record by eight feet, and Davis added eight feet to the average for the quarter ounce distance cast and 31 feet to the five-eighths ounce bait record. Judge Cavanaugh, who held the records for the longest casts with a quarter, half and five-eighths ounce baits, set new marks for each. The accuracy fly event mark stood up under the avalanche.

According to the method of scoring used by the State Association in computing the places for the All-Round Championship, which includes all casters whether they compete in all events or not, the State Association declared D. W. Davis, of Coon Rapids, winner of the All-Round. This is in accordance with the practice of the past three years.

According to the official method as used by the N. A. S. A. C. in which only those competing in all events are considered when tabulating the results for the championship, Judge E. E. Cavanaugh beat Mr. Davis 23 points to 25. As the Iowa officials figure Davis beats Cavanaugh 31 points to 32 points.



The young "Old War Horse," George Chatt of Cleveland, again won the all-round championship. He has so many now he has trouble counting them. His capture of both distance championships stamps him as the foremost distance man in the country.

Mr. L. H. Ladd, Pomeroy, Iowa, was elected President of the Association and the next Tournament was awarded to Des Moines. Scores follow.

ACCURACY BAIT CHAMPIONSHIP

		Points
1	Davis	275
2	Ladd	273
3	Cavanaugh	263

ACCURACY FLY CHAMPIONSHIP

		Points
1	Marnette	285
2	Cavanaugh	280.6
3	Davis	270.6

DISTANCE BAIT CHAMPIONSHIP

		Points
1	Cavanaugh	3024.4
2	Davis	3017.8
3	Powers	2474.8
4	Marnette	2434.3

DISTANCE FLY CHAMPIONSHIP

		Points
1	Lenhart	473
2	Marnette	442
3	Packard	437

ACCURACY FLY

Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 99 8-15, first; F. M. Packard, Davenport, 99 7-15, second; D. F. Lenhart, Des Moines, 99 6-15, third; F. J. Marnette, Spirit Lake, 99 6-15, fourth; D. W. Davis, Coon Rapids, 99 3-15, fifth; Verne Robinson, Des Moines, 99 1-15, sixth; Frank Powers, Des Moines, 99 1-15, seventh.

Contestants in the ⅝ oz. Accuracy, Iowa State Tournament, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

A new one, friend hunter

DRY BACK OR MONEY BACK

This Button on Every Coat Guarantees the New

Drybak

ALL WOOL WATER PROOF HUNTING SUIT

Most talked of outfit DRYBAK ever created. Garments are made from 30 oz. all wool. Woven in fast colors —red and black. Styled to give every hunting need. Made up in breeches with horsehide patches, stag shirt, coat and cap. The only guaranteed water-repellent woolen line.

BLOOD PROOF GAME POCKET

Coat is full lined in back. Has outside cape in front, adjustable sleeves and four buttoned patch pockets. Slicker lined blood proof pocket across back with side entrances.

Sleeves are pendulum style. Ask for DRYBAK woolen apparel and get the utmost in hunting comfort, warmth, wear and convenience. No. CC10 Coat $13.50.

THE DRYBAK CORP., 93 Worth St., New York City

GENTLEMEN: Send me special catalog containing information about woolen apparel. OA-2

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THE Izaak Walton Radiator Emblem is without peer, either for distinctive beauty or for significance. Proclaim to the world that you are a Waltonian. This emblem will attract attention, create comment, help the League immensely toward its million member goal.

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Send me postpaid, beautiful Walton Radiator Emblems

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STATE.....**CHAPTER**.....

DRY FLY ACCURACY, UNKNOWN DISTANCE

F. J. Marnette, Spirit Lake, 99.5, first, (new record); F. M. Packard, Davenport, 99, second; L. H. Ladd, Pomeroy, 99, third; Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 98.2, fourth; B. E. Geisler, Sioux City, 98.3, fifth; D. W. Davis, Coon Rapids, 98.2, sixth; D. C. McCown, Fort Dodge, 97.8, seventh; Verne Robinson, Des Moines, 97.7, eighth.

DISTANCE FLY

D. F. Lenhart, Des Moines, 94.6 feet average, first, (new record); F. J. Marnette, Spirit Lake, 88.4 feet average, second; F. M. Packard, Davenport, 87.4 feet average, third; Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 86.4 feet average, fourth; B. E. Geisler, Sioux City, 82.8 feet average, fifth; Dr. L. V. Cowton, Coon Rapids, 82 feet average, sixth; Verne Robinson, Des Moines, 80.8, seventh. Longest cast, 98 feet, D. F. Lenhart.

¼ OUNCE BAIT DISTANCE

D. W. Davis, Coon Rapids, 170.02 feet average, first, (new record); Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 162.42 feet average, second; F. J. Marnette, Spirit Lake, 146.7 feet average, third; Dr. L. V. Cowton, Coon Rapids, 133.96 feet average, fourth; L. H. Ladd, Pomeroy, 130.2 feet average, fifth; R. E. Kautzky, Fort Dodge, 128.64 feet average, sixth; D. F. Lenhart, Des Moines, 127.52 feet average, seventh. Longest cast, 192.5 feet, Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, (new record).

⅝ OUNCE BAIT DISTANCE

D. W. Davis, Coon Rapids, 218.52 feet average, first, (new record); Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 215.76 feet average, second; Frank Powers, Des Moines, 177.7 feet average, third; F. J. Marnette, Spirit Lake, 173.76 feet average, fourth; Joe Kautzky, Jr., Fort Dodge, 167.1 feet average, fifth; B. E. Geisler, Sioux City, 164.12 feet average, sixth; Verne Robinson, Des Moines, 161.98 feet average, seventh. Longest cast, 233.1 feet, Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, (new record).

½ OUNCE BAIT DISTANCE

Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 226.7 feet average, first, (new record); D. W. Davis, Coon Rapids, 215.02 feet average, second; Frank Powers, Des Moines, 196.96 feet average, third; Joe Kautzky, Jr., Fort Dodge, 185.26 feet average, fourth; L. H. Ladd, Pomeroy, 180.68 feet average, fifth; A. W. McIsaac, Rockwell City, 180.32 feet average, sixth; D. F. Lenhart, Des Moines, 179.42 feet average, seventh. Longest cast, 245 feet, Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, (new record).

DRY FLY ACCURACY

F. M. Packard, Davenport, 99 12-15, first, (new record); Judge E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 99 11-15, second; Frank Powers, Des Moines, 99 10-15, third; F. J. Marnette, Spirit Lake, 99 9-15, fourth; Verne Robinson, Des Moines, 99 5-15, fifth; R. E. Kautzky, Fort Dodge, 99 5-15, sixth; B. E. Geisler, Sioux City, 99 3-15, seventh.

The officials: George Porter, Fort Dodge, field secretary; R. W. Hale, Fort Dodge, captain; John L. Dorton, Jack Francis, S. W. Smith, Deighton Smith, Leonard Will and L. B. Stephenson, all of Fort Dodge, judges.

THE RESULTS:

⅝ OUNCE ACCURACY BAIT

Joe Kautzky, Jr., Fort Dodge, 99.5; L. H. Ladd, Pomeroy, 99.4; D. W. Davis, Coon Rapids, 99.2; D. J. Lenhart, Des Moines, 99.2; F. J. Marnette, Spirit Lake, 99; Ralph Cory, Coon Rapids, 99; D. C. McCown, Fort Dodge, 99; B. E. Geisler, Sioux City, 98.9; Frank Powers, Des Moines, 98.8; Ray DeVotie, Des Moines, 98.8; R. E. Kautzky, 98.8.

½ OUNCE ACCURACY BAIT

D. W. Davis, Coon Rapids, 99; E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 98.9; L. H. Ladd, Pomerov, 98.4; Frank Powers, Des Moines, 98.3; D. C. McCown, Fort Dodge, 98.1; Dr. L. V. Cowton, Coon Rapids, 98.1; F. J. Marnette, Spirit Lake, 98; Joe Kautzky, Jr., Fort Dodge, 97.9; P. R. McGowan, Des Moines, 97.8; B. E. Geisler, Sioux City, 97.6.

¼ OUNCE ACCURACY BAIT

D. W. Davis, Coon Rapids, 99.3; E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, 98.7; L. H. Ladd, Pomeroy, 98.7; R. E. Kautzky, Fort Dodge, 98.5; B. E. Geisler, Sioux City, 98.3; W. J. Powers, Webster City, 97.8; Vern Robinson, Des Moines, 97.7; Art Chavannes, Des Moines, 97.6; Dr. L. V. Cowton, Coon Rapids, 97.4; W. D. Miner, Rockwell City, 97.4.

WOMEN'S CONTEST

Mrs. B. E. Geisler, Sioux City, first; Mrs. E. E. Cavanaugh, Fort Dodge, second; Mrs. Roy Finch, Jefferson, third.

Trips Afield With Boys

(Continued from page 38)

buckle or lacing is advised as being correct by those who follow carefully the styles in rattlesnake hat bands, so that you will be correctly attired no matter which method you choose. After you have finished your hat band give it a coating of white shellac.

In stitching your belt or hat band you will find that the ordinary large needle is difficult to work with. There is a handy little tool known as "Awlinal." With this you can stitch heavy leather or canvas.

In using the sulphuric acid solution on pelts where the hair is to be retained, the skins should have the flesh very carefully removed; then lay the pelt out flat and cover the flesh side with corn meal or sawdust. Pour into the middle of the pelt some of the tanning solution and stir it with a rag tied to the end of a stick until all parts are thoroughly soaked. Roll the pelt with the flesh side in and place in a cool shady place for twelve hours. If when you unroll it the hide shows blue spots give it another application. Reroll and let it stay until the hide is uniformly white. Wash it thoroughly with the solution of washing soda and water and hang it in the shade. When it is almost dry pull and stretch it over the edge of a board. This will take some time but is necessary to insure a pliable hide. Follow this operation by tramping in a tub of sawdust as explained in the other method.

It is no easy matter to properly tan a skin of any sort and if you do not make a success of your first attempt don't be discouraged. It is well to remember that the more work you put on it the better will be the result. The Indian squaws made excellent robes with no other aids than the materials found in the animal itself coupled with long and painstaking labor.

Women—Out of Doors

(Continued from page 26)

hooking and playing the fish, was forthcoming from all the men present.

But you fooled them all and caught the big boy with the experts standing by with minnows to show! You may have other fishing thrills, but none comparable to that first big fish.

With the picture of Mrs. J. H. Gochenour and her first big fish, a Northern pike weighing 20 pounds and 40 inches in length, is her husband's description of the event.

"The fish was caught in Gull Lake, Minnesota, in June at 7:45 in the evening on a plug. Mrs. Gochenour felt a strong strike and then nothing more. 'Oh, pshaw, he's gone!' was her disgusted comment. Feeling no tug of resistance, she continued to reel in for about 20 feet, when zip, the line tightened, pulled—with a whirr as the reel unwound.

"Thrill on thrill with the feel but not a sight of the fish. She was calm and stuck to the business of her reel and line. When the fish came in sight she was too deeply engaged to see it. But the youngster in the boat shouted, 'Oh, you've got a whale!' and reached for the line. The valiant novice would have none of this, and called me to get the net ready. The boy begged me to take the rod for he was sure that 'she' could not land 'it.' But land him, the 20 pounder, she did without gaff or club."

As proof of the catch, the big fish is mounted and displayed in Mr. Gochenour's office.

My Boy and I

Don't Forget This Contest

Each photograph must show the father and son, or daughter, on an out-of-door trip. The accompanying article of not over 300 words should tell the ages of father and boy or girl and how long they have made these trips together.

First prize $15.00, second $10.00, third $5.00.

the real
WILD WEST
by a man who grew up with it

THRILLS!

El Comancho

favorite of all lovers of the outdoors, has written his eleventh book,

"The Old Timer's Tale"

and it is now ready for distribution. It comprises a series of twenty talks given over Radio Station WMAQ, Chicago, on which the author received over 7,000 letters of commendation.

He knew towns that now have disappeared off the face of the earth and left as their sole ruins "tons of broken glass among which you could identify the remains of every kind of a bottle made to carry any kind of red-hot drink" and other towns that have grown up and settled down to less picturesque and more civilized wickedness. He once persuaded a DRINK-CRAZED MURDERER to give himself up and, totally unarmed, took him in charge. Then, the coroner being too drunk to officiate, El Comancho conducted the inquest as deputy coroner.

One time while out foraging for meat for the survey crew in the Bad Lands, El Comancho "creased" a deer. Translated into tenderfoot language, this means he stunned a deer without injuring him. ". . . THE 'DEAD' DEER COMES TO LIFE! . . . and now his green eyes tell me to hang to that horn if I want to live! The buck's sharp forefeet flail my legs, my buckskin moccasin is ripped off—the knife-like hoofs cut away my heavy leggings and rip the flesh, leaving deep hurts and smearing me with blood. My knife is knocked flying." But in the end it was not the deer that lived to tell the tale.

On another occasion, he tells us, "I got mixed up with a bunch of 2,000 wild Texas longhorn cattle, stampeded by one of the infrequent thunderstorms. I was directly in their path and too close to them to get out of the way." How did he avoid being "trampled to pulp under 8,000 flying hoofs"? One man in a LIVING MAELSTROM OF TERROR, how did he succeed in surviving? The answer to this question awaits you with scores of other anecdotes almost as incredible as Baron Munchausen's but as true as a timetable in El Comancho's latest book,

"THE OLD-TIMER'S TALE"

ONLY $1.00

A-U-T-O-G-R-A-P-H-E-D!!!

From Outdoor America's Book Service Dept.

549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Cruising with the Sealers of Newfoundland

(Continued from page 7)

officers and crew consisted of: Second hand, barrel men, scunners, bridge masters, master watches, deck routers, engineers, radio operators, doctor, bos'n, foremen, oilers, carpenter, storekeeper, inspector, stewards, bakers, cooks and common hands; a total of two hundred and fifty-three.

The second hand is next to the captain and second in command. The barrel men keep watch in the main-topmast barrel, spying for seals through a hand telescope. Scunners direct the boat through "leads and ways" from the fore-topmast barrel. Bridge masters transmit orders from the scunners to the men at the wheel. Master watches and deck routers are in charge of squads of sealers both on the boat and on the ice. The bos'n looks after gaffs, ropes, flags, torches and so on and pretends to keep the deck clean from blood and grease. The doctor does not have to be even a registered pharmacist. His pharmacopoeia may be limited to Epsom Salts and Sloan's Liniment. We, fortunately, had a qualified doctor but after the supply of rum was exhausted he was not considered a "gert" or a "knowledgeable gintleman." The duty of the carpenter, other than making repairs, is building coffins out of pound boards. The storekeeper enjoys the dignified title of "butter bitch" for having access to the supply of butter. The inspector is supposed to look after the quality of the food and sanitary conditions of men's quarters. Of what I saw of the inspector of our boat, he certainly needed to apply all his knowledge of hygiene and a great deal more on himself. The duties of common hands are like "a woman's work is never done." In addition to killing, scalping, towing, loading and tallying seals, they stand at watch, take turns at the wheel, chop ice for water, shift ballast and coal, scrape snow, blood and fat off the deck and do a long list of such tedious work. Nowhere in the North American continent do people work so hard for so little recompense.

We must have got into the "slob" or loose ice shortly before midnight. I was lying in my bunk trying to sleep but the rattling of the chain and shrieking of the winches had kept me half awake. Suddenly the heave of the boat lessened. I opened the porthole wider and could see through the haze a whole ocean of floe ice dashing against one another, whirling and dancing wildly with the waves. Outside my room some one said, "A wonnerful wheeler she is, we'll be into de fat afore lang." I gathered we had a speedy boat and we would be among the seals before long. The prediction almost came true. By morning the old ship was butting heavy ice. At every butt she jumped and quivered from stem to stern. She screeched as her steel sides scraped the edge of the ice pans.

Mr. Roy's further adventures on this most dangerous of all hunts will be concluded in the December Issue.

Light, noiseless and comfortable

throughout the trip

When going into the bogs and black growth for the big bucks, you must have dependable feet—in dependable shoes. "U. S." Blue Ribbon Yugo Hunting Shoes are just that.

There's little breaking-in to do—we've done most of it. The uppers, though soft and pliable, are tough enough to insure you against snags. The soles are corrugated and you can tramp through mucky swamps and swales with dry feet.

Perhaps the greatest virtue of the Yugo Hunting Shoes is the specially constructed heel which hugs your heel and thus prevents that chafing and blistering which may so easily ruin an otherwise perfect day.

If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from us. Specify size and height of upper.

Prices, with or without heel

10" top—$7.00 14" top—$8.75
12" top—$7.50 16" top—$9.25

UNITED STATES RUBBER CO.,
280 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Send me postpaid one pair "U.S." Blue Ribbon Yugo Hunting Shoes.

Size____ Top____ Heel*____
Enclosed is $____
Name____
Address____
City____ State____

*Shoes will be sent with heel unless otherwise specified.

"U.S." Blue Ribbon YUGO *Hunting Shoe*

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By PAUL BURRESS

Hibernating the Outboard Motor

RETIRE when you see the white of Old Man Winter's eyes. Just about this time of year, thoughts are given to the storage of the outboard outfit for the winter. A cool day comes, reports of storms in the Canadian west awaken our instinctive desire to prepare for winter. Outboarders need not be so concerned about a sudden cold blast out of the north as are our inboard motor boat brothers. The haulout problem is simple.

The average outdoorsman enjoys October and November more than any other part of the year; particularly the outboarder whose fishing and hunting season in the north are lengthened into the crisp tinge of late fall. Those of us who are not fortunate enough to flee to the West or evade winter on the Florida waterways have the pleasure of reconditioning our boats and motors and the anticipation of spring trials. Outboard days are never over. The seasoned enthusiast finds the basement shop as alluring as the open waterway trails.

Look ahead to that first warm day in the spring when the air is balmy and the water is smooth and inviting. You have experienced many such days during your kid days; but then you trod the soft thawed banks without concern. This coming spring you will have your outboard to explore the creek banks for the ravages of winter, to locate the new holes caused by the winter ice jams and to witness your summertime in the making.

When you haul out the old motor for this trip, will it complain of rustitis or lumbago? Will it start with the first pull of the rope? Be square with yourself by giving your best outdoor friend a break during the winter months. Here's how to do it.

Most motors have a pressure vacuum system of water cooling, and the water will drain out if it is placed upright and rocked from side to side. If your motor has a plunger pump, take out the screw on the side of the pump and the water will drain out.

Next give attention to the ignition system. Take off the magneto flywheel and look over the breaker points. If they are corroded or rough, fold some "00" sandpaper and draw it through between the points until they fit perfectly tight. Then clean them off with a cloth soaked in gasoline. Do not oil. Clean the points the same way if you have a battery ignition motor. Wipe away all grease and dirt in the timer case or magneto. Check all the wiring to see that all connections are tight, reassemble the magneto or timer and put back the flywheel. The flywheel nut must be on tight otherwise you may shear off the top end of your crank shaft. Before replacing the flywheel, examine the key and slot. If it is worn slightly, order a new one for the few nickels' cost will save you a lot of trouble later when you do not expect it.

Take off the carburetor, gas line and tank. Remove the strainer on the bottom of the tank and clean it. Remove any residue that has formed in the bottom of the drain and wash it out with clean gas. Clean out the gas line with air pressure or a swab on the end of a piece of wire. Clean out the carburetor paying particular attention to the settling basin. Scrape out any residue that has accumulated there. Examine the cork float, it may be chewed up or gas logged. It is well to dry out the float thoroughly and then give it a light coat of shellac which will keep it buoyant. Reassemble the carburetor and set aside until the other parts of the motor have been gone over.

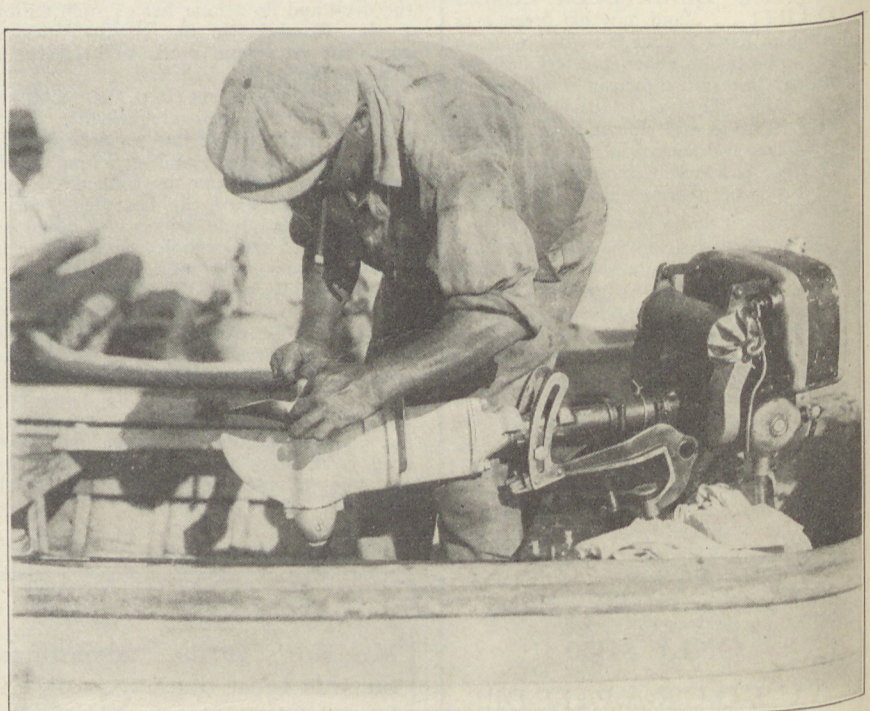
Take off the muffler and its manifolds. Clean out all carbon and open all holes in the muffler shell. If the exhaust manifold gaskets are worn order new ones.

We come to the business end of the motor next: the cylinders or power head. If the motor is new, or has been run under 100 hours, removal of the cylinders will not be necessary unless you suspect excess carbon or loose bearings. If you have no suspicions in this regard, remove the spark plugs and squirt a couple of ounces of cylinder oil into each of the spark plug openings, all the while turning the motor over to distribute the oil evenly over the cylinder walls. Put corks in the plug openings and clean and wrap plugs in oiled paper.

If the motor shows considerable wear, pull off the cylinders, being careful not to tear the gaskets. Examine the pistons and cylinder walls for scoring or scratches. Also determine the wear on the wrist pins and be sure that the connecting rod bearings are tight. If there are roller or ball bearings in the power head, oil them well for they will be very susceptible to rust during storage. Low compression in the cylinders is often caused by the piston rings becoming stuck in their grooves due to carbon deposit. If they are not free, remove them and clean out the grooves. The rings may have lost their temper due to overheating of the motor and if so they should be replaced and lapped in to insure a tight and satisfactory job. Remove all carbon from the piston head and the cylinder head by scraping and finish with fine sandpaper. Before assembling the pistons and cylinders, give the working parts a generous coating of oil. The gas lines, carburetor, muffler and gasoline tank may now be reassembled.

Cleaning the lower unit or gear housing can best be accomplished by removing the entire unit. This housing operates under water and you will probably find there is a trace of moisture there which must be removed. Roller and ball bearings and gears in this unit are susceptible to rust even though operating in a grease bath. Remove all of the old grease and wash out the unit with gasoline. A more thorough job can be done if the lower unit is completely disassembled. This will permit inspection of the working parts for wear. Wash the parts in gasoline to remove grease and grit, flush with oil and then fill the unit with new grease. Remove the propeller and replace the shear pin if it shows wear. Dress the nicks out of the propeller using a light hammer with the propeller blade backed by a heavy smooth piece of metal and then carefully dress with a fine file.

After the motor is assembled, go over it with gasoline, using a small varnish brush which will remove all of the old grease and dirt. Wipe it dry and then polish all aluminum and nickel parts. After wiping the entire motor with an oily cloth it is then ready to be put away. Perhaps the best



Overhauling your motor during the winter will save you many arduous hours in the spring when outdoor time is pleasant and precious. (Subject is Ed Brown, president of the Florida Div. Izaak Walton League. Ed is still waiting for a snow so that he can work on his motor at home.)

method is to hang the motor on a 2x6 inch plank in the same position as when mounted on the transom of your boat. Store the motor in a dry and preferably warm place and cover it with a paper bag or canvas cover.

Such preparation for the spring will save you many arduous hours and the delay and expense of shipping your motor to the manufacturer during the busy season. Unless your motor needs a complete mechanical overhauling, this conditioning for the spring will require little time. You are fortunate if you enjoy this kind of pastime and have a comfortable, roomy and warm place where you may spend your leisure winter hours in reconditioning your boat and motor.

We hope that you can carry your motor south this winter to duplicate this catch of Florida "blacks"

There are many new and practical devices such as steering wheel, reserve fuel tanks, remote control and storage compartments which you may incorporate into your outboard outfit during the long winter evenings. Find a neighbor who is also interested in boating and combine your efforts and judgment for your mutual benefits. When spring comes you will have enjoyed your leisure winter hours and will be all set to go with craft and driver entirely in tune with the spirit of the season.

* * * *

OUTBOARD RACE DIVISIONS

Divisions I and II, as set forth in the official Outboard Racing Rules as adopted by all Associations for 1929, apply to drivers and not racing equipment.

Division I drivers are those who have competed and finished in less than 15 complete races in a given class.

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A recognized American record must be made only over distances of five, six, ten and fifteen miles and mile trials made over statute and nautical miles in each of the several classifications of engines, by drivers of Divisions I and II. A land mile is 5,280 feet in length whereas the nautical mile is 6,080 feet or 1.1515 land miles.

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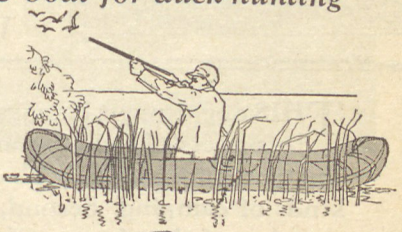

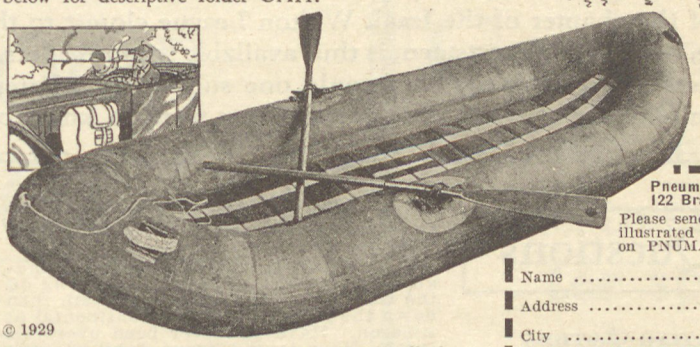

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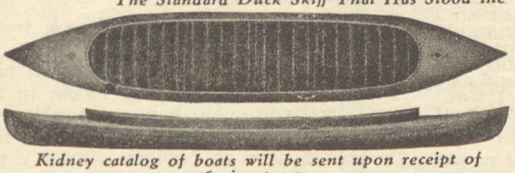

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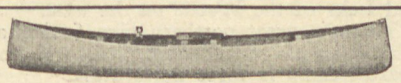

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is gone, but how about the one you caught? You surely have a snapshot of that one, or of an especially fine brace of ducks, or one that reminds you of a perfect day of hunting or fishing. Why not have a photographic enlargement painted in oils for your study or office?

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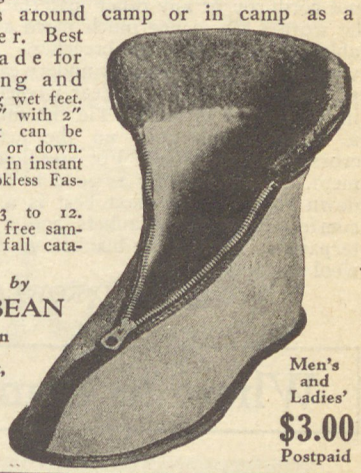

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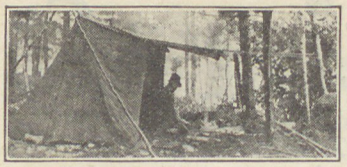
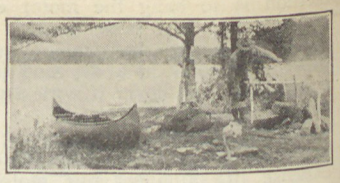


Camping

Where When How



THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

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DRY FLY FISHING in BRITISH COLUMBIA

Anglers may enjoy this engrossing sport in the inland streams and lakes of the province, March to November. All fishing grounds are easy of access by motor or rail. Salmon-fishing with fly or by trolling in coastal waters, early spring and at best July to October. Big game and game-birds abundant. Competent guides and outfitters at all points. Comfortable stopping-places. Some of the most sporting golf courses in the world. An ideal resort for fisherman, hunter or vacationist. All particulars from Bureau of Provincial Information, Victoria, B.C.

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The best country left in North America for a real hunting trip. The most experienced guides and the finest outfits. Any size party. Season is from Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th. Write or wire. Camera or rifle hunting.

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Pitch your tent in the pine woods; let the game of field and stream be your fodder!

Camping on the trail of the best winter sport *in* America!

IT leads to the thousands of lakes and streams, the miles of coast line on ocean and gulf and the great virgin timber regions of Northwest Florida—this trail of America's greatest winter sport for the outdoor man! Your favorite game may be bear or deer or wildcats, duck or wild turkey. And when you cast a rod in fresh water there are fighting bass waiting for your lure. In Florida's salt waters, as every sportsman knows, the finest of winter fishing is the yearly rule. If you've never tasted the thrill of battling some of the salt water fighters, try it out this year. When you lay aside rod and gun for a day, golf and other sports are available practically everywhere in Florida. Hunting and fishing laws and fees are reasonable. Send for free booklet and information you want to complete your plans for your Florida vacation this winter.

This invitation is extended by authority of the Legislature of Florida

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
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THE SUNSHINE STATE

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THESE are genuine Finnish Kauhavan "Puukko" hunting and fishing knives. Not production products, but made individually by trained and skilled craftsmen whose fathers and grandfathers made knives before them at Kauhava, Finland.

No. 12 4" blade $3.50

Blades are *hand forged* from highest grade *Swedish steel*, one piece, from point to top of handle. They will stand up under service and punishment ruinous to the average knife.

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Handles of brightly colored galalith shaped to fit the hand are practical and fine appearing.

A fine utility knife for fishing, hunting, skinning, camp and tourist use.

Sheaths are pressed from fine grade leather perfectly seamed, with new silver metal caps and tips.

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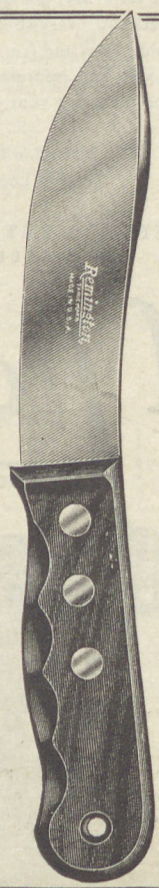


MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER
From the Wilderness

In camp,
Lake of the Woods.

DEAR WALTONIANS:

Abruptly, between dusk and dawn, summer departed and autumn arrived at Lake of the Woods. The first day of September was as warm and smoky as the thirty or forty rainless ones that preceded it; the second was cold, stormy and decidedly wet. Since then, we have had a lot of cloudy, windy days, with but brief intervals of calm waters and clear skies.

It surprises me, somewhat, to realize that I actually welcome the cooler weather. While the air was luxuriously warm and I pottered about in my birthday clothes, I sometimes wished that summer would last, indefinitely. Now, that notion is dispelled and I am really enjoying the cozy feel of woolens and a stove-heated tent.

Many years ago, during a campfire discussion, my hunting partner and I agreed that, for a Northwoods holiday, the last half of September and the first half of October constituted the best month in the year. Obviously, our chief interests were hunting and fishing. Had we then known the fascination of botanical and entomological observation, we would have felt less certain of the ideal vacation period.

Without doubt, autumn has much to recommend it to campers. Summer's unique advantages are fully compensated. Lower temperatures banish languorous passivity and induce energetic activity. Insect annoyances cease; fish bite more readily—and taste better; variegated colors beautify the hillsides; birds and animals emerge from their comparative retirement and seem anxious to show us their new fall coats, the long-neglected sourdough pail becomes popular again and the table butter retains both its shape and its original flavor.

During August, this region suffered from drought. Wherever the soil was thin and exposed to the mid-day sun, the foliage of deciduous trees and shrubs curled and fell. In many places, the ground was thickly covered with dead—though still green—leaves that were "crackling," almost explosively dry.

So full of smoke was the air, visibility seldom extended more than a mile and islands at a quarter that distance were frequently obscured. Scouting and service planes of the Canadian Forest Branch were often hindered, and sometimes prevented from making their flights to and from the many fire areas. Streams tributary to Lake of the Woods dwindled to a small fraction of their normal flow and the lake, itself, lowered several feet. Had the hot, dry weather continued another week, I feel certain that a widespread conflagration would have been inevitable.

Such conditions, of course, are detrimental to any region, as a whole, but their only direct effect on me was purely aesthetic. By veiling the skies, the smoke deprived me of a cherished joy that has come to mean a great deal to me. I saw some remarkably beautiful pictures—such as trios of deer posing, alertly motionless, on a narrow beach, framed in leafy green and illuminated by the newly-risen sun—but no terrestrial sight can ever affect me so profoundly as do the sublime splendors of the heavens.

The bears had a bad time. Harassed by the numerous fires and emboldened by hunger (the berry, fruit and nut crops were extremely scant) some of them wandered into inhabited localities and paid for their indiscretion with their lives. I was told that, during August, seven of them were killed, near Kenora, and all were thin, utterly devoid of the fat they generally acquire at this season, and on which they depend, for nourishment, during hibernation. How the survivors can find enough food, before the freeze-up, to fortify them for their long fast, I don't know. If any reader of this letter will give me any first-hand information about it, I shall be grateful. I like bears and would be glad to learn that they won't be forced to go to their dens with empty bellies and spare ribs.

The long period of blustery, unsettled weather that followed the Labor Day storm, caused me little, if any, physical discomfort; but, while it lasted, typewriting under my flimsy, unwalled canopy was impracticable. Careless procrastination had resulted in a formidable accumulation of unanswered correspondence and I was shamefully late with two promised articles for November publications.

By the end of that tempestuous week, my habitual serenity had changed to nervous, conscience-smitten anxiety. Then I pitched my big winter tent, set up the fragile remains of last year's rust-eaten, sheetiron stove and moved the "office" into weatherproof quarters.

This tent is a huge affair (12′ x 16′ with 5½′ walls), so, until it is furnished, fitted and banked for winter, I shall have plenty of manual work to relieve the monotony of writing, and to keep me healthy and happy, if not wise.

I see very little of my squirrels these days. Probably they are too busy—harvesting and hoarding—to bother with humans. They come for their bacon rinds every morning, noon and night, but, if I don't attend to them immediately, off they scamper, and I don't see them again for hours. I wonder if they would be quite so industrious if they knew I had decided to remain here all winter.

Nearly every evening a large skunk comes in and investigates minutely every square inch of the floor. Fortunately for me and the safety of my provisions, it never climbs a table leg, nor even a box. At first I didn't like this skunk. It seemed to "carry a chip on its shoulder." I fancied it was a rather surly individual and something of a bully. Now, it shows none of those traits, but acts as if it were wholly indifferent to my presence. If I stand in its way, it walks over my feet. Once it kept a paw on my shoe for several minutes, while it listened to some outside sounds. Apparently it was unconscious of possible danger. As I am kindly disposed toward dumb animals, I didn't kick it, but waited patiently until it passed on. With the slightest encouragement—which means food—this skunk will stay in the tent from dusk until midnight. Perhaps it remains longer, but I generally go bye-bye about that time.

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 31)

Texas Commission Selects Executive Officer

TEXAS: The office of Game, Fish and Oyster Commissioner was abolished and a Game, Fish and Oyster Commission of six members was created, the new Commissioners to be appointed for alternating terms of six years each with power to select own executive officer. Closed coastal bays to use of drag seines to improve fishing.

UTAH: Bears were taken off the protected list, a step backward, and seining was allowed in Utah Lake beginning September 25, 1929.

VERMONT: Made changes in issuance of hunting and trapping licenses; Commissioner denied the right to restore licenses revoked for law violations; regulating seasons on all fur-bearing animals; new laws governing taking of wild ducks and geese; bounty for bobcats raised from $8 to $10.

Washington Protects Famous Steelhead

WASHINGTON: A most important clause in the new law makes it a crime for a hunter to fail to properly dress, care for and utilize his kill within twenty-four hours. The offense is punishable by a fine of from $250 to $1,000, or a jail sentence of not more than one year, or both. *The law further provides that to kill any game bird, animal or fish and needlessly to allow it to waste is a misdemeanor.*

The famous steelhead trout of the west coast was put on the game fish list, and its sale prohibited. Hurrah for Washington!

WEST VIRGINIA: The name of the department changed from Game and Fish Commission to Game, Fish and Forestry Commission. Commission authorized to establish, operate and maintain fish hatcheries; all persons engaged in the propagation of game, food or bait fish must secure a license. The fee for hunting licenses was raised to $1.25 and all hunters are now required to wear an identification tag on their outer garments while hunting. Legislature also passed a bill protecting wild flowers and fixing heavy penalties which will not only protect wild flowers but be *a boon to the farmers.*

Wisconsin Sets New Pace

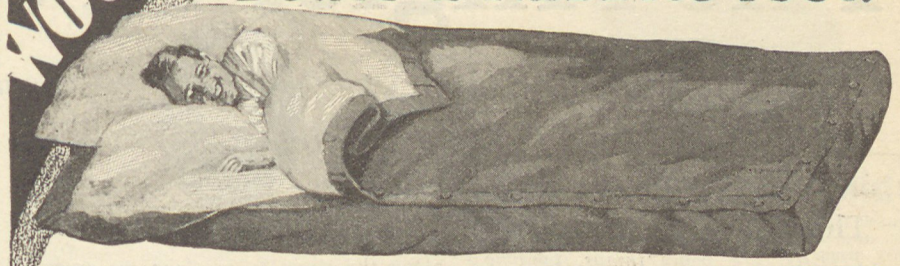
WISCONSIN: Authorizing the establishment of refuges; requiring hunting and fishing licensees to wear identification buttons; and regulating ice fishing, heretofore much abused. Black bears added to list of animals upon which there is a closed season; and a new innovation in the upper Middle West, "Silent Wednesdays" on ducks.

One of the most important conservation laws of 1929 was an amendment to the Wisconsin law which directs the Railroad Commission *to consider scenic and recreational values when passing upon applications for power permits.* Every state should have this provision in its laws.

WYOMING: The most important legislation was the creation of a separate game and fish fund, entirely available to the Commission, and vesting the Commission with more discretionary powers.

Many of these changes in the laws were sponsored by the Izaak Walton League; others by cooperating organizations and state departments.

WOODS "Comfort at Night Beats a Rabbit's foot!"



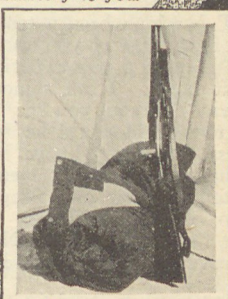
Real SLEEP for LUCK

YOU take any kind of a "break" that comes, when you're full of life and energy from a good night's rest in your Woods Arctic Down Sleeping Robe.

Wherever you are—from the Staked Plains of Texas to the Land of Little Sticks, up beyond the new railroad to Hudson Bay, it's a grand, fine world and the goose hangs high! Mean weather and tough going just add spice to the hunt.

In your Woods Arctic you have self-regulating protection for all weather—down to sub-zero—without change. The world's lightest and warmest hunter's bed-roll. In camp, cabin or shack, or your own home sleeping porch, with proper shelter you're sure to sleep warm. No fighting goose-flesh in the small hours. Camp-fire comfort all night, without the fire.

See your dealer today, or write to us. Illustrated folders for you FREE give sizes and prices. Read how made, how self-regulated and insulated with Woods Everlive Down from Northern waterfowl, and responsibly guaranteed satisfactory to you.



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SEND YOUR TROPHIES and skins to us for reliable taxidermists' service—established 25 years—equipped to handle anything in the line of taxidermy, furs, tanning, rugs and robes. Experts on fish mounting; taxidermists' supplies.

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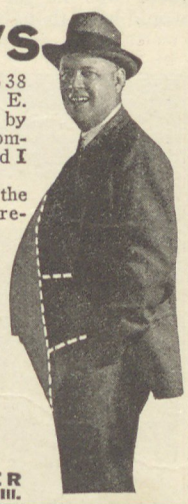

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the *cause* of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Preliminary Cast
The Thanksgiving Spirit

THERE are many things, tangible and intangible, for which I am thankful; but, above all, I am thankful for God's Out-O'Doors, the blandishment, the woo, the recreative power of it.

Fishing in a Snowstorm

IT has long been a tenet of my outdoor faith that if you can not journey far to enjoy a new experience, you can find it at home. I am something like Henry David Thoreau, you see, who thought that all the world could be found in Concord, Mass. I don't know but that he was right, too! Some men travel further seated by their own fireplaces than others who encircle the globe. So, if you can't fish, like Zane Grey, in New Zealand, why, discover a New Zealand in your own backyard.

This month, just because it is Thanksgiving, and just because I feel like it, I want to spin a yarn and weave a moral: that is, I *think* there is a moral, though the reader must judge of that for himself. So to the spinning:

The day was "dark and cold and dreary," heavy gray clouds seemed to all but touch the bare tree-tops, while the dead wind sighed and droned mournfully. The barometer on my study wall registered 28/5. All Nature seemed hesitant, expectant. A very devil of unrest possessed me, as is always the case when there is a "low," for my physical being seems subtly conscious of barometric changes. I looked at my row of casting rods hanging, rank on rank, in my tackle-closet. The fishing season was over, yet they teased for one more venture, one more chance at their enemy, at least so it seemed to me. I walked to the window and gazed out upon the sere and sad landscape. I knew it was going to snow. I "felt it in every bone," if you please. I sat down at the typewriter, a trayful of OUTDOOR AMERICA correspondence demanding attention, but I just couldn't concentrate.

I jumped up, grabbed my always ready tackle-box, selected one of those solid steel rods, and plunged downstairs. I was sure going to chase those mad devils away.

My wife's astonishment was great, when I appeared, garbed for fishing. "What in the world!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know we are going to have a storm? Don't you know nobody in their senses goes fishing in November? Why, O. W., think what the neighbors will say!"

Shakespeare has it that "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," but he was all wrong; it is not conscience, but neighbors that put fear into our hearts. Not one of us dares live our own lives, do as we desire for twelve consecutive hours.

"Woman," quoth I, "woman, I am going fishing in spite of the pregnant storm, be it thunder, rain, hail or snow; I am going fishing even if all my neighbors line up along the street to proclaim me crazy; I am going fishing, probably for the last time this year, but I am going fishing!"

"Well," she replied, with resignation, "perhaps the neighbors are right, and you are a 'nut,' but I like nuts—and fish—so go and have a good time."

I am free to confess that I stole down the alley, and took back streets to the lake, and glanced in all directions before I shoved my boat out into the water and climbed in. While we men profess not to "give a hang" for what our neighbors think or say, the fact of the matter is, "social controls" are powerful. I was glad when I got out on the surface of the lake, away from possible interruption and questioning.

How strange and almost unreal the lake, though I was perfectly familiar with it. The bare trees along shore so unlike what they were two months earlier. Even the weed-beds had disappeared, save for a few brown stalks here and there, monuments to the departed rafts. The water itself seemed changed, different, appearing black and fearful, though probably it was merely the reflection of the low-hanging clouds. The breeze, which stirred the bare branches not at all, set the surface of the water a-ripple, and the little wavelets laughed at me as they caressed the bow of the boat.

"Probably I'll not get a fish," I told myself, "but I will at least have a good row before it snows, and I may try a few experimental casts, just to remind my hand of what wonderful days we have had together the last six months, it and I. Who cares whether we take a fish or not, for have we not been saying over and over again in OUTDOOR AMERICA that 'it is not all of fishing to take fish'?"

Though a storm was imminent and the cold breath of the wind indicated snow, there was no ice anywhere, though one would have thought the thermometer below freezing; however, the reading at 7 o'clock was 36, cold enough in all conscience. I knew my casting hand would get cold, but then I didn't expect to cast—much. So I urged the boat along, out past Castle Point, where I had secured many fine messes of yellow perch, into "Fundy Bay," where the croppie hung out, around Cedar Point into Black Bay, the home of largemouth bass. Of course, the rafts of weeds had disappeared, the autumnal storms having attended to that, but where Long Creek entered, the brown marsh-grass waved brave defiance to approaching winter.

Anchoring my boat well off the mouth of the creek, where the water was deep, I picked up my rod. Of course, it was all ready for casting. I had seen to that before I left the shelter of the boat-house. The plug which I had attached, an ancient wobbler, seemed incongruous somehow, utterly out of place. Just the same, I sent it out, to land far in-shore with an audible splash. I reeled, thankful for the line-laying device which obviated handling the wet line. Nothing happened, and I cast a second time, reeling faster, so submerging the plug more deeply. Yet once more the lure came in without interference.

I changed then, attaching a spoon contrivance of my own with a trailing hook, to which I attached a preserved shiner minnow from a jar in my tackle-box. Thinking it might be wise to go down, deep down, I added a medium-heavy sinker. Again I sent my lure out, but in a slightly different direction, out where I knew the water was deeper than off the mouth of the creek, and allowed the rig to settle well before I began to reel.

It was then that I noticed the first flakes of snow, feathery baby-crib blankets they were too, wet as wet. They no sooner touched my clothes than they melted. The first adventurous flakes down, others followed to see what had become of them, and remained themselves. It was wonderful, just wonderful, to watch them, and I all but forgot about my minnow-baited spoon away out in the deeps. "Feeling it" with the rod, I discovered it was on the

Find the Angling Editor.

bottom and, knowing there was nothing out there upon which it could snag, I let it lie, turning again to the contemplation of the storm. The flakes were falling thickly now, and not so large, getting down to business. I could see only a white wall out on the lake, and before I knew it the shore was dim, and my clothing coated with white. Perceptibly it had grown colder, and I made up my mind that I better give my November fishing up as a fool's job.

I picked up the rod once more, my hands warm from a lengthy visit in my pockets, and began to reel. The slack line came in all right, but the hook did not seem to move. Then I used force, for the rod will stand anything in reason. Instantly the hook came to life. Something was fast to it, out there in the gray beyond. Such a mysterious, strange fight as it was! In the first place, it was strange that a bass would pick up a dead minnow, but one had. And sitting there in the shrouding snow, I played him.

It was for all the world like fishing in the night. I could tell only by the feel what the fish was doing. Forth and back he raged, twisting, jerking, plunging, as well organized bronze-backs will always do; and I, on my part, met every rush and movement with the butt, the lissom steel bending to the strain. It was in no sense a spectacular battle, for, insofar as I was concerned, all I knew of it was the pull and twist of the line. That the fish was a good one I realized, and that he fought with all the speed and grim determination of an October specimen I knew right well.

How long the fight continued I do not know, though probably somewhere between 15 and 20 minutes. I know I was thoroughly chilled, for there was little exercise in it for me, when at last he came alongside, still kicking feebly, still unconquered, though vanquished. I hadn't bothered to set up my landing-net, so perforce I lifted him in "by hand." His magnificent proportions surprised me, for I discovered him to be an unusual fish, such a boon as the Fates sometimes bestow upon foolish anglers. I need not add that I did not pause to admire for long, for the snow was coming down heavily, determinedly, and the shore line was all but shut out.

I bent to the oars with a will, glad to "warm up," and eager to get a bit nearer shore, for to be lost out there in that blinding swirl of feathery flakes might indeed be serious. There was not enough wind to help much, and anyway, I wanted to get in. I just knew I could settle down and answer those waiting correspondents. So I followed the shore line around, considerably lengthening my journey, but I knew it was safer. At last I reached the boathouse, and pulled in my craft, coated with snow as it was.

As luck would have it, a neighbor was in the boathouse putting up his motor boat for the winter, and at my appearance he set up a laugh.

"Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! And you've been fishing! Of all the crazy, crack-brained things you have ever done, neighbor, and you have done a lot of them, this is the craziest!"

I said nothing. Cleaned my boat while he continued to razz me. Surreptitiously, while his back was turned, I slipped the bass in behind a life preserver where it could not be seen, and kept on with my work, dallying so that he would be ready to go out with me.

Well, I have had some triumphs in my time, but that of picking up the fish when at last we started for home caps them all. It *was* a beautiful fish for anytime and anywhere, but to take it in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, that was the wonder of it all. Of course, I never until now confessed exactly as to the methods used in the taking. If some believe I got him on an artificial fly, while others think I got him plugging, who will rise up and blame me? Anyhow, we had a 6-pound black bass planked for Thanksgiving dinner.

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

BROWN AND BROOK TROUT

Dear O. W.: Is it all right to plant brookies in Little Sioux and brown in Big Sioux? It is true brown drive out brookies?—G. B., Wisc.

(The above is a portion of a wire recently received asking about two Wisconsin streams with which I am perfectly familiar, and as the question is one of general interest, I am taking the liberty of publishing my reply here.—O. W.)

Sir: Your wire just to hand. By all means plant brook trout—our native fish—in Little Sioux. They will do well there, as it is a natural stream for them, clear and cold. I would never, unless the temperature of the water rises above the durance of brook trout, plant brown in the stream. As to planting brown in Big Sioux, would say that personally I much prefer rainbow, though I understand we are not pushing rainbow culture, owing to the fact that they are spring spawners. The stream is too warm nowadays for brookies, but rainbow still do well, and are in every way, to my thinking, superior to the brown, both as to fly fish and in the pan. There is no fish in fresh water quite so active as a well conditioned rainbow. Now to the problem you raise as to brown driving out brookies, would say that fish culturists are not agreed, but you will find that when the stronger, more rapid growing browns obtain a foothold—should I say finhold?—in a brook trout stream the latter surely disappear. As you know, the brown is a rapid grower, a lusty, hungry fish, quickly making a stream its own. Inasmuch as the brown can get along with a higher temperature it seems to me unwise to plant him in streams still tenable for brookie and rainbow. Already there are numbers of brown in the Sioux River, so I suppose they are bound to capture the stream.—O. W.

CAST, CAST AND CAST!

Dear O. W.: I have a high class 9 ft. rod with which I am using a g line, but do my best I can't get out over 25 feet of line. I have read books and followed various instructions, but to date I have been unable to lengthen my cast. What's the trouble?—J. W. L., Mo.

Sir: You do not state the weight of your rod, which is fully as important as length: enters also the action, stiff, medium or whippy. Undoubtedly if you were using a different weight line—I am speaking in general terms—you would have better success. Understand, the particular name, i. e., make of rod and line, is of little moment in the matter of distance and control; those matters are up to you. Of course length, action and weight are material. Ability to get out line, control also, comes only after much practice. My thought would be have some experienced fly-caster try out your outfit, then correct if advised; after which cast and cast and cast, being content with short throws well controlled. Ability with the fly-rod is not won in a day.—O. W.

THE FIRST TUNA OF 1929

This happened on Friday, July 26th, at 2 P. M., off San Clemente Island, and the lucky angler was Mr. George C. Thomas III, of Beverly Hills. Mr. Thomas' tuna weighed 104½ lbs. He was fishing from Mr. A. R. Martin's cruiser Erna III, and Mr. Martin took the second tuna of the season, a fine fish of 109 lbs., the same afternoon.

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On Saturday, July 17th, three more tuna were brought into Avalon. Mr. George C. Thomas, Jr., of Beverly Hills, Past President of the Tuna Club, registering an 81-lb. and a 116½-lb. fish. Mr. A. R. Martin, who is also from Beverly Hills, scoring again with a 108½-lb. fish.

All fish were taken on regulation Tuna Club heavy tackle by club members. These catches have revived enthusiasm in the game, which was on the wane, as this is the latest date for the first tuna of the season for the past twenty years. In 1909 the first tuna made his debut on August 19th.—L. P. Streeter, Historian Tuna Club, Santa Catalina Island.

At the annual meeting of the Tuna Club, held at Avalon, Cal., Saturday evening, August 3, the following officers were elected:

President—Carl F. Johnson, Pasadena.
Vice President—William C. de Mille, Hollywood.
Secretary—Ralph Bandini, Los Angeles.

These gentlemen, with A. C. Brode and J. B. Winston, comprise the Board of Directors.

This club, the pioneer sea angling organization on the Pacific Coast, is taking an active interest in the cause of the conservation of our salt water game fish. We are facing a most acute situation due to excessive commercial netting, which is worthy of the careful attention of all conservationists.

THE GROWTH OF FISH

School Teacher—"Do fish grow fast?"
Tommy—"I should say so. Father caught one once and it grows six inches every time he tells about it."

TO KEEP LIVE FROGS

Dear O. W.: Will you tell me how to keep some live frogs in confinement?—W. F. T., Iowa.

Sir: The keeping of frogs calls for considerable room and paraphernalia. If you are supplied with running water, which is almost essential, the proper thing is a large tank covered with a screen. Be sure and place some blocks of wood in the tank—"floats"—for the frogs to rest upon. Feed sparingly with any of the prepared foods or supply your charges with insects—flies, grasshoppers, etc. The frog is not overly particular as to food. Fresh beef, chopped fine, is acceptable. One can keep a limited number in the basement. Provide yourself with a lard can with a faucet near the bottom. Place on a shelf so that the water will trickle slowly, falling 5 or 6 ft., if possible, into a large candy pail. The pail will have a screened cover to prevent the gymnastic fellows from leaping free, the stream or trickle of water splashing through the screen. A float must be provided, say 6 inches square. Empty nearly all the water from the pail and set the stream going, being sure your tank on the shelf contains no more than will fill the pail to within 4 inches of the top. Provide yourself with a second pail, and when you wish to clean house turn off all the water, remove the float, and with a quick movement dump the frogs into the new pail. Clean often and thoroughly, for cleanliness is necessary in keeping any live bait. Feed sparingly. Do not allow decaying food to accumulate.—O. W.

CONCERNING CROWDADS

Dear O. W.: Will you kindly tell me how to keep crowdads?—E. K., Mo.

Sir: There is little difficulty in capturing or keeping "crowdads," providing your streams are supplied with them and that you are a bit cleanly in your operations, for in spite of the crowdad's—helgramite's—horrid appearance it is really a very cleanly creature. You will find them under stones, and by placing a dip net just below, then loosening the stones, you will find they will literally fall into your net. I have secured six from a single stone. As to keeping, provide yourself with a stone jar, or lard can, to the bottom of which you have had the tinner solder a small faucet. Put some stones in the bottom. Fill the vessel half or two-thirds full of leaves—plantain is best—and cover with water. Put in the helgramites and draw off all but a couple of inches or so of water. Change and clean frequently, for, as I have said, the creature is cleanly, and unless his home is kept spick and span he will just say, "Now I lay me," and pass out.—O. W.

ARE YOU ONE?

A harmless lunatic leaned idly over the gate of the asylum fence watching a fisherman continuously casting into the stream and retrieving his lure; finally the following dialogue took place.

"What you doin', mister?"
"Fishing."
"Catch anything?"
"Not yet."
"How long you bin fishin'?"
"Eleven hours."
"Come on IN!"

WHITE PERCH ON FLIES

Dear O. W.: Will you tell me what flies to use for white perch?—N. H. R., Mass.

Sir: Unless feeding on or near the surface it is almost useless to undertake to capture any fish, white perch included, with artificial flies, though it can be accomplished by shotting the leader and going down; however, that is not fly-fishing, but trolling. As you know, the white perch (Morone Americana) is closely related to the striped bass and is often found associating with the smaller members of that family. It is a more satisfactory fly-fish when found landlocked, as it sometimes is, than when ascending brackish rivers which empty into the sea. No. 8 flies are about right, and along towards dusk Coachman, Gray Drake, Red Ibis, Royal Coachman, etc., will be found taking. However, it is as a bait fish that it is best known, small minnows and earth worms, shrimp or crab being all very taking.—O. W.

CATFISH AND CHEESE

Dear O. W.: I noticed D. E. C.'s, Kans., request for information as to catfish bait and thought perhaps an experience of mine might be of some aid. I fished a great deal in the Fox River where there are some cat, but without success until I tried brick cream cheese, cutting it into cubes about ½ inch square. The first time I used it, with four hooks, in five minutes I had a blue channel cat of nearly 6 lbs. The next day I got one of 4 lbs. This happened in April. In May I tried it again, getting 11 fish. My friends were greatly surprised, I being the only one who caught catfish, and I think because of the bait. So pass the word along to D. E. C.—J. J. B., Ill.

Sir: Undoubtedly D. E. C. will be glad for your suggestion regarding catfish bait. You may be interested to know that some anglers are in the habit of using limburger cheese for catfish, but I have never tried it, and I don't know that I would care to eat a fish that would eat limburger. Just the same, the strong cheeses are good medicine for cat, though, as I pointed out, I have found fish flesh, a bit high, the most taking bait. I have cut up chubs and exposed them to the sun for some hours, then employed the vile smelling stuff, with wonderful results. You will rightly say that decaying fish flesh has limburger pushed off the map in the matter of fragrance, but, then, you remember what Emerson said about consistency, don't you?—O. W.

ANGLER'S CABINET

*(From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—*EDITOR.)

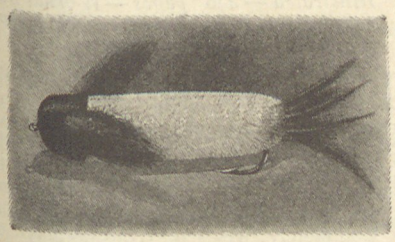
EVERYTHING YOU NEED

Here is an item that will tickle the fancy of the autoist, for it comprises everything a caster needs, even to a rod, all enclosed in a convenient case. Just

think of having such a package in the auto-coop, ready to slip into the car at an instant's warning; better, to have one stored under the seat all the time. Everything a caster requires, including rod, reel, line and plugs. If there is any go-light but right cranks reading this column, this will tickle them pink.

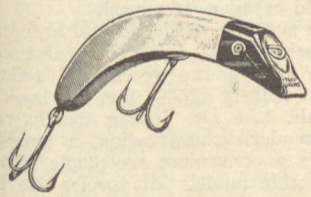
A NEW FLY ROD LURE

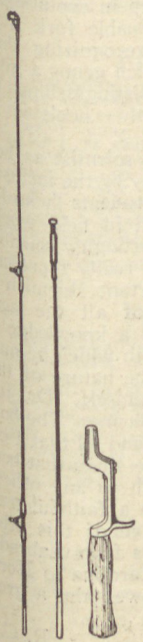
Pretty late in the day for a fly-rod lure, but there is another season coming. This is different all right, built by one who knows something about fishing, we're certain. This is as near a general purpose lure as we know for the fly-rod. Is either a surface or underwater, being the former if coated with dry-fly dope. In spite of its apparent size, it is light, lifts easily from the water, and is very attractive for bass. We have tried it out a bit and we are greatly pleased with it.



A TWISTING PLUG

Who was it said, "There's nothing new under the sun"? Well, whoever it was knew nothing about tackle, for there's always something new in that line. Of course no plug is absolutely original, but this one is as near it as anything we've seen lately. Its odd shape gives you some idea of its motion, but you must see it in action to properly appreciate it. Never saw a thing that could make quite so much commotion in the water, and dear love us, how the pike family falls for it, or rather rises for it. Mine is red and white, of course, and, believe me, it is a go-getter.





ANOTHER STEEL ROD

Every caster knows the quality of the true-temper steel rods, and many have bemoaned their awkwardness in auto or street car. Well, with that class of folks in mind, the makers have gotten out a jointed solid steel and, insofar as we can see, have not spoiled the action in the least. There is the butt with sunken reel-seat as usual, then a short joint and longer tip. The joint is reinforced so that there is no possibility of breaking, and no hint of "buckling" when one casts. We are sure this is going to appeal to anglers who like convenience, but it will not take the place of the old one-piece rod, one piece and handle. However, we are putting the new rod in our every-day outfit, which is the finest compliment we can pay.

N. B.

(N. B. stands for not bad, we think.) Here is a suggestion worth considering. Just look over this column and the ones that have gone before, and pick out a Christmas present for "him" or "her." Better than a spotted tie or other jimcrack.

Enjoy every minute!

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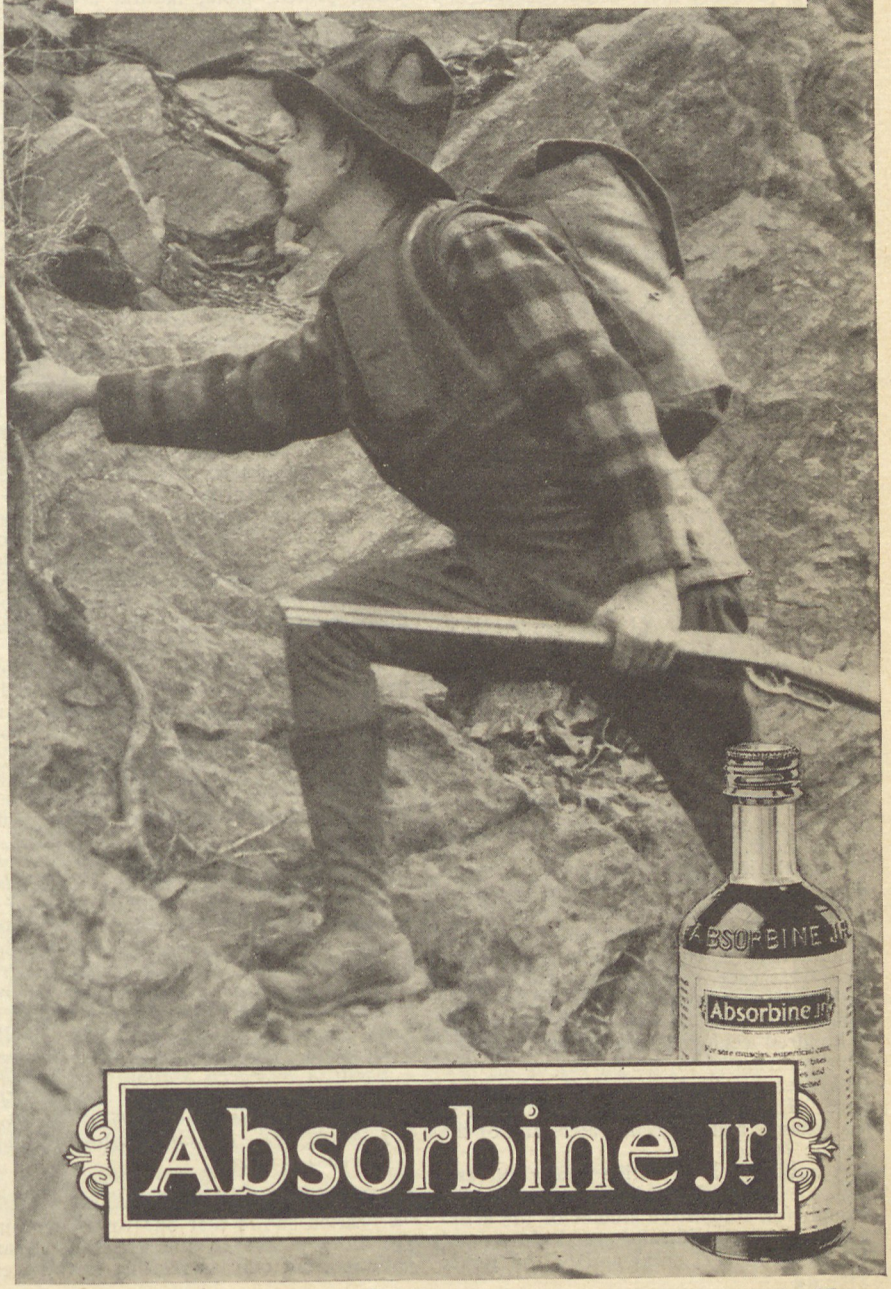

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

Assistant Reviewer, Ralph Cheyney
(Co-Editor Contemporary Verse)

PISTOL AND REVOLVER SHOOTING, *by A. L. A. Himmelwright—Illustrated—New Revised Edition—Decorated cloth and jacket, 8x5½—The Macmillan Co., New York, 1928—$4.00—Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THIS is a new and completely revised edition of the original issue of 1908, rendered necessary by changes and new developments in arms, ammunition and equipment since the earlier editions and reissues were published.

Many new phases of the subject are dealt with in the new material which the author has added to bring this standard handbook down to date. Much space has been given to constructive criticism of arms and ammunition, and one of the new chapters is devoted to the subject of hand loading, probably more comprehensive and complete than can be found elsewhere.

The fourteen chapters in the body of the book treat of Arms, Ammunition, Ballistics, Hand-Loading Ammunition, Sights, Shooting Position, Targets, Target Shooting—Practical and Historical, Practice Shooting, Revolver Practice for the Police, Pistol Shooting for Ladies, Clubs and Ranges, and Hints to Beginners, while in the appendices are to be found the Constitution and Rules of the U. S. Revolver Association, Rules and Regulations of U. S. R. A. Pistol and Revolver Leagues, War Department Tests of Automatic Pistols, Gunsmithing, Repairs, etc.

A most comprehensive and interesting volume treating of all kinds of pistols and revolvers and how most effectively to handle them.

T. A.

NATURALIST'S GUIDE TO THE AMERICAS, *Prepared by the Committee on the Preservation of Natural Conditions of the Ecological Society of America with assistance from numerous organizations and individuals. Assembled and edited by the chairman, Dr. Victor E. Shelford—Illustrated—761 XV pages—The Williams and Wilkins Co.—$8.00—Buy this book through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

TO attempt to give you an idea of a landscape by handing you a flower and a pebble that were part of it is but slightly more futile than to endeavor to give you an adequate idea of this great tome by making a few quotations from it or comments on it.

Even the ingenuity of the publisher seems to have flagged; for turning to the blurb on the jacket, that welcome resort of the lazy reviewer, all we can cull is the ungrammatical statement, "The most complete reference work on natural areas—authoritative, comprehensive." All of this it most assuredly is—and how! More than a hundred ecologists and other scientists have contributed to this survey of the natural areas and regions of the Americas north of the Amazon and of the islands in the Atlantic and adjacent waters and of the Pacific Islands.

A wealth of information vitally interesting to Waltonians abounds from the thoughtful, suggestive studies of the artistic, literary, scientific and practical uses and values of natural areas and of the forces making for their destruction or preservation at the beginning of this impressive volume to the list of local, state, territorial and national organizations interested in the preservation of natural conditions which appears at its end. "Game Preserves as Illustrated by Pennsylvania's Experience," "The Effect of Pollution on Animal Life," "The Administration of Wild Life in State and National Parks," "Descriptive List of North American Biota," these titles will give you an impression of the interest of the book.

Then realize that, in addition to many such contributions as these, every state and territory from Greenland and Alaska to the Guineas and the Galapagos Islands is considered from such standpoints as topography, soils, precipitation, temperature, plant communities, animal communities, original biota, present biota, natural areas (their size, location, character, etc.) and bibliography! Are you beginning to appreciate the scope of this book? If so, you also perceive that it belongs in every naturalist's and nature-lover's library.

Moreover, this monumental work should prove of real service in helping you to find the best answers to those vital questions: WHERE SHALL I GO FISHING? HUNTING? CAMPING? R. C.

BIRD RHYMES AND FIELD SONGS, *by Bert Dayton, twenty-one poems—Cloth, gold stamping—The Palisade Press, 125 Church St., New York City—$0.75—Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

"BIRD RHYMES" by Bert Dayton is a volume of twenty-one poems that lead us back again to the rolling green pasture of the farm, beneath the floating clouds and summer sky, where we hear the birds' cheerful song and laughter.

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Mr. Dayton, the author of the above volume, has lived out-of-doors with the birds; been inspired by their cheerful songs; and in writing this book has given the boys and girls of America, and the public in general, a book which is healthful and uplifting, as well as instructive and interesting, and should be of interest to everyone.

T. A.

REPORT ON MUSSEL PURIFICATION, *being an Account of the Establishment of a System of Purification of Polluted Mussels; of the Experimental Work upon which it is based; and of certain General Considerations and Suggestions regarding the Sewage Pollution of Shellfish in its Public Health Aspect, by R. W. Dodgson, Director of the Ministry's Shellfish Research Station, Conway—Illustrated—Cloth; quarto; 11x7½—His Majesty's Stationery Office, London, 1928—£1, 1s., 0d.—Net—Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THIS voluminous and exhaustive publication shows that our British cousins are fully awake to the evils of stream pollution, not only as relating to the preservation of the public health and the conservation of fish life, but to the salvation of the humble mussel as well.

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T. A.

MANUAL OF THE VERTEBRATE ANIMALS *of the Northeastern United States Inclusive of Marine Species, By Dr. David Starr Jordan with an Introduction by his co-worker for many years, Dr. Barton Warren Evermann—Thirteenth Edition Illustrated—446 pages—World Book Company—$4.00. Secure this book through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

FOR the man or woman of scientific bent, this manual by that "grand old man of the scientific world," Dr. David Starr Jordan, is invaluable. Dr. Jordan has for many years been recognized as the leader in his field. His career has been a most unusual one, but that is another story.

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The recognition of the scientist as hero is brought home forcefully by the inclusion in the dedication of five students "who lost their lives while engaged in field work." Undramatic as such a thoroughly scientific book as this may seem, it really represents the winning of an important skirmish in the greatest adventure of all the ages, man's struggle to master a knowledge of the other forms of life with which he must share this globe and of the nature of that oddest of animals: man himself. Dr. Jordan quotes Agassiz as declaring, "The book of nature is always open, and all that I can do will be to lead pupils to study that book and not to pin their faith to any other." Dr. Jordan's book is such a faithful transcript of part of one page of this other book, a page that stretches from Labrador to Manitoba and North Carolina to North Dakota, that the world owes him a great debt of gratitude.

R. C.

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Style on Point

THE more any of us become devoted to a single sport or a multitude of them, the more we establish ideals, which are nothing less than desire for the highest type of performance, and what comes as secondary to that exasperates us to a great measure. The bird dog man, when thinking of style on point, is no different from the angler with his fishing paraphernalia or the hunter with his guns.

The angler, in his initiate days, is contented with ordinary tools, until he becomes invested with new ideas which are developed through greater familiarity. Then he begins to value high class equipment. He sees the necessity for it, and realizes that with certain fine tackle he can attain certain ideals better than with crude equipment. In other words, his first days on fishing waters exhibited no other form than a raw one of flinging a lure with crude tools. Intimate acquaintance develops ideals which are really almost poetical, involving rhythmical movement and the ethical taking of fish.

A corollary exists with the hunter's firearms. Any shotgun at first serves its purpose of killing game, and the hunter derives considerable pleasure from the act. Later, however, the tool used plays its part. The more difficult wing shots become ambitions and ideals which take hold, and the consummation of the highest form of wing shooting results in the use of the smaller gauge firearms, as are constantly seen afield; present-day scattergun enthusiasts relegate to the gun cabinet the erstwhile dependable twelve for the smaller twenties, twenty-eights and the coming popular little efficient .410.

The sportsman is the very same with his bird dog. In his early career, bird dogs are bird dogs, somewhat modified by the personal partiality displayed for either pointer or setter. The act of pointing, the divine need of a bird dog, was never qualified nor mentally standardized. A point was a point. If the dog was staunch on it or held his birds until the gunner arrived, that was all there was to it, irrespective of the position the animal assumed.

After days afield, however, bird dog intricacies begin to be absorbed and that thing of recognition of class or style on point assumes amazing proportions. The mind wants to be entertained by the spectacular, an outstanding human tendency. Whereupon, a dog that crouches on his game in grotesque fashion loses a bit in esteem when compared with the one that assumes a certain high-headed, upstanding, rigid, statuesque pose. In other words, dog lovers strive for the latter as their ideal type of a dog on point and are never satisfied until it is accomplished, though ofttimes pointers and setters that point with their anatomy stretched out ungracefully may be as efficient in their act as the most stylish individuals. Often, too, some of the worst dubs that ever performed afield on game birds are exceedingly stylish in all their movements, as well as when on point. And this very fact occasionally causes the judgment of the arbiters of field trials and hunters to let an animal of great merit escape them, and fail to receive its just award.

When it comes to the matter of style on point influencing judgment, or emphasizing the bird handling ability of a dog, it is pardonable to repeat that often the worst dubs are the most stylish on point. The position which some of them can assume when on actual point or while false pointing could not be posed better were their actions entirely controlled by man.

One of the most perfect positions assumed by a short-haired dog was that of an animal belonging to a personal friend of mine, who has done his part to make history in dogdom. The blood lines and the beauty of the animal were the factors that caused him to effect its purchase. Its physical proportions could not escape the eyes of the veriest tyro. In my opinion, that big orange and white pointer, from head to tail, was the most perfect specimen of the breed I ever beheld. While on point, he actually bristled with style, though while I saw him hundreds of times on point and also the most soul-thrilling pictures that were taken of him, like his owner, I never once saw him point a game bird or ever be accused of finding one unaided!

He would back well another dog pointing, but he never ranged over twenty feet away from his master or anyone else. As for finding a quail, grouse or woodcock, that was beneath his dignity—that was his abiding state of mind. But the instant that beautiful thing was put in the field, he began to sight point everything real or imaginary that occupied his brain. He pointed sparrows or weeds or small trees, every place where a meadowlark had flushed, and remained there rigid until you pulled him off. From the instant you started out with him until he was returned to his kennel, almost his entire time was occupied in the most amazing, high-headed poses I ever saw.

To this day, his owner declares he was the worst performing bird dog he ever saw. I agree with him, though I once owned one almost as bad.

Did you ever see any of these bold, high-headed, going pointers and setters with a slashing gait, as well as a marvelous bird-finding ability and absolute staunchness, assume the strangest positions while on point? Some flop right down on their bellies and remain there frozen until the bird is flushed. This is supposed to be a characteristic solely of setters. Yet occasionally, pointers are also guilty of it. One right now in the field trial world, with a considerable bid for championship honors, mars his point by dropping. At the present time, dropping to point, wing and shot is no longer regarded in high esteem. Dogs that do it under every circumstance sacrifice their chances for developing an instinct for marking the bird.

I know a setter and pointer that work considerably together and seemingly have an astonishing fondness for each other to the extent of imitating each other when on point, despite the fact that they are of different breeds. At times they point stylishly, according to the position certain judges regard as stylish. But let one change attitude in the least, and at once the other does likewise. I happened to be hunting over them with their owner last fall, when the setter was going at great speed through some bull pines on the top of a hill and smashed unexpectedly onto a single and, while endeavoring to check himself into pointing rigidly, which he actually did, assumed a circular position, with his nose pointing directly at and very close to his left flank. Almost instantly the pointer came up and backed in high-headed fashion, as was his wont. But, on seeing the cramped position of his brace mate, he gradually assumed the same pose, as nearly as it was possible for him to achieve it!

The man who seldom hunts over bird dogs will receive with incredulity many of the statements experienced hunters make

Fine fox hound puppies shown at Middleburg, Virginia.

about the positions assumed by dogs on point, though they are irrefutably true. What the average man doubts, the has-been-there fellow knows is a fact, and this is a rule with few exceptions. Tell him that you can determine the dog's state of mind or what he has actually accomplished by his position, and it is no use for you to expect him to believe you. So many owners will tell by the tail of a dog what is really happening. Of course, such applies wholly to animals with which they are acquainted.

Some dogs register a find first with a flashy, high-headed, high-tailed point; suddenly the tail begins to flutter ever so slightly and right away you know from experience with him that he is pointing a rabbit, and not the quail of your expectation. Once more the dog makes game and, instead of that tail waving high, it begins to take on a half-crooked shape, downward, but as stiff as the proverbial poker. Bet your last dollar on the dog's having birds and you will never lose. I know lots of dog owners who have the same opinion as I on this subject in the case of certain pointers and setters.

Many dogs indicate their false pointing tendencies by a tiny wavering flag, though there are wholesale offenders that freeze as stiff as an icicle and betray no indication whatever while they are performing their deceptive act.

Long ago a big setter amused me once in the unexpected role of pointing in which he engaged. I had for a shooting companion that day a newly arrived Englishman who accepted everything exactly as he saw it or as it was told to him. The point occurring was the most freakish, perhaps, I have ever seen, and would have been one of those equally freakish ones which, at rare intervals, cause a dog to point suddenly in the act of getting over a rail fence.

This setter, Bob, was very much oversized, weighing close to ninety pounds and proportionately clumsy and slow in his movements. It was an unusually hot Fall day. Birds were not moving in the fields; at least, Bob could not find any among them. I started through a heavily wooded pasture, which was divided in two by a very high, new rail fence. Fence climbing, particularly high ones, was not a gift of this setter. They caused long and much exertion on his part, usually ending in half of the rails tumbling off in his frantic endeavors to make the grade.

When Bob got to the summit of this barrier, the top rail turned with him and the big dog fell on his back with legs outstretched in an apparently helpless state. Then I saw his eyes assume a fixed stare and every part of his huge anatomy became immediately rigid. Worry at the dog's condition caused the Englishman and me to hasten to his assistance. And, when I came to his head, I saw a crouched bevy that instantly flushed at my presence.

The average man will say that it was certainly a marvelous point, and nothing but a very classy dog could have accomplished it, just as the Englishman did remark. The plain, unvarnished explanation of the matter was that Bob was a very ordinary dog. He ought to have winded those birds so near him with the wind in his favor from the other side of the fence. The instant he fell he recognized the hypnotic odor of quails, but was so awkward he just reposed where he was through fear of committing a flush by any other act.

"A marvelous feat; extraordinary!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Nothing to it!" I retorted with a well controlled smile. "He always points that way when there are more than two dozen birds in a bevy." And, when I made this statement, I knew we were all too flustered to count.

A little later Bob was his old self and pointed upstandingly. "Less than two dozen," I uttered my prophecy. Whereupon, three birds rose when we approached through the sedge grass.

"Perfectly extraordinary! My good fellow, it is perfectly extraordinary!" The Englishman announced, without a flicker of suspicion, "How in the world did the sagacious beast ever learn to count with his nose?"

Returning to the subject of pointing, I have to make a frank confession—a dog staunchly on game is always a thrilling spectacle to me; a false point is an unpardonable sin, as due often to poor early handling as to an inferior nose and a momentarily erring brain. No matter the position a dog has on a body scenting point that is rigid and positively denoting game, there is style to it, in my mind, though some styles on point from the spectacular side transcend others.

The tendency of an amateur to improve the pose of a dog on point is dangerous. He is meddling considerably with Nature and bird dog individuality. He would attain closer to his goal by teaching the dog to find and point through body scent, instead of letting him trail foot scent. If a tendency to high headedness is in a dog's system it will certainly come out at mature development and with plenty of opportunities.

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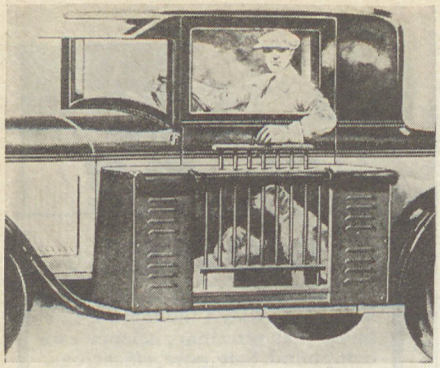

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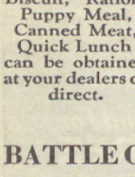

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Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

DISTEMPER

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have two dogs with distemper, one of them is a bird dog, the other a squirrel dog. Their noses run and they have coughs. They have been sleeping under the house. I would like to know if sleeping there would hurt them, and what would be best to do in this case.

PAT WILBUR,
Texarkana, Tex.

Dear Mr. Wilbur:

If there are no drafts and quarters are well aired and warm at this time of the year under your porch is about as good a place to keep your sick dogs as elsewhere, provided they are not bothered with dust.

Use any of the standard advertised distemper remedies, usually they are better than any you can prepare for yourself. Keep the dogs' quarters clean while under treatment, and do not let them get cold. And do not exercise for thirty days after they get well. When they refuse to eat tempt them with ground fresh meat, or force feed them with eggs and milk.

OZARK RIPLEY.

CRACK IN FOOT

Dear Ozark Ripley:

The writer has an English Setter dog about three and one-half or four years old and the middle pad, or large pad, of his left foot has a crack entirely across it which it seems I am unable to heal up. This crack has existed since before last hunting season. At a previous time I wrote you regarding this matter and you gave me instructions regarding same, the exact nature of which I do not now recall but I do recall that after using this remedy the crack was healed up for a time but later reappeared. The crack causes the dog to go lame after he has been worked for a short time.

E. F. BECKNER,
Colby, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Breckner:

Clean out crack with warm water and alcohol. When dry apply resinol to which has been added a liberal amount of equal parts boracic acid and powdered alum. Keep boot on dog when you take him afield until the crack has healed.

OZARK RIPLEY.

MANGE OR ECZEMA

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a setter bitch with a bad case of red mange. Perhaps I have not given the disease the right name so I will describe the symptoms—the hair falls out, there are blotches of red with little sores on the skin and the dog has a very offensive odor. The trouble starts at root of tail and spreads down the back.

H. C. FAULKNER,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Mr. Faulkner:

Be sure you have thoroughly cleaned all old quarters where your dog has been before you attempt any cure. Scalding water and lye is the thing for that, and burn all bedding on which he has previously been.

Try this and report results, as I am not yet sure whether your dog is suffering from mange or eczema. He may have follicular mange, which is no joke to cure.

Bathe one day with warm water to which baking soda has been liberally added. The next day warm water to which boracic acid and powdered alum have been added and on the third day bathe with a saturated solution of rainwater and acetate of lead. Keep dog muzzled while under this treatment, and continue it for at least 15 days.

OZARK RIPLEY.

TAPE WORMS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an English Springer spaniel 3 years old that has tape worms.

Is there anything I can feed him to prevent his having these tape worms?

I feed him Miller's A1 dog feed—raw meat and bones—cooked meat—cooked vegetables—oat meal, corn meal and bran. Not all at once but as a variety.

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A couple of months after I worm him with Arica Nut he has worms again.

LYMAN E. BLACKMAN.
Kill Buck, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Blackman:

You are following proper treatment of your dog, but this time when you are through with the Arica Nut treatment go to work and clean up yard, burn all old stools, and above all if you are sure you have rid him of the tape worm, head and all, keep him away from any dogs that have fleas, and get rid of all fleas on him. Then once a day feed him a little sour buttermilk. He will not like it at first, but it is great for keeping dogs free from internal parasites. Your feeding routine is excellent. But if other dogs with which he has contact are afflicted with tape worm and have a supply of fleas look for him to be troubled again.

OZARK RIPLEY.

OBSOLETE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Am wondering if it is still customary to teach bird dogs to drop or charge when birds are flushed? Seems to me in not requiring this the dog would have a better chance to mark birds as they come down.

LAWRENCE FERGEL,
Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Fergel:

You have anticipated the proper reply to your question. The matter of having bird dogs drop to wing and shot has become obsolete, because it prevented the developing of the marking instinct and the chances for marking birds.

OZARK RIPLEY.

FOX HOUNDS OR BEAGLES?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

In the September issue of our magazine you advise Mr. J. L. Walsh, Jr., of Clifton, N. J., that fox hounds make the best rabbit dogs, then come beagles.

Your fox hound friends cannot agree with you because they do not raise fox hounds to run rabbits.

The beagle breeders will take issue with you because they raise beagles for nothing else.

How do you figure that fox hounds are better rabbit dogs than beagles?

J. W. SLATTERY,
Clinton, Ind.

Dear Mr. Slattery:

My personal experience has been that in every way a fox hound that has slowed up from years of fox hunting makes the best rabbit dog I ever saw. Fox hounds are bred for foxes on account of nose, stamina and speed. They will run deer, coons and other fur often just as well. A bird dog is bred for birds and yet its natural instinct causes it to hunt and run rabbits if left to its own way of doing things. Take things equal in states collectively and not in one or two states alone with all credit to a beagle, on account of short legs they are lost in swamps such as we have in the South. They have to swim continually because their legs are not long enough to wade like a taller hound. The same thing applies in the mountains where the quarry is run amidst big broken rocks. The voice of the fox hound commends it, and also they have a great brain. I have owned beagles, and fox hounds for 35 years, run them side by side, and to make a real test of the two the best thing would be to try out a great beagle and a great hound together under different conditions of country.

Beagle are nice and industrious, and while I like them, I do not think they are the equal of slowed down fox hounds, nor when it comes to speed can they go like a fox hound and hold scent at the same time and drive a rabbit to hole or past the hunter. Further, for a test to convince you, get a pair of beagles and a pair of fox hounds and run them side by side for ten days over different topography and I think you will be satisfied. Furthermore, for scouting out game or running for it, the big hound has it all over the little fellows. And I have to say there are some wonderful rabbit dogs among beagles.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A TRAINING BOOK

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Can you advise me where I can obtain a book or literature on the training of Setters and Pointers?

GEO. G. SNARR,
Winchester, Va.

Dear Dr. Snarr:

Send to Outdoor America for the book Bird Dog Training Made Easy, $1.00. It is the one you want.

OZARK RIPLEY.

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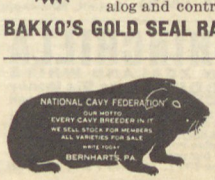

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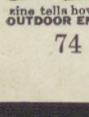

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Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

CONVULSIONS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Our dog, a pointer bitch, 12 mos. old, has had fits, 9 mos., which resist all treatment. She has been doctored for round worms and tape worms. Has been treated for indigestion and constipation and placed on a diet, still the fits continue, one every 2 or 3 weeks. They are not running fits, but convulsions. In 30 minutes or half a day at the worst she is seemingly normal again. Two veterinaries have treated her to no avail. She is fat and her coat shiny. I notice her eyes are dilated a short time before she has an attack and she usually flaps and shakes her ears a lot. Can it be canker? Do you think she will ever amount to anything?

MRS. RAY PETERMAN,
Doris, Okla.

Dear Mrs. Peterman:

Examination of feces will be the only way of deciding what sort of worms affect your dog. Personally I think she is suffering from either hook worms or whip worm. A first class veterinary can determine through a microscopical examination.

There is an excellent treatment prepared by the Minerola Co., Owensboro, Ky., for just such cases. I would advise you to try it and keep the dog for thirty days on an entire meat diet.

She can have canker of the ear without it having any influence toward bringing on fits. Watch for discharge and on first symptoms blow into the ears boracic acid.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SKIN INFECTION

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am coming to you for advice as thousands do each year. I read your letters and contributions to Outdoor America each month and enjoy them very much.

The dog I have in mind develops each year during the month of August a skin infection that we have been unable to check. I have taken him to several dog men without getting much help. The dog is of two colors, yellow and white, and the infection never is to be found other than in the white hair. We bathe the dog quite often and try to keep him as free of fleas as we can. He is fed cooked beef, some raw bones to work on, oatmeal cooked in the meat broth, and Miller's Milk prepared dog food.

H. L. WALTER,
Bremen, Ind.

Dear Mr. Walter:

It is difficult to determine without microscopical examination whether your dog has a persistent case of follicular mange or chronic eczema. A qualified vet ought immediately to be able to tell you.

Try this: Give the dog a warm bath every other day in water to which baking soda has been added liberally. Your diet is ok, except cut out oatmeal and substitute wheat bread. Burn or disinfect all old bedding. Rub in thoroughly the following ointment: lanolin six ounces, boracic and salicylic acid four ounces each, work into every part of coat whether affected or not. Give internally five drops of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic three times a day for thirty days, unless vet advises differently.

OZARK RIPLEY.

COCKER SPANIELS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have acquired a Cocker Spaniel pup which is a little over three months old and will be pleased to have you give me any information regarding the care, training and feeding of the Cocker Spaniel. Also, will be pleased to have your suggestions regarding the best books written on these dogs.

PHILIP C. GAY,
Lincoln, Ill.

Dear Mr. Gay:

The best book you can get on training cockers is The Working Spaniel, by Carlton. You can procure this through Outdoor America.

Feed cockers just as you would any other dog, a certain amount of meat, vegetables and cereals such as rice or wheat bread with meat broth and milk. Avoid heating foods like cornmeal. Give a large bone to them once in a while to gnaw on, keep teeth clean and to furnish necessary lime for their systems.

OZARK RIPLEY.

MOIST ECZEMA

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a well-bred English setter which veterinary advice in my town pronounces a sufferer from moist eczema, but we have not been able to cure it—except in spots, only to have it break out elsewhere.

LEWIS S. RICHARDS,
Nashua, N. H.

Dear Mr. Richards:

Give your dog every third day a bath in warm water to which baking soda has been liberally added. Then after bath rub him with an ointment composed as follows: 4 ounces lanolin, 4 ounces boracic acid, 4 ounces powdered alum. This will have to be worked up well, and then rubbed into the dog's skin.

Internally give the dog as follows: Start with five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic three times a day, and increase one drop a day until you reach twenty-five.

Be careful about feeding. Give well cooked fresh meat. Work into it all he will eat of such vegetables as spinach and cabbage. Avoid any heating food such as corn meal. Keep him out of wet grass, and give light exercise only until cured.

OZARK RIPLEY.

ANY DIFFERENCE?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you advise me whether or not there is any difference in the Black and White Springer Spaniels and the Liver and White ones—except the color? I know something about setters having had several Irish setters, but know nothing about springers. I am thinking of getting a springer and want to get a black and white colored one, providing they are just as good as the liver and white ones. Can you advise me about the best blood lines, as I want a well bred dog—they don't cost any more to keep than a mongrel.

VAN D. FISHBACK,
Brookings, S. D.

Dear Mr. Fishback:

The colors of springers have nothing to do with their quality, black and white are just as good as liver and white. So whichever color you secure will have nothing to do with the working ability, no more than with setters or pointers.

Get in touch with F. Lloyd, Oscawanna On Hudson, N. Y. He generally has on hand a nice stock of the best families from working parents. E. Chevrier, Winnipeg, Manitoba, also has good ones for sale.

OZARK RIPLEY.

PROBABLY MANGE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pedigreed, golden haired spaniel, and an English beagle hound, both of which are bothered with some kind of a skin rash or itch.

Last fall the cocker was afflicted with seven wart-like tumors in the inside lip which our local veterinary had to cut out. We have often wondered what was the cause of these warts, and wondered whether being bitten by the other dog in play could have caused them.

F. W. KEPPLER,
Watertown, Wis.

Dear Mr. Keppler:

Disinfect all old quarters and destroy all bedding used. Dip the dogs in the following, being sure to keep solution from getting in either eyes or ears. Do this once a week.

To one can of Lewis lye add two gallons of water. When dissolved add 3 pounds of sulphur. Dilute this before dipping dogs with 25 gallons of water to which a pint of coal oil has been added. Keep this mixture on hand and you will never be troubled with mange.

If the affection of the mouth was really tumorous, you can attribute it to a bite or something of the kind, but the warts often occur from feeding sloppy or soft foods.

OZARK RIPLEY.

Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

The Humours of River Defilement in Britain

(Continued from page 24)

support a society which contained those who had been their "deadliest enemies."

By degrees it is being realised that these statements cannot be justified and one by one the various angling clubs are coming into line with the Pure Rivers Society. The press of England is taking up river preservation very thoroughly and enthusiastically. Not a few local authorities which had entirely neglected the subject, are becoming active or at least restless and instead of the subject being limited to the preservation of fish, it is now generally recognised that a pure river is a thing of great national importance.

Partly in consequence of representations made to them by a deputation of fishery and other interests, the late Government appointed two more committees, thus increasing the long list of enquiring bodies, the result of whose work has so far not even arrested the increase of pollution. The Ministry of Health, induced by one of the new committees (termed "Advisory") has recommended British county authorities to apply to the Government to use its existing powers to set up special River Boards to deal solely with pollution. Without such application the Government cannot legally move, but these county authorities, with very few exceptions, have not favored the idea. As a matter of fact local authorities, which in industrial districts, are largely composed of polluting manufacturers and their friends, are not in the least likely to trouble themselves much about river preservation, nor to favour the creation of a new special authority to do their work. To invite them to cause a new authority to come into existence to do work most of them do not wish to see done, is another striking example of English official humour. The joke is further emphasized by the fact that the new authority would have certainly to prosecute some of the county boroughs for illegal sewage pollution.

The crying need at the present time in most parts of the world is not so much the reform of the law as its enforcement, and it is perfectly evident that this will not be carried out on a sufficient scale, unless and until a Central Authority free from all local and political influences is brought into existence for the expressed purpose of dealing with pollution through these Special River Boards as that Royal Commission after studying the subject for 17 years declared to be necessary.

One would expect that the many British Fishery Boards would exercise their powers, and that the owners of rivers and their river banks would by legal proceedings protect themselves against the serious injury to their property caused by river pollution. As to the former most of them are subject to local influences and nearly all of them are without money to take legal action. So far as I know only about four Fishery Boards are dealing with the subject to the best of their ability. The most active of these has for its clerk one of the men who endeavoured to prevent the Fishery Act scandal above described and was classed among the most "bitter enemies" of the angling community. With regard to the owners of rivers and riverside land, the usual course is to bring what is called in England an "action in the High Court" —a civil action to obtain damages and an order to cease the pollution. Unfortunately such legal proceedings rarely cost less than £2,000 and if many expert witnesses are required, the expenditure may be more than doubled. Very few English land-owners can afford such an outlay, for their annual tax on incomes alone is today something over one dollar in five!

One of the best plans for private owners to fight pollution will probably be found as useful in America as it is in Britain. That is for the various proprietors in a river watershed to band together and form a guarantee fund to fight cases of pollution if necessary. Where this has been done in England I do not know of any case which has had to be fought. The polluters on seeing an array of pure river forces shoulder to shoulder, and ready to fight if needs be, quickly come to terms. Conciliation is of course the ideal method of arranging these matters, and conciliation has been preached far and wide in England during the past few years. Unhappily it is rarely successful except when the polluter is aware that if he will not allow himself to be conciliated, the law is likely to be enforced. What gives those fighting for pure rivers great confidence in the success of their mission, is the fact that nearly all river pollution in Great Britain is illegal and against national interests and that the press of the country is with them.

The conditions in the majority of British rivers are too terrible for words. The position was accurately set out in the London "Times" of March 23, 1926, from which the following is a brief extract:

"Live service has been done to cleanliness by the passage of laws prohibiting pollution; but the laws have been timidly conceived, timidly worded, and yet more timidly administered. As a result many of the rivers of England and Wales are for miles no better than open sewers."

I may not have altogether proved my case that, having regard to the history of river pollution prevention, we are an uproariously funny nation, but is it not a comic thing to watch successive Governments trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, to gravely agree that pollution is a "national evil," and to pass legislation which weakens the law against it; to set up commissions of enquiry, one committee after another, and then not act on their advice; to persuade large groups of working-men anglers that their best friends are their "bitterest enemies"? Surely my American readers with their keen sense of humour will chuckle over these extraordinary proceedings.

If I have not yet succeeded in raising a smile, let me tell you of the exquisitely humourous proceedings of our Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, two branches unfortunately linked. Agriculture wants pure water, and so do fish. To benefit a very large number of farmers and create a new industry (disregarding the injury to certain colonies) the late Ministry of Agriculture subsidised sugar beet factories. About twenty have been started in consequence. The money is paid according to the output, and in the five years or so during which the subsidy is to continue, the British public who are simple good-natured folk, though they may not be humourous, will have to provide approximately £25,000,000 for the purpose, which is enough to make all, except the most light-hearted taxpayers, look rather sour. A sugar beet factory as usually carried on, causes one of the most horrible forms of pollution known. In the course of a few weeks' working, it turns a small river into a foul reeking, stinking sewer in which nearly every fish is killed and of which neither man nor beast can drink. The late minister may be described as a two-sided man. He might appropriately be dressed on one side in black to represent his sugar beet activities, on the other white, or say grey, to represent his apparently lukewarm interest in fisheries.

Humour is by no means confined to one Minister. The Minister of Transports pays out huge subsidies of public money to road authorities. These dress many miles of roads with tar, the poisonous acids from which kill most fish with which they are brought in contact when rain washes them into streams. If we were not such funny people the late Minister would have said, "understand, my good people, you get no money out of me unless you arrange to do no injury to fisheries or other property. Bear in mind that bitumen is harmless and a good substitute for tar." But he did not because if he had there would have been no humour in his proceedings. The sugar beet humourist could have acted similarly but similarly refrained, let us suppose, for similar reasons.

After such examples who can say that funny Englishmen are to be ranked among the world's "curiosities"? Why, my dear American cousins, England is the real place to come to for a good laugh.

Since the above article was written there has been a change of government in England. The new Prime Minister is as keen on the preservation of the best features of country life as his friend the President of the United States. We may reasonably hope and expect that the members of his cabinet will be imbued with the same fine spirit. There were of course plenty of good men and true in earlier cabinets, but they have almost invariably been prevented from taking action by political and party considerations.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Outdoor America published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1929.

State of Illinois, } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Chas. P. Catlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the OUTDOOR AMERICA, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 541-555 W. Randolph St., Chicago. Editor, Marguerite Ives, 541-555 W. Randolph. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Chas. P. Catlin.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given). Izaak Walton League of America, 541-555 W. Randolph St., Chicago; Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Pres., Urbana, Illinois; Wheaton Auger, 1815 Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg., Chicago, Illinois; Glenn Griswold, Treas., 12 E. Grand Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; M. K. Reckord, General Manager, 541-555 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. . . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

CHAS. P. CATLIN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1929.

CLYDE C. POSVIC,
Notary Public.

[SEAL]

(My commission expires Aug. 23rd, 1931.)

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Dogs—Continued

Airedales—Continued

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Dogs

Hounds—Continued

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WORLD'S most famous breeds tree, den and trailing hounds. Descriptions, fifty hounds. Price list, pictures, dime. Lakeland Fur Exchange, Salem, Mich. (3-12)

FOR Sale: High class coonhounds and combination. Also silent and semi-silent ones. Henry Wilsdorf, Linden, Tennessee.

FOR Sale: Coon, Fox and Wolf Hounds. Bryan Kennels, Willow Springs, Missouri. (3-1)

HOUNDS, all kinds, cheap. Catalogue free. Oco Kennels, Oconee, Ill.

HUNDRED hunting hounds. Hunting supplies. Kaskaskia, CC26, Herrick, Ill.

100 hunting hounds sold on trial, ½ price. Boggs & Gross, Petersburg, Ind.

25 REAL rabbit hounds for sale. H. Welsh, Mayport, Pennsylvania. (6-12)

Miscellaneous Dogs

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at $15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum hounds, Bear and Lion hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

BEAUTIFUL Chow Puppies, $50. each. The best all-around one man dog on earth. Charles Ross, Iron, Minnesota. (6-11)

50 BEAGLES, rabbit hounds, broken choice puppies. Trial. Michael Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-12)

REGISTERED greyhound puppies. $18.00 on approval. Peter Bielen, Springfield, Minn. (3-1)

WHITE Collies, Silver Police Yearling. Beauty plus brains. Fred Heyde, Loudonville, Ohio.

Newfoundlands

NEWFOUNDLAND pups, from large, black, curly, registered stock. Finest companions for youngsters; excellent watchers. Males $20.00 to $25.00. Females $15.00 to $20.00. Otto Fritz, Columbus, Wis. (3-12)

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BROKEN bird dogs. Setters and pointers, $65 and $85 each. Trained where birds are plentiful and the kind to get the limit over. Sent 3 days trial C. O. D. You pay charges. G. W. Moore, Rt. 5, Box 185, Memphis, Tenn. (3-12)

REGISTERED English, Llewellyn Irish Gordon Setters and Cocker Spaniels. Trained dogs, puppies and young dogs, ready for training. Right prices. Descriptive list free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-1)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

BLUE Belton Setter Puppies, 100% Llewellyns. The old fashioned kind, natural hunters. Tabulated pedigree and papers to register. $20 to $25. Michalek Bros., Victor, Iowa. (3-1)

BROKEN Setters and Pointers at popular prices. $35.00 up. Write us your wants. We ship on trial. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tennessee. (3-11)

OAK GROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale high class pointers and setters, trained dogs and puppies. The very best of bloodlines. Trial. Catalogue ten cents. (5x29)

POINTER Bitch, white, black and ticked. Pedigree furnished. Eight months old. Write for actual photo of bitch on point. W. F. Stevens, Albion, Ill.

WE have some fine shooting dogs for sale, both pointers and setters, shipped on trial. Write us your wants and we will try to please you. M. L. Turner, Herrick, Ill. (3-12)

ENGLISH and Irish Setter Pups. Elg. males $15.00, Females $10.00. Harley Everett, Atkinson, Nebr.

POINTER and Setter Pups, registered, proven strains, $25.00 up. C. Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-11)

REGISTERED English Setter puppies, 5 mos. J. P. Kelly, 715 W. Locust, Bloomington, Illinois.

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70 POLICE Puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. Females $12.50, males $20.00. White pups $40.00. Bred females $60.00. References furnished. Shipped C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, N. Dak. (3-12)

SNOW white police puppies. Strongheart blood lines. Shipped C.O.D. on approval. James Dailey, Verndale, Minn.

Spaniels

FOR Sale: 9 Springer Spaniel Pups, 2 months old. The best to be had, crossed up with Champion Spring Bock of Ware, Liver Stoke Powder Horn, Liver Stoke Powder Puff, Horsford Hetman, & Dual Champion Flint. What better could you ask? Beautifully marked, wonderful head & ears. Papers furnished. Males $35.00, females $30.00. Also 6 male beagles 8 months old. Full blood $20.00. Will take Guns in trade for these dogs. M. E. Trickel, 309 E. Russell St., Monroe, Wis. Phone 70.

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

A GRAND lot of Springer Pups and grown dogs. Workers and winners. Some trained and partly trained. All eligible. Prices right. Photo furnished. Kesterson's Kennels, Skamokawa, Washington. (3-1)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGERS: Buy the best at reasonable prices. 25 grand youngsters of finest type and breeding, from workers and winners. Some force retrievers, one fully trained dog. Kestersons Kennels, Skamokawa, Washington. (3-12)

SPRINGER spaniel puppies. Liver and white sired by a son of "Chief of Iowa," whelped July 5th. Males $25.00. Papers. Charles F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-11)

SPRINGER at stud Lyddite of Avendale, beautiful son of International Champion Le'lle Messenger Boy. Large litters. Fee $25.00. Stock for sale. Geo. A. Miller, Beloit, Wisc. (3-11)

SPRINGER Spaniels, whelped May 9th, 1929. Registered C. K. C. Best breeding, $25.00 up. Write Mrs. Alex Temple, Box 28, Port Nelson, Ontario, Canada. (3-11)

SPRINGERS: Real pups and grown stock from trained registered stock. Avendale, Horsford, Denne Duke bloodlines. Priced right. Platte River Kennels, North Bend, Nebr. (3-11)

SPRINGER Spaniels: Exclusive registered puppies Avandale breeding. Shipped on approval. Several bitches in whelp. H. Robertson, Olivia, Minn. (3-11)

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TRAINED and partly trained Springers $50.00 and up. All force retrievers. Brookfield Kennels, Brookfield, Wis.

COCKER Puppies, reds or blacks, eligible to registration. Jake Weitzel, Atlantic, Iowa. (3-11)

COCKER Spaniels, reds or blacks. Eligible. E. Roberts, Sinclairville, New York.

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ST. BERNARD Pups $25.00 to $50.00 with American Kennel papers. R. B. Colby, Loyal, Wisc. (3-1)

PUREBRED St. Bernard puppies. Ed. Kluge, Ravenna, Nebraska.

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IRISH Terriers. Fine pups from champion bred stock at twenty-five dollars. The understanding pal and useful dog beyond compare. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-12)

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IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

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SHOW dog collars and leads—red or green, ⅝ inch wide. Collars $2.00 per dozen. Leads $2.75. Orders sent on approval. Everything in dog furnishings. Send us your inquiries. Republic Leather Products Company, 5153 No. Clark St., Chicago. (9x29)

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WORMS in dogs and puppies are the cause of much distress, fits and many deaths. Tetrachlorethylene, the modern worm expeller, a safe treatment for pups and an effective one for grown dogs. Will positively stop fits when due to the heavy infestation of hook and round worms (Ascarids). In capsules of assorted sizes, easy to give, $1.00 postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (9 x 29)

Dog Remedies and Supplies — Continued

RUNNING fits, absolutely cures, enough three dogs, $1.00. Mange, canker, black tongue, distemper, worm expeller remedies, each $1.00. Results guaranteed. Catalogue. Kennel Supply, Ramsey, Ill.

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WANTED: Bird dogs for training, thirty-four years experience in developing shooting dogs on grouse, pheasant, quail. Excellent references. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Levy, Ark. (3-12)

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45 AUTO. cartridges $3.00 per 100; 30-06 cartridges $2.00 per 100; 303 British $3.50 per 100; Victor No. 3 traps $4.00 doz.; 12 ga. 30 inch H & R single barrel $5.00; Winchester model 54 carbine cal. 30, new $35.00;—Davis Hammerless 12/30 new $14.50, Vicker England 22 long, target rifle, good $15.00; Parker DB hammerless 12-28 M&F, VH, new $50.00; Baker Elite 12-30, SB trap, ventilated rib, $60.00; Marlin 32-20 lever action, fair $10.00; Marlin 25/20 TD $12.50; Baker "Black Beauty," 2 sets of barrels 12-28 and 12-30, M&F and both full, recoil pad, ejector, Krupp steel barrel, like new $85.00; 16 ga. Parker 28 inch VH grade, leather case, good $45.00; Ithaca 12-32 field grade, new $26.50; bullet proof vest new $75.00; 8 ga. DB hammer 36 in. full choke, Clayborough England, fine, $125.00; men's wrist watch, small size Elgin, new $7.00. Wanger's, 522 Market St., Phila., Pa.

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EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking correct to order. Prices reasonable. Wm. Tietz, New Prague, Minn. (3-12)

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PARTICULAR pipe smokers: We have specialized in pipe tobaccos for nearly 25 years. Factory to smoker. Wonderful blends and flavors. Write for free catalog. The Planters Tobacco Co., Henderson, Ky. (3-11)

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TO be successful financially, raising silver foxes for their pelts, one must not have brown furs. And the furs must be of the best quality. I supervise ranches by correspondence, month by month. These ranches are in this country, Canada, and Europe. B. L. Young, Caretaker Maytage Silver Fox Farm, Rt. 2, Newton, Iowa. (3-1)

FOR Sale: Two pair registered Silver Black Foxes coming two years old. Four pair pups, quality supreme, priced right. W. R. Wilson, Chetek, Wisconsin. (3-1)

Foxes—Continued

FOR Sale: Five pair blue foxes, Confusion Island strain. Six are three years and four are one year old. Located near Spokane. All in excellent condition. Best offer takes. I. V. Korts, Baxter Springs, Kansas.

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MUSKRATS—large dark brown. Fine for upbuilding stock. Parent stock from Uncas Alberta. Males and females unrelated. Will take orders for fall delivery. Sex and live delivery guaranteed at $12.00 per pair. Walter W. Barnett, 417 Noll Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind. (3-11)

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PEN raised darkest Northern Wisconsin Muskrats, $15.00 per pair. None better. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for full particulars on pen raising. Owl Muskrat Co., Box 270, Superior, Wis. (2-11)

BUILD an outdoor income with Roosevelt strain mink! We'll show you how! Write for free literature today. United States Mink Ranches, O-148, Minneapolis, Minn.

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FINEST quality breeding stock, mink, raccoon, muskrats, splitcap skunk, silver and red foxes. Full particulars 10c. Minnesota Fur Ranch, Frost, Minn.

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FOXES, fur rabbits, fur sheep, muskrats. Send for price list. Fur Farms, Cathay, North Dakota. (3-12)

GENUINE silver badger, mink, marten, fisher, coon, fox. Chinchilla and fox rabbits. Brogden Fur Farms, Rush Lake, Wisconsin. (3-12)

MAKE big money. Raise muskrats or rabbits in pens for us. Get facts. 307 Elkhorn Fur Farm, Norfolk, Neb. (3-11)

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100 pair dark, silky mink. North Star Mink Ranch, Kenyon, Minn.

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WILD Turkeys, Pheasants, Call Ducks, Canadian Geese. Reared in finest game country of midwest. Large hardy breeders ready to withstand the rigors of any climate. Otto Beyer Game Farms, Box 60, Portage, Wisconsin.

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FERRETS for driving rats and other vermin from their dens. White or brown. Males $4.50, females $5.00, pair $9.00. Ship C.O.D. List free. J. Younger, Newton Falls, Ohio.

FERRET, yearling females, special rat hunters $6.00. Young stock females $5.00, males $4.50. Will ship C.O.D. Instruction book free. Le. Farnsworth, New London, Ohio. (2-12)

GREEN Mexican, double yellow head parrots, $10.00 each. Hand raised, real talkers, make interesting pets. Cash with order. Carl Johnson, Box 257, Dixon, Illinois.

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-1)

WILD Canada Geese, also Blue. Snow, White-Fronted. Cackling and Hutchins bought and sold. H. J. Jager, Owatonna, Minn. (3-1)

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INDIAN Methods. World's greatest trapping secrets exposed for first time. Best "weatherproof" Fox — Coyote — Mink sets on earth. Methods $1.00—worth hundreds. Cecil Atkinson, 446-5, Mandan, North Dakota. (5-12)

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WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-12)

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I HAVE best fox trapping methods in America, fifty-eight years' experience. Send for particulars. John Frantz, Earlville, N. Y. (3-12)

TOBACCO or snuff habit cured or no pay. $1.50 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., N 23, Baltimore, Md. (6x29)

GIGANTIC mail; send me 25c (coin or stamps) for one pound of mail. Edward Armour, 136T East 28th St., New York. (12-10)

MINERAL rods on positive all money back guarantee if not satisfied. Write T. D. Robinson, Box 68 C, Elgin, Texas. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Invisible live animal trap. Rowell, Box 195, Newburgh, N. Y.

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IF you want standard registered rabbits with real fur and quality—write us for prices of Chins, Silver Fox Giants, Silver Martins, French Havanas, American Blues, American Whites, New Zealand Whites and Reds. Wyoming Fur Breeders, P. O. Box A 1600, Casper, Wyoming. (3-11)

MAKE big profits Chinchilla Rabbits. Guaranteed plan returns your investment. Real money makers. F. Mueller, 607 U. S. National Bank Bldg., Denver, Colorado.

KEEP your boy home—make your back yard pay—leisure hours. Book all about Silver Black Fox Rabbits tells how. Postpaid one dollar. Clare Wildner, Superior, Wis. (3-1)

ANGORA wool rabbits. Fastest money makers today. Also silver blacks and chinchillas. Prices reasonable. Frank F. Schneider, Springfield, Minnesota. (3-11)

CHINCHILLAS—New Zealands—Muskrats. Make money raising these fur-bearers. Free literature. Reliance Co., Box 2345H, Denver, Colorado. (5-12)

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PRIZE winning silver fox fur rabbits. Edward Toll, Ripon, Wisconsin. (3-12)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

2,000 ACRE Ranch for sale. Can be used as dude ranch or private estate, and can be sold as a unit or in two parts. Buildings on both ranches. Fenced. Oldest water rights in state. In good dude ranch territory between Yellowstone and Glacier Parks in Montana. One family has operated ranch for many years as cattle and hay ranch, and it has paid excellent returns. Near hot springs and game preserve. Excellent fishing nearby. Write Mrs. W. H. Dickinson, 613 Power Street, Helena, Montana, immediately. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Two lots IdleWild Resort, Prudenville, Houghton Lake. Located on high, dry land about 200 feet in front of McKibbon's Pavilion and next to shore lots, $1,100.00. Wm. E. Loebrich, 423 Genesee Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

SELL your property for cash, business, residence, or farm, quick service, small commission, information free. National Realty Service Co., 863 E. Michigan Ave., Battle Creek, Michigan. (3-1)

ASSIGNMENT for sale. 160 Acres Alfalfa Land. Terms to suit buyer. Harry Blow, 17th & Race, Denver, Colo.

MUSKRAT farms: Get our free list. DeCoudres Bros., Paw Paw, Mich. (3-1)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-11)

WRITE American Investment Co., Oklahoma City, for booklet describing cheap farms and ranches, with prospective oil values. Small cash payment. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Montezuma Well Ranch. Good income property suitable for resort, hunting, fishing, all outdoor sports. Mrs. Mildred Fain, Prescott, Arizona. (3-1)

Stamp Collecting

15,000 STAMPS low price, approvals 1c up. Dandy packet 2c to approval requests. Harvey Teeple, Decatur, Indiana. (3-12)

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-12)

150 GOOD mixed foreign stamps, 3c. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-12)

Taxidermy

FOR Sale: Two large newly mounted Moose Heads. Newly mounted Elk, Mountain Sheep, Mountain Goat Heads, newly mounted Mule Deer, Black Tail Deer and White Tail Deer Heads. Absolutely perfect in every way. Reasonable prices. Express prepaid on approval anywhere in U. S. A. No expensive catalogues or lists issued. State what you are interested in. Edwin Dixon, Canada's leading taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario, Canada. (3-12)

NOTICE: Taxidermists, Furriers, fox fur farms, rabbit fur farms. Save money. Write for free catalogue of supplies, tools, best books ever printed on taxidermy, tanning, trapping, fur farming and fur trade. Manufacturers of glass eyes for mounted birds, animals, wooden decoy ducks, human beings, etc. Glass Indian beads (sample card) 25c. Guaranteed wire fur stretchers for all fur animals. F. Schumacher and Sons, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-12)

YOU will appreciate our work of art on your first trophy sent to us for mounting. Mounted big game heads and all kinds of fur rugs for sale. We also tan furs and hides. L. E. Drawver (Taxidermist), 306 West Noble St., Okla. City, Oklahoma. (4-1)

FOR Sale: A rare newly mounted Alaska woodland Caribou Head of the very best class in every way. Main shafts 46 inches long and 30 points. Reasonable price. Edwin Dixon, Canada's leading taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario, Canada. (3-12)

ABSOLUTELY Free: 36 Taxidermy, Hunting, Trapping books and magazines. Special Get-Acquainted Offer. Schoepfer, 16 West 36th, New York City.

BIRDS, animals, etc., mounted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Warren V. Hinshaw, Winchester, Indiana. (3-1)

GAME heads and fur rugs a specialty. Let me preserve your trophies for remembrance. Frank Loomis, Humboldt, Iowa. (3-1)

GOOD as the best. Better than most. Stevenson's Taxidermy Shop, Caro, Michigan. (3-11)

Wanted

WANTED: Rare pheasants, Northern Bob White quail, Blue Peafowl (breeders only), White Tailed deer. The Grimmer Game Farm, Delafield, Wisconsin.

USED outboard motors wanted. All makes. State model, condition, size, lowest price. Floyd Clymer, Denver, Colo. (3-12)

WANTED: Hear from owner having good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. John Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. (3-1)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

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